

A
DICTIONARY OF
QUOTATIONS

BY

COLONEL PHILIP HUGH DALBIAC

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P R E F A C E.

THE present Dictionary of Quotations is a reprint of the latest edition of Colonel P H Dalbiac's work. The Author Index has been omitted, and the additions which appeared as a supplement in the last edition have been incorporated in the text, which, at the same time, has been carefully revised. A Dictionary of Quotations is intended to meet two requirements. In the first place, it should give a key to the origin of well-known extracts. These are arranged alphabetically according to the words with which the quotation usually begins. In the second place, such a book should furnish a number of apposite quotations on different subjects. It is hoped that the Subject Index in this volume will enable any reader to provide himself with the extracts he may desire.

A

DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS.

A bad excuse is better, they say, than none at all —STEPHEN GOSSON.
The Schoole of Abuse

A bad shift is better than none at all —H. PORTER. *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon (Nicholas)*

A ballad to the wandering moon —TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, LXXXVI.*

(You shall see them on) a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.—SHERIDAN. *School for Scandal (Sir B. Backbite), Act I, Sc. I.*

But every page having an ample marge,
And every marge enclosing in the midst
A square of text that looks a little blot

TENNYSON. *Merlin and Vivien.*

A beauty masked, like the sun in eclipse,
Gathers together more gazers than if it shined out

WYCHERLEY. *The Country Wife (Athaliea), Act III, Sc. 1*

A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VIII (Buckingham), Act I, Sc. I*

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush —OLD PROVERB —
BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress (Interpreter), Bk. I*

A bird in the hand is worth two in the wood —*The Parliament of Byrdes.*

Something in hand is better than no birds —BEN JONSON.
Magnetic Lady (Compass), Act II, Sc. I.

A bird's weight can break the infant tree
Whlich after holds the aery in his arms

R. BROWNING. *Luria (Domizia), Act IV.*

A blow with a word strikis deeper than a blow with a sword —
BURTON. *Anat of Melancholy, Pt. I, Sect. II, Mem. IV., Subsect IV.*

A bold, bad man! —SPENSER *Facie Queene, Bk. I., Can. I., St. 37.* —CHURCHILL *The Duellist, Bk. II, 278.*

A brave revenge
Ne'er comes too late.

OTWAY. *Venice Preserved (Pierre), Act III., Sc. I.*

A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave.

WORDSWORTH *Poems founded on the Affections, X.*

2 A BROTHER'S SUFFERINGS—A CROWN.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.—ADDISON. *Cato (Marcus), Act I., Sc. I.*

A burthen'd conscience
Will never need a hangman

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Laus of Candy (Cassilane), Act V., Sc. I.*

A captive fetter'd at the oar of gain —FALCOVER. *The Shipwreck*, 99.
A castle after all is but a house—
The dullest one when lacking company.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES *The Hunchback (Helen), Act IV., Sc. I.*

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—BYRON. *The Dream.*
(When he speaks

The air), a charter'd libertine, is still

SHAKESPEARE. *King Henry V. (Canterbury), Act I., Sc. II.*

A chiel's amang you takin notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it

BURNS *Capt. Grose's Peregrinations thro' Scotland.*

(But he is) a child of Natur', and a child of Freedom; and his boastful answer to the despot and the tyrant is, that his bright home is in the setting sun.—C DICKENS *Marlin Chuzzlewit (Pogram), Ch XXXIV.*

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman—J C HARE *Guesses at Truth (Taylor and Walton's Ed., 1851, Vol I., p 224)*

A chyld were beter to be unbore, than to be untaught —SYMON. *Lessons of Wysedome for all maner Chyldrym, II.*

Better unbore than untaught—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bl. I., Ch X.*

A civil habit
Oft covers a good man.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Beggars' Bush, Act II., Sc. III.*

A convert's but a fly that turns about
After his head's cut off, to find it out

BUTLER. *Miscellaneous Thoughts*

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger —SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Horatio), Act I., Sc. II.*

A crafty knave needs no broker —OLD PROVERB —UNKNOWN *A Merry Knack to know a Knave*—BEN JONSON *Every Man in his Humour, Act III., Sc. II*

A crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of Pictures; and talke but a tickling Cymball, where there is no love —BACON. *Essay XXVII., Of Friendship*

A crown, if it hurt us, is hardly worth wearing —P. J. BAILEY. *Festus (Helen), Bl. XIX.*

A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI., Pt III. (York), Act I., Sc. IV.*

And either victory, or else a grave —IBID. *(Edward), Act II., Sc. II.*

Victory! or Westminster Abbey!—LORD NELSON. *Uttered by him at the boarding of the 'San Carlo'*

A CRUEL STORY—A DWARF STANDING.

3

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run—OUIDA *Moths, Ch. XXIII.*

(It is) a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act I, Sc. IV.*

A cynic is a kind of inverted confessor, perpetually making enemies for the sake of what he knows to be false—W. H. MALLOCK. *The New Republic (Rob. Leslie), Bk. I., Ch. I.*

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel—SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice (Shylock), Act IV, Sc. I.*

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

TENNYSON *A Dream of Fair Women.*

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

ADDISON *Cato (Cato), Act II, Sc. I.*

A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent!

J. MONTGOMERY *Greenland, Can. II.*

A death for love's no death but martyrdom—G. CHAPMAN *Revenge for Honour, Act IV, Sc. II*

A death is only to be felt, never to be talked over by those it touches—HORACE WALPOLE *Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 29th March 1745.*

A deed without a name—SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Witches), Act IV., Sc. I*

A delusion, a mockery, and a snare—LORD DENMAN. O'Connell v. *The Queen*

A distinction without a difference—FIELDING *Tom Jones, Bk. VI, Ch. XII*

A divine sentence is in the lips of the king.—PROVERBS *Ch. XVI, ver 10*

A door without lock is a bait for a knave.—TUSSER. *Hundred Points of Housewifery After Supper Matters, 7.*

A double blessing is a double grace,
Occasion smiles upon a second leave

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Lacries), Act I, Sc. III.*

A double error sometimes sets us right—P. J. BAILEY. *Festus (Festus), Bk. XXIV.*

A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas—TENNYSON. *Coming of Arthur, I*

A duke is no more a duke to his valet-de-chambre than you or I.—THACKERAY *Pendennis, Ch. XXXVI*

(I say with Didacus Stella) a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself—BURTON *Anatomy of Melancholy Democritus to the Reader*

A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees farther of the two—
HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum*

A dwarf may see farther than a giant, when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on—COLERIDGE. *The Friend, Sect I, Essay VII*

1a

4 A FAV'RITE HAS—A GENEROUS ACTION.

A fav'rite has no friend —GRAY. *Ode on the Death of a Farourite Cat.*
A feather will turn the scale.—SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*
(*Prost*), *Act IV.*, *Sc. II.*

A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening Infinitude —CARLYLE
Sartor Rcsartus, Bl. II., Ch VII.

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.—GARRICK. *Prologue*
on *quitting the stage*, 1776

A field of glory is a field for all —POPE. *Dunciad, Bl. II., line 32.*
A flatterer is the shadow of a fool.—SIR T. OVERBURY. *Characters.*
A Flatterer.

(Who stooede as though he had) a fleas in his eare —LYLY. *Euphues.*
A fleet of glass

Wreck'd on a visionary reef of gold.

TENNYSON *Sea Dreams*

A fool at forty is a fool indeed.—YOUNG *Lore of Fame, Sat II.,*
line 282

A fool despiseth his father's correction —PROVERBS. *Ch. XV.,*
ver. 5

A foole I doe him firmly hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.

SPEYSER. *Faerie Queene, Bl. III, Can. IX, St. 8.*

A fool must now and then be right by chance —COWPER. *Con-*
versations, line 96.

A fool never has thought, a madman has lost it; and an absent
man is for the time without it.—LORD CHESTERFIELD *Letter to his*
Son, 25th July 1741.

A fool's mouth is his destruction.—PROVERBS *Ch. XVIII., ver. 6.*

A fool's paradise is better than a wise-acre's purgatory.—G. COLMAN.
The Deuce is in Him (Belford), Act I., Sc I.

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.

SCOTT. *The Lady of the Lake, Can I, St 18.*

(But this denoted) a foregone conclusion.—SHAKESPEARE. *Othello*
(*Othello*), *Act III., Sc. III*

A free confession of a fault wins pardon,
But being seconded by desert, commands it

MASSINGER. *The Bondman (Timagoros),*
Act III., Sc. IV.

A friend ought to shun no pain, to stand his friend in stead.—
R. EDWARDS *Damon and Pithias (Carisophus)*

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities

SHAKESPEARE —*Julius Caesar (Cassius), Act IV., Sc. III.*

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

BURNS *My Handsome Nell*

A generous action is its own reward.—WALSH *Elegy upon quitting*
his Mistress

A generous bottle and a lovesome she
Are th' only joys in nature next to thee

OTWAY *Epistle to Mr Duke.*

A genius can't be forc'd, nor can
You make an ape an alderman

SOMERVILLE *Fable XIV.*

‘A plague split you,’ said he, ‘for) a giddy son of a gun.’—SWIFT.
The Battle of the Books

A glorious charter, deny it who can,
Is breathed in the words, ‘I'm an Englishman’

ELIZA GOOK *The Englishman.*

A glutted market makes provision cheap—POPE *The Wife of Bath*, line 262.

A God alone can comprehend a God—YOUNG *Night Thoughts*, Night IX, line 833.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life—MILTON *Areopagitica*.

A good cause needs not to be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute—SIR T BROWNE *Religio Medici*, Sect V.

A good friend, but bad acquaintance—BYRON *Don Juan, Can. III.*, St. 54

A good heart is better than all the heads in the world—BULWER LYTTON *The Disowned*, Ch XXXIII

A good heart's worth gold—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV*, Pt II (Hostess), Act II., Sc IV.

A good man should and must
Sit rather down with loss, than rise unjust

BEN JONSON *Sejanus (Sabinus)*, Act IV, Sc III.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels—SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (Kent)*, Act II., Sc II

A good wit will make use of anything. I will turn diseases to commodity—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV*, Pt II (Falstaff), Act I., Sc II. last sentence

A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother

SHAKESPEARE *Richard III (King Richard)*, Act IV., Sc IV.

A great man's overfed great man, what the Scotch call Flunkey—CARLYLE *Essay on Johnson*

A great poet, like a great peak, must sometimes be allowed to have his head in the clouds—AUGUSTINE BIRRELL *Obiter Dicta* Mr Browning's Poetry

A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing

ROGERS *Human Life*

(I pray thee let me and my fellow have)
A haire of the dog that bit us last night

J HEYWOOD *Proverbs*, Bl I, Ch XI.

A halter made of silk's a halter still—COLLEY CIBBER. *Love in a Riddle (Damon)*, Act II., Sc I

6 A HAPPY BRIDESMAID—A KNAVE AND FOOL

A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride—TENNYSON. *The Bridesmaid.*

A harmless necessary cat—SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (*Shylock*), *Act IV*, *Sc I*

A head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief—CLARENDON *Hist of the Rebellion*, *Bk VII*, *Sect 84*

The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute—JUNIUS

A heart to pity, and a hand to bless—CHURCHILL. *Prophecy of Famine*, line 178.

A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute—GIBBON *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, *Ch XLVIII*

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted—SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI*, *Pt II* (*Gloster*), *Act III*, *Sc I*

A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue—SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (*Prince*), *Act V*, *Sc II*.

A heavy purse makes a light heart—UNKNOWN *Wily Beguiled*, 1st line.—BEN JONSON. *The New Inn* (*Host*), *Act I*, *Sc I*.

A hooded eagle among blinking owls—SHELLEY *Letter to Maria Gisborne* (*Refers to Coleridge*)

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse—SHAKESPEARE *Richard III*. (*King Richard*), *Act V*, *Sc IV*.

A jealous love lights his torch from the firebrands of the furies—BURKE. *Speech on the plan for Economical Reform*, 11th February 1780

A jealous woman believes everything her passion suggests—GAY. *The Beggar's Opera* (*Macheath*), *Act II*, *Sc. II*.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it

SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (*Rosaline*), *Act V.*, *Sc II*.

A joke's a very serious thing—CHURCHILL *The Ghost*, *Bk IV.*, line 1386

A just cause is strong—MIDDLETON. *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (*Lucre*), *Act III*, *Sc III*.

A kick that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine

COWPER *The Yearly Distress*

A king of shreds and patches—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet* (*Hamlet*), *Act III*, *Sc IV*.—CARLYLE. *French Revolution*, *Pt II*, *Bk. VI.*, *Ch. VII.*

A kingdom is too small
For his expense that hath no mean at all.

ANON. *The Play of Stuckley (Vernon)*, line 1011.

A knave and fool are plants of every soil—BURNS *Scots Prologue*.

A KNAVISH SPEECH—A LIVING DOG.

7

A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (*Hamlet*), *Act IV*, *Sc II*.

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.

PRIOR *A Lover's Anger*, line 5.

A lamentable tune is the sweetest musick to a woeful mind—SIR P. SIDNEY *Arcadia*, *Bk II*.

A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.*—BYRON. *The Curse of Minerva*

A legge of a lurke
Is better than is the bodie of a kight.

JOHN HEYWOOD *Proverbs*, *Bl. I.*, *Ch IV*

The legge of a lark is better than the body of a kite.—
CHAPMAN *Eastward Hoe*

A lidless watcher of the public weal—TENNYSON *The Princess*, *IV*.

(That) a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight

TENNYSON. *The Grandmother*, *VIII*.

A light wife doth make a heavy husband—SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (*Portia*), *Act V*, *Sc I*

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Whlich, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI*, *Pt III.*
(*Clarence*), *Act IV*, *Sc VIII*.

A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness of fools.—
RUSKIN *Crown of Wild Olive* *War*, 114

A little learning is a dang'rous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sober us again

POPE *Essay on Criticism*, *II*, line 215.

A little mind often sees the disbelief, without seeing the belief, of a large one—O. W HOLMES *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, *V*.

A little more than kin, and less than kind—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet* (*Hamlet*), *Act I*, *Sc II*

A little round, fat, oily man of God—THOMSON *The Castle of Indolence*, *Can I*, *St 69*

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day.
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave
DYER *Grongar Hill*, line 89.

A living dog is better than a dead lion—ECCELSIastes. *Ch. IV*
ver 12

* Scotland.

A LOVER'S EYES—A MAN MAY.

At this rate a dead dog would indeed be better than a living lion—BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson (Fitzgerald's Ed.)* (Dr. Johnson), Vol. II., p. 257.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.—SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost (Biron)*, Act IV, Sc. III.

A maiden is a tender thing,
And best by her that bore her understood.

TENNYSON. *Geraint and Enid*.

A man, be the heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men united in Love, capable of being and doing what ten thousand singly would fail in—CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus*, Bk. III., Ch. XII.

A man burdened with a secret should especially avoid the intimacy of his physician—N. HAWTHORNE *The Scarlet Letter*, Ch. IX.

A man can die but once—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV*, Pt. II. (Feeble), Act III, Sc. II.

A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another which he was never sensible of in himself—SIR R. STEELE. *Tatler*, No. 227.

A man is a god in ruins—EMERSON (quoted by) *Nature*, Ch. VIII., *Prospects*

A man is but what he knoweth—BACON. *In Praise of Knowledge*

A man is never too old to learn.—MIDDLETON. *Mayor of Queenborough (Simon)*, Act V, Sc. I.

A man is not completely born until he be dead—B. FRANKLIN. *Letters To Miss E. Hubbard*

A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age—SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado about Nothing (Benedick)*, Act II., Sc. III.

A man loveth more tenderlie
The thing that he hath bought most dere

CHAUCER *Romaunt of the Rose*, line 2738.

Things hardly got are always highest deem'd.—JOHN COOK. *The City Gallant (Gertrude)*.

A man may cry Church! Church! at ev'ry word,
With no more piety than other people.
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple

HOOD. *Ode to Rae-Wilson*

A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

BURNS *Duncan Darison*

A man may learn from his Bible to be a more thorough gentleman than if he had been brought up in all the drawing-rooms in London.—C. KINGSLEY *The Water Babies*, Ch. III.

A man may well bring a horse to the water,
But he cannot make him drinke without he will.

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, Bk. I., Ch. XI.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote

BYRON *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

A man of forty is either a fool or a physician—OLD PROVERB

Will you cast away your child on a fool and physician?—
SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor (Mrs Quickly), Act III., Sc IV.*

A man of pleasure is a man of pains—YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night VIII, line 793.*

A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief—ISAIAH. Ch. LIII., ver 3

A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair—DR. JOHNSON *In Conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds*

A man too happy for mortality—WORDSWORTH *Vaudracour and Julia*

A man without knowledge, and I have read,
May well be compared to one that is dead

THOMAS INGELEND *The Disobedient Child*

A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—TENNYSON. *The Last Tournament*

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet

LORD HOUGHTON *The Men of Old*

A man's disposition is never well known till he be crossed—BACON.
Advancement of Learning, Bk. II

A man's house is his castle—SIR E. COKE *Third Institute.*

(For often) a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool

TENNYSON *Maud, VI, 7.*

A man's vanity tells him what is honour a man's conscience what
is justice—LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations Peter Leopold and
President Du Paty (Leopold)*

A mastiff dog
May love a puppy cur for no more reason
Than that the twain have been tied up together
TENNYSON *Queen Mary (Howard), Act I, Sc IV.*

A merry heart goes all the day,
You sad tires in a mile—a

SHAKESPEARE *Winter's Tale (Autolycus sings), Act IV, Sc II.*

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance—PROVERBS Ch. XV, ver. 13

A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience—O. W. HOLMES *The Professor at the Breakfast Table, Ch X.*

A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever—GAY. *The Beggar's Opera (Macheath), Act II, Sc II.*

10 A MOMENT'S THINKING—A PENNY SAV'D.

A moment's thinking is an hour in words—HOOD *Hero and Leander*, *XLI*.

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive
COLERIDGE *The Three Graves*

A mother only knows a mother's fondness—LADY M. MONTAGU.
Letters To the Countess of Bute, 22nd July 1754.

A nation's right to speak a nation's voice,
And own no power but of the nation's choice!
T. MOORE *Fudge Family in Paris*, *Letter XI*

A new broom sweeps clean—OLD PROVERB

Ah well I wot that a new broome sweepeth cleane—LYLY
Euphues

A nickname is the hardest stone that the devil can throw at a man—
W. HAZLITT *Political Essays* • *On Court Influence*.

A noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed
WORDSWORTH *Poems to National Independence Pt II.*, *XIX*.

A noble cause doth ease much a grievous case—SIR P. SIDNEY.
Arcadia, *Bk I*

A noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind
FLETCHER. *Rule a Wife and Hate a Wife* (*Duke*), *Act V*, *Sc V*.

A noble soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Honest Man's Fortune* (*Charlotte*), *Act IV*, *Sc I*.

(I woke and did approve
All nature to my heart, and thought to make)
A paradise of earth for one sweet sake

SHELLEY. *Rosalind and Helen*

A patient man's a pattern for a king—DEKKER *The Honest Whore Pt. II* (*Duke*), *last line*

A peasant's dress befits a peasant's fortune—SIR W. SCOTT *The Doom of Devorgoil* (*Oswald*), *Act III*, *Sc. IV*.

(Friend, quoth the goodman,) a penny for your thought—JOHN HEYWOOD *Proverbs*, *Bk II*, *Ch IV*.

A penny for your thought—LYLY. *Euphues*

A penny sav'd's a penny got—SOMERVILLE *The Sweet Scented Miser*, *line 30*

A people * still, whose common ties are gone,
Who, mixed with every race, are lost in none
CRABBE *The Borough, Letter IV.*

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light

WORDSWORTH. *Poems of the Imagination, VIII.*

A pin a day will fetch a groat a year—W. KING. *Art of Cookery,*
line 405.

A plague o' both your houses—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet*
(*Mercutio*), *Act III., Sc I*

A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally

MARLOWE *Hero and Leander, Sestrad I.*

A poet, naturalist, and historian, who left scarcely any style of
writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn—DR.
JOHNSON *Eulogium on Goldsmith*

A poor man is better than a har.—PROVERBS. *Ch. XIX., ver. 22.*

A pride there is of rank, a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride—in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse ;
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected saint

HOOD *Ode to Rae-Wilson.*

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more

WORDSWORTH. *Peter Bell, Part I.*

A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shar'd by all
DRYDEN. *Britannia Rediviva, line 336*

A prophet hath no honour in his own country—ST JOHN *Ch IV.,*
ver 44

A prophet is not without honour, but in his own country, and
among his own kin, and in his own house—ST MARK *Ch VI, ver 4*

A proud man is always hard to be pleased, because he hath too
great expectations from others—RICHD BAXTER. *Christian Ethics.*

(Israel shall be) a proverb and a by-word among all peoples—
KINGS *Bk I., Ch IX., ver 7*

A pure hand needs no glove to cover it—N HAWTHORNE *The Scarlet Letter, Ch. XII.*

A quart of ale is a dish for a king—SHAKESPEARE *Winter's Tale*
(*Autolycus sings*), *Act IV., Sc II.*

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity.
SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Agrippa), Act V., Sc I.*

* The Jews.

12 A REFORMING AGE—A SHIP IS SOONER RIGGED.

A reforming age is always fertile of impostors—LORD MACAULAY.
Essay on Moore's Life of Lord Byron

A rich man's superfluities are often a poor man's redemption—
G. COLMAN, the Younger. *Who Wants a Guinea? (Heartily)*, *Act I.*,
Sc. I.

A right woman—either love like an angel,
Or hate like a devil—in extremes to dwell

UNKNOWN. *The Rare Triumphe of Love
and Fortune (Penulo)*, *Act I.*

A rolling stone gathers no moss—OLD PROVERB.

On the stone that stall doth turne about
There groweth no mosse.

SIR T. WYATT. *How to use the Court and Himself therein*, 3.
The rolling stone never gathereth mosse—J. HEYWOOD.
Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. XI.

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss;
Who often removeth is suer of loss

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.
Good Husbandry Lessons*, 46

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss,
For master and servant oft changing is loss

TUSSER. *Hundred Points of Houscivry.
Huswifely Admonitions*, 20.

A rolling stone is ever bare of moss.—A. PHILLIPS.
Pastoral, II

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her

TENNYSON. *The Princess, Prologue*.

A rotten case abides no handling—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. II (Westmoreland)*, *Act IV., Sc. I*

A rum one to look at, a devil to go—BARHAM. *Ingoldsby Legends.
The Smuggler's Leap*

A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner*.

A saint's nose
Smells brimstone, though incense be burned for a lure

R. BROWNING. *Ponte dell' Angelo, Venice*.

A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up

SHAKESPEARE. *King John (Pandulph)*, *Act III., Sc. IV.*

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fanlike leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

SHELLEY. *The Sensitive Plant*, *Pt. I.*, line 1.

A shameless woman is the worst of men.—YOUNG. *Love of Fame*,
Sat. IV, line 468.

A ship is sooner rigged by far than a gentlewoman made ready.—
UNKNOWN. *Lingua (Tactus)*, *Act IV., Sc. V.*

A sight to shake
The midriff of despair with laughter
TENNYSON *The Princess, Pt. I.*

A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.—GOLDSMITH.
The Good-Natured Man, Act II, Sc. I.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?
WORDSWORTH *We Are Seven*

A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms
TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

A skilful leach is better far
Than half a hundred men of war
BUTLER *Hudibras, Pt. I, Can. II*, line 245.

A small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think
BYRON *Don Juan, Can. III, St. 88*

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles—SHAKESPEARE *A Winter's Tale (Autolycus), Act IV, Sc. II*

A soft answer turneth away wrath.
But a grievous word stirreth up anger

PROVERBS *Ch. XV, ver. 1.*

(Then) a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth

SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Jaques), Act II, Sc. II.*

A soldier may be anything, if brave,
So may a tradesman, if not quite a knave
COWPER. *Hope*, line 209

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony
BYRON *Don Juan, Can. III, St. 54*

A sophistical rhetorician, imbibed with the exuberance of his own
verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all
times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments
to malign an opponent, and to glorify himself—EARL OF BEACON-
FIELD *Speech in the House of Commons, 1878, referring to Mr Gladstone.*

A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning—COLLIDGE.
Zapolya, Sc. I.

A spending hand that alway poureth out
Hath nede to have a bringer-in as fast

SIR T. WYATT *How to Use the Court and Himself therein*, line 1.

A staff is quickly found to beat a dog—SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI.*
Pt. II (Gloster), Act III, Sc. I

A steady patriot of the world alone,
And friend of every country—but his own
CANNING *Anti-Jacobin*

14 A SUBJECT'S FAULTS—A WEARY LOT.

A subject's faults a subject may proclaim;
A monarch's errors are forbidden game.

COWPER. *Table Talk*, line 125.

A sunburst in the storm of death—CAMPBELL. *Ode to the Memory of Burns*.

A suppressed resolve will betray itself in the eyes—GEORGE ELIOT. *The Mill on the Floss*, Bl. VI, Ch XIV.

A sword less hurt does than a pen.—W. KING. *The Eagle and the Rohn*, line 82

A tableful of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish—SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors* (*Antiphonus of Ephesus*), Act III, Sc. I.

A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use—WASHINGTON IRVING. *Rip Van Winkle*.

A tender, timid maid ' who knew not how
To pass a pig-sty, or to face a cow.

CRARBE. *The Widow's Tale*.

A thing devised by the enemy.—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III*. (*Richard*), Act V, Sc. III.

A weak invention of the enemy.—COLLEY CIBBER. *Version of Richard III*, Act V, Sc. III.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.—KEATS. *Endymion*, line 1.

A thing's shadow or a name's mere echo
Suffices those who miss the name and thing

R. BROWNING. *In a Balcony*

A threefold cord is not quickly broken.—ECCLESIASTES Ch IV, ver.12.

A torturer of phrases into sonnets—SIR W. SCOTT. *Auchindrane* (*Auchindrane*), Act III, Sc I.

A tower of strength is in an honest name—BULWER LYTTON. *King Arthur*, Bl. II, CII.

A truth
Looks freshest in the fashion of the day.

TENNYSON. *Morte d'Arthur*.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies—HERBERT. *The Temple*. *The Church Porch*

A very ancient and fish-like smell.—SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest* (*Trinculo*), Act II., Sc II

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.—SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado About Nothing* (*Leonato*), Act I., Sc. I

A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.—BEN JONSON. *Cynthia's Revels* (*Cynthia*), Act V, Sc III.

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband—PROVERBS Ch XII., ver. 4.

A votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his substance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill—G. LAMB. *Essays of Elia*. *Oxford in the Vacation*

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,

A weary lot is thine!

To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,

And press the rue for wine!

SIR W. SCOTT. *Rokeby*, Can. III. XXVIII.

A WELL-WRITTEN LIFE—A WOMAN'S TONGUE. 15

A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one.—CARLYLE.
Essay on Richter.

A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass,
And a rod for the back of fools

PROVERBS *Ch XIX*, ver 22.

A willing heart adds feather to the heel,
And makes the clown a winged mercury

JOANNA BAILLIE *De Monfort (Rezenvelt)*, *Act III*, *Sc II*.

A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone—SWIFT *Essay on the Faculties of the Mind*

A wise man never
Attempts impossibilities

MASSINGER. *The Renegado (Francisco)*, *Act I*, *Sc. I.*

A wise son maketh a glad father,
But a foolish man despiseth his mother.

PROVERBS *Ch XV*, ver 20.

A wit is a kind of urchin that every man will set his dog at, but won't touch himself, for fear of pricking his fingers—T. HOLCROFT *Duplicity (Clara)*, *Act II*, *Sc II*.

A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits—POPE *The Dunciad*, *Bk. IV*, *line 30*

He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes
—MACAULAY *Essay on Addison*

Temple was a man of the world among men of letters, and a man of letters among men of the world—MACAULAY *Review of Life and Letters of Sir W. Temple*

A woful hostess brooks not merry guests—SHAKESPEARE *Rape of Lucrece*, *St 161*

A woman, a spaniel, and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them, the better they be

CHAS TAYLOR

A woman dictates before marriage, in order that she may have an appetite for submission afterwards—GEORGE ELIOT *Middlemarch*, *Ch IX*.

A woman hath nine lives like a cat—HEYWOOD *Proverbs*, *Bk II.*, *Ch. IV*. *Vide p 28*

A woman . . . Her lot is made for her by the love she accepts—
GEORGE ELIOT *Felix Holt*, *Ch XLIII*

A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs—TENNYSON *Walking to the Mail*

A woman never forgets her sex. She would rather talk with a man than an angel, any day—O. W. HOLMES *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, *IV*.

A woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding-clothes—ADDISON *Spectator*, *No 475*

(Have ye not heard it said full oft),
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

SHAKESPEARE *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *XIV*.

A woman's tongue, I see, is like a bell
That, once set going, goes itself

GREENE *Tu Quoque.*

16 A WORD IN YOUR EAR—ACTION IS TRANSITORY.

A word in your ear.—VANBURGH AND CIBBER. *The Provok'd Husband (Sir Francis), Act IV., Sc I*

A word to the wise is enough —B. FRANKLIN *Poor Richard's Almanack.* (Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will).

A word's enough to raise mankind to kill.

BYRON. *Lara, Can II, VIII*

A wretch who takes his lusts to heaven,
And makes a pander of his God.

T. MOORE *Lalla Rookh, VI.*

A young man married is a man that's marr'd —SHAKESPEARE.
All's Well that Ends Well (Parolles), Act II, Sc III.

A young man will be wiser by-and-bv :
An old man's wit may wander ere he die

TENNYSON. *The Coming of Arthur.*

A youth of frolics, an old age of cards —POPE. *Moral Essays, Ep. II., line 244*

(Had swoln) 'bove any Greek or Roman name —DRYDEN. *On the Death of Lord Hastings, line 76*

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame —POPE. *Imitation of Horace, Bk. II., Ep. I., line 26*

On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name

ROWE. *Jane Shore (Hastings), Act III., Sc. I.*

Above our life we love a steadfast friend.—MARLOWE. *Hero and Leander, Sestiad II*

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name,
And tho' I call'd another, Abra came.

PRIOR *Solomon, Bk. II., line 362.*

Absence!—is not the soul torn by it
Far more than light, or life, or breath?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet—
The pain without the peace of death!

CAMPBELL. *Absence.*

Absence of occupation is not rest.
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.

COWPER. *Retirement, line 623.*

Accidents will occur in the best regulated families —C. DICKENS
David Copperfield (Mr. Micawber), Ch. XXVII

Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

T. MOORE. *Irish Melodies: Forget not the Field*

Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

COWLEY. *Essays Of Myself.*

Across the walnuts and the wine —TENNYSON. *The Miller's Daughter, St. IV.*

Action is transitory—a step, a blow—
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done; and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed.

WORDSWORTH *The White Doe of Rylstone (Dedication)*

ACTIONS ARE OUR EPOCHS—AH, CHRIST,

17

Actions are our epochs—BYRON. (*Manfred*), *Act II*, *Sc. I.*

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve

MILTON *Paradise Lost*, *Bk. IV*, line 323.

Adepts in the speaking trade
Keep a cough by them ready made

CHURCHILL *The Ghost*, *Bk. II*, line 545

Adieu ! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand—GAY. *William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan*

(She camo) adorned hither like sweet May—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.* (*King*), *Act V*, *Sc. I*

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness—SHAKESPEARE *Henry V.* (*Mountjoy*), *Act III*, *Sc. V.*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy—SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (*Friar Lawrence*), *Act III*, *Sc. III.*

Advice is seldom welcome, and those who want it the most always like it the least—LORD CHESTERFIELD *Letters to his Son*, 29th January 1748

Affection shall solve the problem of freedom yet—WALT WHITMAN. *Drum Taps*

Afflictions turn our blood to ink, and we
Commence, when writing, our eternity

HENRY VAUGHAN *On Sir Thos Bodley's Library*, line 21

Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless—ED YOUNG. *The Revenge* (*Zanga*), *Act I*, *Sc. I*

After death, the doctor—HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum*.

(Duncan is in his grave !)

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth* (*Macbeth*), *Act III*.—*Sc. II.*

Against ill chances men are ever merry ;
But heaviness foreruns the good event

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV*, *Pt. II.* (*Archbishop*), *Act IV*, *Sc. II.*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra* (*Enobarbus*), *Act II*, *Sc. II*

Age is opportunity no less

Than youth itself, though in another dress

LONGFELLOW. *Morituri Salutamus*.

Ah, Beauty ! Syren, fair enchanting Good,
Sweet silent Rhetorick of persuading eyes,
Dumb Eloquence, whose power doth move the Blood
More than the Words or Wisdom of the Wise,
Still Harmony, whose Diapason lies

Within a Brow, the Key which Passions move

To ravish Sense, and play a World in love

S DANIEL *The Complaint of Rosamund*, *St. 19.*

Ah, Christ, that it were possible

For one short hour to see

The souls we loved, that they might tell us

What and where they be

TENNYSON *Maud*, *Pt. IV.*, *III.*

18 AH FOR A MAN—ALL ARE BUT PARTS.

Ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be !

TENNYSON. *Maud, Pt. X*, 6

Ah, little rat that borest in the dyke
Thy hole by night to let the boundless deep
Down upon far-off cities while they dance—
Or dream.

TENNYSON. *Merlin and Vivien*

Ah, love, but a day
And all the world has changed

R. BROWNING. *James Lee's Wife*.

Ah, the Past, the pearl-gift thrown
To hogs, time's opportunity we made
So light of, only recognised when flown !

R. BROWNING *Jocoseria (Jochanan Halladosh)*.

Ah, wretched man this wretched world pursuing,
Which still grows worse by age, and older by renewing !

PHINEAS FLETCHER *The Purple Island, Can I., St. 1*

Air, air, fresh life-blood, thin and searching air,
The clear, dear breath of God that loveth us

R. BROWNING *Pauline*.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !

HOOD. *The Bridge of Sighs*.

Alas ! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love !

T. MOORE. *Lalla Rookh, IX*

Alas ! poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest,
of most excellent fancy —SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act V., Sc. I.*

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day

GRAY. *Ode on a distant prospect of Lion College*

Alas ! we make
A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot of our high resolves
Look down upon our slumbering acts

L. E. L. *A History of the Lyre*

(Where) al is fishe, that cometh to the net —G. GASCOIGNE *The Steele Glas*

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme

LONGFELLOW. *The Builders*

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul

POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. I*, line 267.

All are pleas'd, by partial passion led,
To shift their follies on another's head

PARNELL *Elysium, line 103.*

All argument will vanish before one touch of nature.—COLMAN.
The Poor Gentleman, Act V, Sc I.

All-cheering plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn

BURNS *The Brigs of Ayr.*

All covet life, yet call it pain,
And feel the ill, yet shun the cure

PRIOR *Written in Mezeray's History of France.*

(Or shear swine), all cry, and no wool—BUTLER *Hudibras, Pt. I., Can I, line 852*

But all the cry produces little wool—KING. *The Art of Cookery, line 196.*

All delights are vain ; but that most vain
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain.

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost (Biron), Act I, Sc I.*

All doubt is cowardice—all trust is brave—BULWER LYTTTON *King Arthur, Bk XII, XXVIII.*

(Whether with reason or with instinct blest,
Know) all enjoy that pow' which suits them best

POPE *Essay on Man, Ep III, line 80*

(And) all for love, and nothing for reward—SPENSER. *Facie Queene, Bk II, Can VIII, St 2*

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field—ISAIAH *Ch XL, ver 6.*

All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh now more than flesh helps soul

R BROWNING *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

All great actions the wish'd course do run,
That are, with their allowance, well begun

MASSINGER *The Bondman (Timoleon), Act I, Sc I.*

All hoods make not monks—SHAKESPEARE *Henry VIII (Queen Katharine), Act III, Sc I*

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.

DRYDEN *Mac Flecknoe, line 1.*

All is not false which seems at first a lie—SOUTHEY *St. Gualberto, line 28.*

All men are guests where Hope doth hold the feast—GASCOIGNE.
The Fruites of War, line 88

All men are liable to error, and most men are, in many points, by passion or interest, under temptation to it—LOCKE *Essay on the Human Understanding, Bk IV, Ch. XX, Sect 17.*

All men are
Philosophers, to their inches

BEN JONSON *The Magnetic Lady (Practice) Act I, Sc II.*

20 ALL MUST FEEL—ALL THAT'S BRIGHT.

All must feel
The influence of a form and mind
Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
Like mingled streams, more forcible when join'd
PRIOR *Carmen Serulare To the King, XXXII.*

All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please, unknown

N. COTTON *Visions in Verse, Epistle to the Reader.*

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony, not understood ;
All partial evil, Universal Good ;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.

POPE *Essay on Man, Ep. I., line 289.*

All Nature's duff'rence keeps all Nature's peace —POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep IV, line 51.*

All paines are nothing .n respect of this ;
All sorrowes short that gain eternall blisse.

SPENSER. *Sonnet LXIII.*

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;

There is no virtue like necessity

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II (Gaunt), Act I, Sc. III.*

All praise is foreign, but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.

MASON. *Musaeus.*

All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we . there is no last nor first.

R. BROWNING *Pippa Passes*

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so

SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (Goneril), Act II, Sc. IV.*

All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil —SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound, Act II, Sc. IV.*

All subsists by elemental strife ,
And passions are the elements of life

POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. I., line 169.*

All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ,
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

T MOORE *All that's bright must fade.*

All that wear feathers, first or last,
Must one day perch on Charon's mast

PRIOR *The Turle and the Sparrow*, line 133.

All that we see or seem
'Is but a dream within a dream

E A POE *A Dream within a Dream*

All the land that lies between the two ends of the rainbow—SIR W.
SCOTT *Heart of Midlothian (Jeanie Deans)*, Ch XVII

All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full.—ECCELSIastes.
Ch I, ver 7

All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again

TENNYSON *The Vision of Sin*

All the world and his wife—SWIFT *Polite Conversation, Dia III.*

All their luxury was doing good—GARTH. *Claremont*, line 149

The luxury of doing good.—J G HOLMAN *The Volary of
Wealth (Cleveland)*, Act V, Sc. IV, last line

All thing which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales*, line 16430, *Chanones Yeomanne's Tale*.

It is not alle golde that glareth—CHAUCER. *The House of
Fame, Boke I*, line 272

Alle is not golde that shewyth goldishe hewe—LYDGATE.
Chorle and Byrde

All is not gold that glisters—JOHN HEYWOOD *Proverbs*,
Bk I, Ch X.

All is not gold that glisters—BEN JONSON. *A Tale of a Tub*.
Act II, Sc I.

Not every thing that gives
A gleame and glittering shewe
Is to be counted gold, indeude
This prouerbe well you knowe.

TURBERVILLE *The Aunswere of a Woman
to her Louer.*

All that glusters is not gold—
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold
Gilded tombs do worms infold,
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrolld.
Fare you well your suit is cold

SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. VII.*
(Inscription in golden casket)

All things are artificial, for Nature is the Art of God—SIR T BROWNE.
Religio Medici, Sect. XVI

All things are less dreadful than they seem—WORDSWORTH. *Ecclesi-
astical Sonnets, Pt I, VII.*

22 ALL THINGS COME—AMBITION CAN CREEP.

All things come to him who will but wait.—LONGFELLOW. *Tales of a Wayside Inn. 1st day Student's Tale.*

Everything comes if a man will only wait—BEACONSFIELD.
Tancred, Bk. IV., Ch. VIII.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice (Gratiano), Act II., Sc. VI.*

The thing possess'd is not the thing it seems.—S. DANIEL.
Civil War, Bk. II., XIII.

(In men this blunder still you find),
All think their little set mankind

HANNAH MORE *The Bas Bleu.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

COLERIDGE *Love.*

(The 'good old times')—all times when old are good—BYRON.
The Age of Bronze, I

All ways to Death, but one to Glory leads—BULWER LYTTON. *King Arthur, Bk. X., XXV.*

All who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. II., St. 172*

All women are ambitious naturally.—MARLOWE *Hero and Leander, Sestiad I.*

All women love great men
If young or old.

R. BROWNING. *In a Balcony*

Allegiance

Tempted too far is like the trial of
A good sword on an anvil: as that often
Fles in pieces without service to the owner,
So trust enforced too far proves treachery,
And is too late repented.

MASSINGER. *The Great Duke of Florence (Sanaz), Act II., Sc. III.*

Almighty gold—BEN JONSON *Letter to Elizabeth Countess of Rutland.*

Alms are but the vehicles of prayer—DRYDEN *The Hind and the Panther, Pt. III.*

Alone I did it.—SHAKESPEARE *Coriolanus (Coriolanus), Act V., Sc. V.*
Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling!

T. MOORE *Rhymes on the Road, I.*

Always have an eye to the mayne, whatsoever thou art chaunced at
the buy.—LYLY. *Euphues and his England*

Always there is a black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said,
the shadow of ourselves—CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus, Bk. II., Ch. IX.*

Am I my brother's keeper?—GENESIS *Ch. IV., ver. 9*

(Well is it known that) ambition can creep as well as soar.—BURKE
Letters on the Regicide Peace, III., 1797.

Ambition dares not stoop—BEN JONSON *Cynthia's Revels (Hedon), Act IV, Sc. I.*

Ambition has but one reward for all—
A little power, a little transient fame,
A grave to rest in and a fading name!

WINTER. *The Queen's Domain, line 90.*

Ambition has its disappointments to sour us, but never the good fortune to satisfy us—B FRANKLIN *On True Happiness Pennsylvania Gazette, 20th November 1735*

Ambition is but Avarice on stilts and masked—LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations, Lord Brooke and Sir P. Sidney*
(When some sad swain shall teach the grove,) Ambition is no cure for love!

SIR W SCOTT *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Can. I, XXVII.*

Ambition is no sluggard—KEATS *Endymion*

Ambition is the growth of every clime—BLAKE *King Edward the Third (Dagworth)*

Ambition is the only power that combats love—COLLEY CIBBER. *Cæsar in Egypt (Phantinus), Act I*

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back;
And is a swelling, and the last affection
A high mind can put off, being both a rebel
Unto the soul and reason, and enforceth
All laws, all conscience, treads upon religion,
And offereth violence to nature's self!

BEN JONSON *Catiline (Cicero), Act III., Sc. II.*

(But wild) Ambition loves to shde, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land

DRYDEN *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. I, line 198*

Ambition makes more trusty slaves than need.—BEN JONSON *Sejanus (Sejanus), Act I, Sc. I.*

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff—SHAKESPEARE *Julius Cæsar (Antony), Act III, Sc. II*

Ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Ventidius), Act III, Sc. I.*

Amid the roses fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest

THOMSON *The Seasons Spring, line 996*

Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee

TENNYSON *Sea Dreams*

Amongst the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own!
CHURCHILL *Epsile to Hogarth, line 1.*

An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.—GOLDSMITH. *On Garrick Retaliation, line 94.*

An aching void.—COWPER, *Hymn I.*

An aching tooth is better out than in,
To lose a rotting member is a gain.

R. BAXTER. *Hypocrisy*

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia.—MACAULAY. *Essay on Lord Bacon*

An acre of performance is worth a whole land of promise.—HOWELL. *Familiar Letters, Bk. IV., Letter XXXIII. To Mr. R. Lee.*

The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities.—MACAULAY. *Essay on Lord Bacon.*

An action is the perfection and publication of thought—EMERSON. *Nature.*

An age that melts in unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away.

DR. JOHNSON. *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 294.

(Though he endeavour all he can,) An ape will never be a man.

G. WITHER. *Emblems First Lotterie. Emblem XIV.*

An artful woman makes a modern saint—PRIOR. *Epigrams The Modern Saint.*

An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Romola (Bratti), Bl. III, Ch. L*

An Atheist—laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

BURNS. *Epistle to a Young Friend*

(When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has) an axe to grind.—B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanack.*

An Englishman,
Being flattered, is a lamb; threatened, a lion.

G. CHAPMAN. *Alphonsus (Collen), Act I.*

An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen.—STERNE. *Sentimental Journey.*

An Englishman hath three qualties. he can suffer no partner in his love, no stranger to be his equal, nor to be dared by any

LYLY. *Euphues and his England.*

An Eternal now does always last.—COWLEY. *Davidis, Bk. I., line 362.*
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. II. (Archbishop), Act I, Sc. III.*

('Tis a maxim with me, that) an hale
Cobbler is a better man than a sick king

BICKERSTAFF. *Love in a Village (Hawthorn), Act I, Sc. III.*

An honest man's the noblest work of God—POPE *Essay on Man, Ep. IV., line 248. Vide p. 212*

An hour or two
Never breaks squares in love; he comes in time
That comes at all; absence is all love's crime

MIDDLETON. *The Widow (Francesco), Act II, Sc. II.*

An hypocrite is a gilded pill, composed of two natural ingredients, natural dishonesty, and artificial dissimulation—SIR T. OVERBURY. *Characters, An Hypocrite.*

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless when it goes as when it stands.

COWPER *Retirement*, line 681.

An ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own—SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It* (Touchstone). *Act V*, *Sc IV*.

(But what am I?)

An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry

TENNYSON *In Memoriam*, *LIV*.

An injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult—LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to his Son*, 9th October 1746. *Letter to his Godson*, 4th December 1765

An innocent heart is a brittle thing, and one false vow can break it.—BULWER LYTTON. *Last of the Barons*, *Bl I*, *Ch II*.

An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man.—EMERSON. *Self-Reliance*

An old man's twice a child—MASSINGER. *The Bashful Lover* (*Gothro*). *Act III*., *Sc I*.

Old men are twice children—RANDOLPH. *The Jealous Lovers* (*Simo*), *Act III*., *Sc VI*.

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse. GAY. *Fables*, *Pt I*., *Fable XVII*.

An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow—R. BAXTER. *Self-Denial*

One ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.—CAREY.
Chrononhotonthologos. *Rugdum Fumdos*. *Act I*, *Sc IV*.

An overcute woman's no better nor a long-tailed sheep—she'll fetch none the bigger price for that.—GEORGE ELIOT. *The Mill on the Floss* (*Mr Tulliver*), *Bk I*, *Ch II*.

An oyster may be cross'd in love—SHERIDAN. *The Critic* (*Tilburnia in the play*). *Act III*., *Sc I*.

An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind—SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado about Nothing* (*Dogberry*), *Act III*., *Sc V*.

An undevout astronomer is mad—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*, *Night IX*. line 773

An unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war—S. BUTLER. *Speech in the Rump Parliament*

An untimely grave—THOS CAREW. *On the Duke of Buckingham*.

And is this—Yarrow?—This the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?

WORDSWORTH. *Yarrow Visited*.

And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

LONGFELLOW. *The Village Blacksmith*.

And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawny die?

There's thirty thousand Cornish men
Shall know the reason why.

OLD BALLAD.

26 AND THEN TO BREAKFAST—APES ARE APES.

‘And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die ?
Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason
why.’

The miners from their caverns re-echoed the song with a
variation—

‘Then twenty thousand under ground will know the
reason why.’

LORD MACAULAY.

History of England, Ch VIII.

MR. J. HAIN FRISWELL, in his notes to *Familiar Words*,
page 270, says: ‘Written in 1824 by the Rev R S.
Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow. Afterwards Davies
Gilbert, President of the Royal Society, reprinted the entire
ballad, believing it to be an ancient one, and Sir Walter
Scott regarded it as “the solitary people’s song of the
seventeenth century.”’

(Read o’er this :

And, after, this :) and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VIII. (King), Act III, Sc. II.*

And hus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol’n forth of holy writ ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

SHAKESPEARE *Richard III (Gloster), Act I, Sc III.*

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act I., Sc. IV.*

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Malcolm), Act IV, Sc III.*

Angels from friendship gather half their joys—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night II.*—line 577.

Anger is like

A full-hot horse ; who being allow’d his way,
Soft mettle tires him.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII. (Norfolk), Act I, Sc. I.*

Angling is somewhat like poetry : men are to be born so—I. WALTON.
The Complete Angler (Piscator), Pt I, Ch. I

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass
no criticisms.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Scenes of Clerical Life : Mr. Gilfil’s Love Story.*

Another lean unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur’s death

SHAKESPEARE *King John (Hubert), Act IV, Sc. II.*

Clubs upstairs
To which the lean unwashed artificer repairs

COWPER. *Table Talk, line 151.*

Antheming a lonely grief —KEATS *Hyperion, III.*
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world !

HOOD. *The Bridge o’ Sighs.*

Apes are apes though clothed in scarlet —BEN JONSON. *The Poetaster.*
Act V., Sc. I.

APPEAL UNTO CÆSAR—AS CHILDREN.

27

(I) appeal unto Cesar—ACTS OF THE APOSTLES (*St Paul*). Ch XXV., ver. 11.

(I would) applaud thee to the very echo—SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth* (*Macbeth*), Act V., Sc III.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones—COLTON. *Lacon*, CCCXXIV.

Apples and crabs may grow on the same tree—R. BAXTER *Hypocrisy*.

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed—MORTON, *Cure for the Heart-ache*, Act V., Sc II.

(Who often, but without success, have pray'd
For) apt Alliteration's artful aid

CHURCHILL. *The Prophecy of Famine*, line 86

‘Arcades ambo,’ id est blackguards both—BYRON *Don Juan*, Can IV., St 92.

(And) Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave

BYRON *Childe Harold, Cant III*, XXVII.

(The) arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV*, Pt. I. (*Hotspur*), Act V., Sc. II.

Art indeed is long, but life is short.—MARVELL *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings*, last line.

Art is long, and time is fleeting—LONGFELLOW *A Psalm of Life*.

Art is not imitation but illusion—CHAS READE *Christie Johnstone*, Ch. XII.

Art is the chid of Nature—LONGFELLOW *Keramos*

Art is the perfection of Nature—SIR T. BROWNE. *Religio Medici*, Sect. XVI.

Art is truth, and truth is religion—THACKERAY. *The Newcomes*, Vol. II., Ch. XXVII.

Art may err, but Nature cannot miss—DRYDEN. *The Cock and Fox*.

Art may make a suit of clothes: but Nature must produce a man.—HUME *Essay XV*, *The Epicurean*.

Art quickens nature: care will make a face:
Neglected beauty perisheth apace.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*, 234

(Inscribe all human effort with one word.)

Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!

R. BROWNING *The Ring and the Book*, XI, line 1560

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion—PROVERBS Ch XI., ver 22

As a lyke to compare in taste, chalk and cheese—JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, Bk. II., Ch. IV.

As certain as a gun—BUTLER. *Hudibras*, Pt I., Canto III, line 12.

As sure as a gun—DRYDEN. *The Spanish Friar*, Act III Sc. II

As children gathering pebbles on the shore—MILTON *Paradise Regained*, Bk. IV., line 330.

As clear as a whistle.—JOHN BYROM. *Epistle to Lloyd.*

As cold as cucumbers—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER *Cupid's Revenge (Nisus' Act I., Sc. I.*

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.—PROVERBS *Ch. XXV., ver. 25*

As crestfallen as a dried pear.—SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor (Falstaff), Act IV., Sc. V.*

As easy as living.—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III., Sc. II.*

As flat down as pancakes—MIDDLETON *The Roving Girl, Act I., Sc. I.*

As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em

F. REYNOLDS *The Will, Act I., Sc. I.*

As good almost kill a man as kill a book. Who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image: but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself. kills the image of God, as it were in the eye.—MILTON. *Areopagitica.*

As good as a play.—KING CHARLES II.: *said to have been exclaimed by him, while listening to a debate on Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.*

As grand

And griefless as a rich man's funeral.

SYDNEY DOBELL. *A Musing on a Victory.*

(She is) as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.—SHERIDAN *The Rivals (Mrs. Malaprop), Act III., Sc. II.*

(Day after day, day after day,

We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;)

As idle as a painted ship

Upon a painted ocean.

COLERIDGE *The Ancient Mariner, II.*

As if misfortune made the throne her seat,

And none could be unhappy but the great.

ROWE *The Fair Penitent (Prologue).*

None think the great unhappy but the great.—YOUNG. *Love of Fame, Sat. I.*

(Almost) as like as eggs—SHAKESPEARE *Winter's Tale (Laertes), Act I., Sc. II.*

As cherry is to cherry.—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII. (Lady), Act V., Sc. I.*

Since they're a like each other as are peas.—SWIFT. *Horace, Bk. I., Ep. 5*

As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weathercock for every wind.

DRYDEN *The Hind and the Panther, Pt. I., line 462*

As long lyveth the mery man, they say,
As doth the sory man, and longer by a day.

UDALL. *Roister Donster (Mathewe Merygreeke), Act I., Sc. I.*

(As they say,) as many lives as a cat.—BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress, Pt. II.*

AS MEKE AS IS A MAYDE—ASK ME NO QUESTIONS 29

As meke as is a mayde—CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales (Prologue)*, line 69

As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper. 'Tis their exercise.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER *Philaster (Dion)*. *Act II. Sc. IV.*

As merry as the day is long—SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado about Nothing (Beatrice)*, *Act II., Sc. I.*

As plain as a pack-staff—MIDDLETON *The Family of Love (Dryfus)*, *Act V., Sc. III.*

As poor as Job.—SHAKESPEARE. *Merry Wives of Windsor (Page)*, *Act V., Sc. V.—Henry IV., Pt. II. (Falstaff)*. *Act I., Sc II*

(He is) as slippery as an eel, in love—SHAKERLEY MARMION. *A Fine Companion (Fido)*, *Act V., Sc. II.*

As sluttish and slatternly as an Irish woman bred in France—WYCHERLEY. *The Plain Dealer (Olivia)*, *Act II., Sc I.*

As sober as a judge—FIELDING. *Don Quixote in England*. *Act III., Sc XIV.*

Sober as a judge—*Letter to Mr. and Mrs. Mason*.

As the greatest things often take rise from the smallest beginnings, so the worst things sometimes proceed from good intentions—DR. PRIESTLEY. *The Corruptions of Christianity*, *Pt 1, Sect. II.*

As the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime

TENNYSON. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, *St. 4.*

As the husband is the wife is—TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*.

As the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

SHAKESPEARE *The Taming of the Shrew*
(*Petruchio*). *Act IV., Sc III.*

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.

Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows:
Useless each without the other!

LONGFELLOW. *Hawatha. X*

(I am) as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. I. (Falstaff)*, *Act IV., Sc. II.*

As welcome as flowers in May—OLD PROVERBIAL EXPRESSION.

You are as welcome as the flowers in May.—MACKLIN. *Lors à la Mode (Sir Callaghan)*, *Act I. Sc. I*

As we advance in life we learn the limits of our abilities—FROUDE. *Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education*.

As we're merry may we still oe wise—BURNS. *Address, spolen by Miss Fontinelle*

‘As you like’ is a bad finger-post.—GEORGE ELIOT *Daniel Deronda*, *Bl. 1'1.. Ch. XXV.*

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs—GOLDSMITH *She Stoops to Conquer (Tony Lumpkin)*, *Act III. Sc. I.*

30 ASK WHAT IS HUMAN LIFE—AT SIXE AND SEVEN.

Ask what is human life—the sage replies,
With disappointment lowering in his eyes.
A painful passage o'er a restless flood.
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good.
A sense of fancied bliss and heartfelt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair.

COWPER. *Hope*, line 1.

Ask, who is wise?—You'll find the self-same man
A sage in France a madman in Japan:
And I see some head beneath a mitre swells,
Which there had tingled to a cap and bells

T. MOORE. *The Sceptic*, line 17.

Assent is power, belief the soul of fact—WORDSWORTH. *Memorials of a Tour in Italy*, IV.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet* (*Hamlet*), Act III., Sc. IV.

At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend.

CLOUGH. *The Latest Decalogue*.

At daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*, Pt. II., Can. II., line 79.

At every trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shows great pride or little sense

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*, line 386.

At ev'ry word a reputation dies—POPE. *Rape of the Lock*, Can. III., line 16.

(The creature's) at his dirty work again—POPE. *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, line 92.

At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet* (*Ophelia*), Act IV., Sc. V.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet* (*Juliet*), Act II., Sc. II.

For the queen of love,
As they hold constantly, does never punish,
But smile, at lovers' perjuries

MASSINGER. *The Great Duke of Florence*
(*Charonon*), Act II., Sc. III.

Love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lover's perjury.

DRYDEN. *Palamon and Arcite*, Bl. II., line 148.

At sixe and sevene—JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, Bl. I., Ch. XI.
Set alle on set and sevene.—*Towneley Mysteries*

All is uneven,
And everything is left at sixe and sevene.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II* (*York*), Act II., Sc. II.

When I see things going at sixes and sevens.—GOLDSMITH.
The Good-Natured Man (*Jarris*), Act I., Sc. I.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves : then dies the same.

YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night I*, line 41.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt :
 Nothing's so hard but search will find it out

LOVELACE. *Seek and Find.*

Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
 That bow'd the will

TENNYSON. *Morte d'Arthur.*

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old :
 It is the rust we value, not the gold

POPE *Imitations of Horace, Bk. II, Ep. 1.*

(Behold congenial) Autumn comes,
 The Sabbath of the year :

LOGAN. *The Country in Autumn, ver. 1*

Avarice of all is ever nothing's father —G. CHAPMAN. *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois (Clermont), Act V., Sc. I.*

Avarice, the spur of industry.—HUME. *Essay XII. Of Civil Liberty.*

Ayens trouth falsehood hath ne might —LYDGATE. *The Story of Thebes, Pt. II.*

(To see what) bad events may peep out o' the tail of good purposes.—BEN JONSON *Bartholomew Fair (Overdo), Act III, Sc. I*

Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them
 He acts the third crime that defends the first

BEN JONSON *Catiline (Cicero), Act III, Sc. II.*

(With) bagge and baggage, sely wretch,
 I yellded into Beautie's hand

LORD VAUX. *Cupid's Assault*

Bag and baggage —SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Touchstone), Act III., Sc. II.*—SHAKESPEARE *Winter's Tale (Laertes), Act I., Sc. II*

(What though she be tootbless and) bald as a coote ?—JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I, Ch. V.*

(Is there no) balm in Gilead ?—JEREMIAH *Ch. VIII, ver. 22*

Is there, is there balm in Gilead ? tell me—tell me, I implore —
 E. A. POE. *The Raven*

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease —DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. I., line 168*

Barkis is willin'—DICKENS. *David Copperfield (Barkis), Ch. V.*

32 BASE ENVY WITHERS—BE NOT THE FIRST.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates the excellence it cannot reach

THOMSON *The Seasons (Spring)*, line 283

Base in kind, and born to be a slave—COWPER *Table Talk*, line 28
Base is the slave that pays—SHAKESPEARE *Henry V. (Pistol)*

Act II., Sc. I.

Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer—TENNYSON
St. Simeon Stylites

Battle's magnificently stern array.—BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. III., XXVIII.*

Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere be bolde—SPENSER. *Faerie Queene. Bk. III., Can XI., St. 54.*

Be Britain still to Britain true,

Amang oursel's united;

For never but by British hands

Maun British wrangs be righted

BURNS *The Dumfries Volunteers*

Be check'd for silence,

But never tax'd for speech

SHAKESPEARE *All's Well that Ends Well*

(Countess). *Act I., Sc. II.*

(Let your precept be,) be easy'—STEELE *Spectator*, No. 196.

Be England what she will,
With all her faults, she is my country still

CHURCHILL. *The Farewell*, line 27.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—

My country! and while yet a nook is left

Where English minds and manners may be found,

Shall be constrain'd to love thee.

COWPER *The Task, Bl. II., line 206.*

*The first of Cowper's lines is quoted by Byron in
'Beppo,' St. 47.*

Be England's trade our care; and we, as tradesmen

Looking to the gain of this our native land

BLAKE. *King Edward the Third (Bishop).*

Be famous then

By wisdom: as thy empire must extend,

So let extend thy mind o'er all the world

In knowledge

MILTON *Paradise Regained, Bl. IV., line 221.*

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:

And so make life death, and that vast forever

One grand, sweet song C KINGSLEY. *A Farewell.*

Be less ashamed to confess thy ignorance, than by holding a foolish argument to betray it.—ELIZ JOCELIN *Mother's Legacy, Sect 8*

Be niggards of advice on no pretence,

For the worst avarice is that of sense

POPE. *Essay on Criticism, Pt III., line 578.*

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside

POPE. *Essay on Criticism, Pt II., line 133.*

Be not too rigidly censorious,
A string may jar in the best master's hand,
And the most skilful archer miss his aim ;—
I would not quarrel with a slight mistake

ROSCOMMON. *Art of Poetry*, line 388.

Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee !

TENNYSON *England and America*.

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st

SHAKESPEARE *Twelfth Night (Olivia)*, *Act V., Sc. I*

Be the day never so long,
Evermore at last they bring to evensong

J. HEYWOOD *Proverbs*, *Bk I, Ch VII.*

For though the day appear ever so long,
At last the bell ringeth to evensong

STEPHEN HOWES *The Passtime of Pleasure*,
Cap XLII, St 10.

No day is so long
But it comes at last to vesper-song

LONGFELLOW *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.
The Student's Second Tale

Be the fair level of thy actions laid
As temp'rance wills and prudence may persuade

PRIOR *Solomon*, *Bk III*, line 43.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape
calumny—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet)*, *Act III, Sc I*

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar—SHAKESPEARE
(*Polonius*), *Act I, Sc. III.*

Be to her virtues very kind ;
Be to her faults a little blind :
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock on her mind

PRIOR. *An English Padlock.*, *last lines*

Be to her faults a little blind ;
Be to her virtues very kind .
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock on her mind.

BICKERSTAFF *The Padlock (Leander)*,
Act II. Sc III

Be wise with speed :
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

YOUNG *Love of Fame*, *Sat II*, line 281.

Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise—QUARLES. *Emblems*,
Bk II.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so—
LORD CHESTERFIELD *Letter to his Son* *Dublin Castle, 19th November
1745*

Beauties are tyrants, and if they can reign
They have no feeling for their subject's pain ;
Their victim's anguish gives their charms applause,
And their chief glory is the woe they cause

CRABBE. *The Patron*.

34 BEAUTY AND ANGUISH—BEAUTY PROVOKETH.

Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand

The downward slope to death

TENNYSON. *A Dream of Fair Women.*

(Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And) beauty draws us with a single hair.

POPE *The Rape of the Lock, Bk. II, line 27.*

(The flowers anew returning seasons bring,
But) beauty faded has no second spring.

A PHILLIPS. *Pastoral, I.*

Beauty from order springs—W KING *The Art of Cookery, line 55.*

Beauty has wings, and too hastily flies,
And love unrewarded soon sickens and dies

E MOORE *Song, XII.*

Beauty's of a fading nature—

Has a season, and is gone!

BURNS. *Will ye go and marry Katie?*

Beauty hath created bin

T' undoo or be undone

S DANIEL *Ulysses and the Syren, line 71.*

Beauty is but a flower,

Which wrinkles will devour

THOMAS NASH *Summer's Last Will
and Testament, line 600*

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;

A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;

A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;

A brittle glass, that's broken presently:

A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,

Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour

SHAKESPEARE *The Passionate Pilgrim, St. 9*

Beauty is but skin deep—OLD PROVERB

And all the carnal beauty of my wife
Is but skin deep.

SIR T. OVERBURY *A Wife, St. 16*

Beauty is merely skin deep—G. COLMAN, JR. *Poetical Vagaries
(Low Ambition)*

The saying that beauty is but skin deep is but a skin-deep
saying.—HERBERT SPENCER. *Essays, Personal Beauty.*

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

KEATS. *Ode to a Grecian Urn, last lines.*

Beauty is the mark God sets on virtue—EMERSON *Nature, Ch. III, Beauty.*

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade

The eyes of men without an orator

SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece, St. 5.*

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold—SHAKESPEARE *As
You Like It (Rosalind), Act I., Sc. III.*

Beauty stands
Only in the admiration of weak minds
Led captive, cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abashed

MILTON. *Paradise Regained Bk. II, line 220.*

Beauty, thou pretty plaything, dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
The grave discredits thee

BLAIR. *The Grave, line 237.*

Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,
Is of all colours, and by none defin'd

GRANVILLE *The Progress of Beauty*

Beauty, when most uncloth'd, is cloth'd best—PHINEAS FLITCHER.
Sceclides (Alcippeus), Act II, Sc IV

Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

THOMSON. *The Seasons, Autumn, line 204.*

Beauty's silken bond,
The weakness that subdues the strong, and bows
Wisdom alike and folly

R. BROWNING *The Ring and the Book,
Bk. IX, line 441*

(Even) bees, the little almsmen of spring bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers

KEATS *Isabella, XIII*

Before men made us citizens, great Nature made us men—LOWELL,
The Capture.

Before the coming of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest.

SHAKESPEARE *King John (Pandulph),
Act III, Sc IV*

(For her own person,
It) beggar'd all description

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra
(Enobarbus), Act II, Sc. II.*

(Unless the adage must be verified,
That) beggars, mounted, run their horse to death

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI, Pt. III. (York),
Act I, Sc. IV.*

Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride a gallop—BURTON.
Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt. II, Sect. III, Mem. II

Beggars should be no choosers—J. HEYWOOD. *Procrbs, Bk. II.,
Ch. IX*

Beggars must not be chusers—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.
The Honest Man's Fortune (La-Poop), Act V, Sc III.

Beggars must not be choosers—COLLEY CIBBER *The Provok'd
Husband (Sir Francis), Act IV, Sc I.*

Beggars can scarcely be choosers—R. BROWNING. *Up at a
Villa, Down in the City.*

36 BEGINNING OF—BETTER BE WITH THE DEAD.

(That is the true) beginning of our end—SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Act V*, *Sc. I.*

Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth—ST JAMES *Ep.*, *Ch III*, *ter. 5*

A spark neglected makes a mighty fire.—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI.*, *Pt. III.* (*Clifford*), *Act IV*, *Sc. VIII.*

From small fires comes oft no small mishap—HERBERT. *The Temple. Artillery.*

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw

POPE *Essay on Man*, *Ep. II.*, line 275.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.

BULWER LYTTON. *Richelieu (Richelieu)*, *Act II.*, *Sc. II.*

Benefits and meek submission tame
The fiercest and the mightiest

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound (Mercury)*, *Act I.*

Benevolence, that has not heart to use
The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,
Bcomes at last weak and contemptible

WORDSWORTH. *The Borderers (Oswald)*, *Act II.*

Beside the Eternal Nile
The pyramids have risen.
Nile shall pursue his changeless way;
Those pyramids shall fall,
Yea ' not a stone shall stand to tell
The spot whereon they stood;
Their very site shall be forgotten,
As is their boulder's name

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*, *II.*

Best he's liked that is alike to all—S DANIEL. *Civil War*, *Bk. V*, *CV*.

(They say) best men are moulded out of faults—SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure (Mariana)*, *Act V*, *Sc. I.*

Best things carry'd to excess are wrong.—CHURCHILL. *The Rosciad*, line 1039.

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.—SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry Wives of Windsor (Mrs Page)*, *Act V*, *Sc. III*

Better a little well kept, than a great deal forgotten.—Bp LATIMER. *Fifth Sermon preached before King Edward*

Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.—SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night (Clown)*, *Act I*, *Sc. V.*

Better be dumb than superstitious—BEN JONSON. *Underwoods, Eupheme*, *IX*

Better be happy than wise.—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, *Bk. II.*, *Ch. VI*

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Macbeth)*, *Act III*, *Sc. II.*

Better build schoolrooms for 'the boy,'
Than cells and gibbets for 'the man'

ELIZA COOK *A Song for the Ragged Schools*

Better die with the sword, than by the sword—S DANIEL *Civil War, Bk VII, XXVI*

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay—TENNYSON.
Locksley Hall.

Better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt or read in scorn

SIR W SCOTT *The Monastery, Ch XII*

(My) better half—SIR P. SIDNEY *Arcadia, Bk III*

Best image of myself and dearer half—MILTON *Paradise Lost, Bk V, line 95*

Better heresy of doctrine, than heresy of heart—WHITTIER *Mary Garvin*

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith—PROVERBS *Ch XV, ver. 17*

Better is a dry morsel and righteousness therewith, than a house full of feasting with strife—PROVERBS *Ch XVII, ver 1*

(Throw no gift againe the gver's head,
For) better is halfe a lufe than no bread

J HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk I, Ch XI.*

Better late than never—J HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk I, Ch X—*
TUSSER *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*

"Tis better late than never—SHERIDAN *Pizarro (Prologue)*

Better late than never—W HAZLITT *Political Essays*

Better new friend than an old foe—SPENSER *Faerie Queene, Bk I, Can II, St 27*

Better not to be at all
Than not be noble.

TENNYSON *The Princess, II*

Better not do the deed than weep it done—PRIOR *Henry and Emma*

Better one byrde in hand than ten in the wood—J. HEYWOOD.
Proverbs, Bk I, Ch XI.

Better one suffer, than a nation grieve—DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt I., line 416*

Better owe
A yard of land to labour, than to chance
Be debtor for a rood!

SHERIDAN KNOWLES *The Hunchback (Clifford), Act I, Sc I.*

Better severity that's right and just,
Than impotent affections led with lust

S DANIEL *Civil War, Bk V, XCII.*

38 BETTER SURE—BEWARE OF ENTRANCE

Better sure be unrevealed
Than part revealed

R. BROWNING *Sordello, Bk. III.*

Better sit still, than rise to meet the devil—DRAYTON *The Owl*

Better the devil's than a woman's slave—MASSINGER *The Parliament of Love (Cleremond), Act II, Sc. II.*

Better, tho' difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, tho' easy, where the end is wo

BUNYAN *Pilgrim's Progress, Pt. I*

Better to go on foot than ride and fall—MIDDLETON *Micro-Cynicon, Satire V.*

Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Ventidius), Act III, Sc. I*

Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved.—CRABBE *The Struggles of Conscience.*

(Ah) better to love in the lowliest cot
Than to reign in a palace, alone.

WHYTE MELVILLE *Chastelar*

(To reign is worth ambition though in Hell),
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. I, line 263*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Brutus), Act II, Sc. I.*

Between these two persons, who never agreed in any humour but in
disagreeing, is issued forth Mistress Mopsa, a fit woman to partake of
both their perfections—SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia, Bk. I*

Agreed to differ.—SOUTHEY. *Life of Wesley*

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree

CARLETON *Farm Ballads Betsy and I are out*

(For it is saide, and euer shall)
Betwene two stooles is the fall,
When that men wenest best to sitte.

GOWER. *Confessio Amantis, Prologue.*

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that seems to feel.

BURNS *Rob Mossiel*

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Polonius), Act I, Sc. III.*

Beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
 It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on that cuckold lives in bliss
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger .
 But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves !

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Iago), Act III, Sc III*

Beware the fury of a patient man —DRYDEN *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt I, line 1005*

Beyond the stars, and all this passing scene,
 Where change shall cease, and Time shall be no more

KIRKE WHITE *Time, line 726*

Big with the fate of Europe — TICKELL *Ode on Earl Stanhope's Voyage to France, St 1*

Big with the fate of Rome — OTWAY *Venice Preserved (Belvidera), Act III, Sc I*

The great, th' important day big with the fate of Cato and of Rome — ADDISON *Cato (Portius), Act I, Sc. I*

Big words do not smite like war clubs,
 Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
 Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
 Deeds are better things than words are,
 Actions mightier than boastings

LONGFELLOW. *Hawatha, IX*

Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost —COLTON.
Lacon, CI.

Birds of a feather will gather together —OLD PROVERB.

Birds of a feather will fly together —R. WILSON *Three Lords and three Ladies of London (Simplicity)*

Birds of a feather will gather together —BURTON *Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt III, Sect I, Mem II, Subsect I.*

Then let's flock Luther,
 Like birds of a feather
 RANDOLPH *Aristippus.*

Birds quick to fledge and fly at call
 Are quick to fall

SWINBURNE *Félice*

Black misfortune's baleful train ! —GRAY. *Ode on Eton College*
 Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
 And be each critio the good-natured man

GOLDSMITH *The Good-Natured Man, Epilogue.*

Bless'd is the bride on whom the sun doth shine —HERRICK *Hesperides, 283*

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds ,
 And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride (Alphonso), Act V., Sc XII.*

Blest be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills
 SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Imogen), Act I, Sc VI.*

40 BLIND FEAR—BOOBIES HAVE LOOKED.

Blind fear, that seeming reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst—
SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida (Cressida)*, *Act III, Sc II*

Blindness is the first-born of excess—BYRON *Heaven and Earth (Raphael)*, *Pt. I., Sc. III.*

Blood is the god of war's rich livery.—MARLOWE *Tamburlaine the Great*, *Pt. II (Tamburlaine)*, *Act III, Sc II*

Blood is thicker than water.—OLD PROVERB

Blude is thicker than water—SIR W. SCOTT. *Guy Mannering* Ch XXXVIII.

Blood only serves to wash ambition's hands—BYRON. *Don Juan*, *Can. IX, St 59.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*, *Act II, Sc. VII.*

Blow wind! come wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth)*, *Act V, Sc V.*

Blows are sarcasms turned stupid wit is a form of force that leaves the limbs at rest—GEORGE ELIOT. *Felix Holt*, Ch XXX

Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do—POPE. *Essay on Criticism*, *Pt. III*, line 574

Blush, folly, blush: here's none that fears
The wagging of an ass's ears,
Although a wolish case he wears
Detraction is but baseness' varlet;
And apes are apes though clothed in scarlet

BEN JONSON *The Poetaster*, *Act V., Sc. I.*

Blushing is the colour of virtue—M. HENRY. *Commentaries Jere-*
miah III.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth—PROVERBS Ch. XXVII. ver 1

Bold knaves thrive, without one grain of sense,
But good men starve for want of impudence.

DRYDEN. *Epilogue XII., To 'Constantine the Great'*

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Juliet)*, *Act II., Sc II.*

Boobies have looked as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagyrite;
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peeped through windows dark and dull!

T. MOORE. *Nature's Labels*.

Books are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear.

E B BROWNING *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*

Books are sepulchres of thought—LONGFELLOW. *The Wind over the Chimney*

Books cannot always please, however good ;
Minds are not ever craving for their food

CRABBE *The Borough, Letter XXIV, Schools*

Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err—POPE *Essay on Man, Ep. II., line 10*

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny • it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
The fall of many kings

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macduff), Act IV, Sc. III.*

Boundless risk must pay for boundless gain—WILLIAM MORRIS.
The Earthly Paradise Prologue, The Wanderers

(Our) bounty, like a drop of water, disappears, when diffused too widely.—GOLDSMITH. *The Good-Natured Man (Sir W Honeywood), Act III*

Bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering—ST PAUL *Epistle to the Colossians, Ch III, ver. 12*

Open thy bowels of compassion—CONGREVE *The Mourning Bride, Act IV., Sc VII.*

Boyhood is a summer sun,
Whose waning is the dreariest one—
For all we live to know is known,
And all we seek to keep hath flown

E A POE *Tamerlane*

‘Bread,’ says he, ‘dear brothers, is the staff of life.’—SWIFT. *Tale of a Tub, Sect IV.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said

This is my own, my native land ?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand ?

SIR W. SCOTT *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Can VI, I.*

Breed is stronger than pasture—GEORGE ELIOT *Silas Marner (Mr Lammeter)*

Brennyd cat dredeth feir—CHAUCER. *The Pardonere and Tapsire, line 78 Vide p 42.*

Brevity is the soul of wit—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Polonius), Act II, Sc. II.*

Brief as the lightning in the colled night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say, Behold !
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer Night's Dream (Lysander), Act I., Sc. I.*

BRIEFLY DIE—BUT YESTERDAY.

Briefly die their joys
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys
 SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Lucius)*, Act V, Sc. V.

Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—GENESIS.
 Ch. XLII, ver. 38.

Brisk confidence still best with woman copes ;
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon passion crowns thy hopes
 BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can II, St 34.*

British forces are unused to fear.—CONGREVE *Ode to the King, V.*

Brittle beauty, that nature made so frail,
 Whereof the gift is small, and short the season ;
 Flowering to-day, to-morrow apt to fail,
 Fickle treasure, abhorred of reason.

EARL OF SURREY.

The Frailty and Hurtfulness of Beauty.

(They have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns), broken cisterns that can hold no water—JEREMIAH.
 Ch II, ver. 13

Broken hearts die slow—CAMPBELL. *Theodric.*

(You are in some) brown study.—LYLY. *Euphues*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll ;
 Leave thy low vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast.

O W. HOLMES *The Chambered Nautilus.*

Burnt child fire dredth—JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bh II, Ch II.*

A burne childe feere de fire.—UNKNOWN. *Pasquill and Katherine.*

A burnt childe dreadeth the fire.—LYLY. *Euphues and his England.*

The burnt childe dreads the fire—BEN JONSON. *The Devil is an Ass (Fitzdottrell), Act I, Sc II.*

But any man that walks the mead,
 In bud or blade, or bloom may find,
 According as his humours lead,
 A meaning suited to his mind.

TENNYSON. *The Day Dream, Moral II.*

But once when love's betrayed
 The heart can bloom no more !

T. MOORE *Juvenile Poems, Anacreontic.*

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
 Have stood against the world : now he lies there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence

SHAKESPEARE *Julius Caesar (Antony), Act III., Sc. II.*

'But yet' is a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra*
(*Cleopatra*), *Act II*, *Sc V*.

By contenting ourselves with obedience we become divine—EMERSON.
Spiritual Laws

By harmony our souls are sway'd ;
By harmony the world was made

GRANVILLE *The British Enchantress*
(*Chorus*), *Act I*, *Sc I*.

(Nor wyll suffer this boke,)
By hooke ne by crooke,
Prynted for to be

SKELETON *Colin Clout*

By hooke or crooke—SPENSER *Facie Queene, Bk. III.*,
Can I, St 17

By hooke or crooke—J. HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bl. I, Ch XI.*

By ignorance we know not things necessary, by errour we know
them falsely—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy, Democritus to the
Reader*

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death will seize the doctor
too—SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Cymbeline)*, *Act V*, *Sc V*.

By outward show let's not be cheated,
An ass should like an ass be treated.

GAY. *Fables, Pt II, Fable II.*

By the bird's song ye may learn the nest—TENNYSON *Geraint and
Euid*

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit—SHAKESPEARE *King
Lear (Edgar)*, *Act V*, *Sc III*.

By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall—J. DICKINSON. *The
Liberty Song*

(And han't,) by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life

GREEN *The Spleen*, line 240.

By whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all

CHURCHILL. *The Conference*, line 167.

By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear

MILTON *Paradise Regained, Bl. I*, line 222

Cæsar had perished from the world of men,
Had not his sword been rescued by his pen

HENRY VAUGHAN. *On Sir T. Bodley's Library*, line 15

Cæsar ? Why, he's the Jupiter of men—SHAKESPEARE *Antony and
Cleopatra (Enobarbus)*, *Act III*, *Sc II*

Cæsar's ambition,—
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world

SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Cymbeline)*, *Act III*, *Sc I.*

Calamity

Is man's true touchstone.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER *Four Plays in One*
*The Triumph of Honour (Martius), Sc. I.*Call no faith false which e'er has brought
Relief to any laden life,
Cessation from the pain of thought,
Refreshment 'mid the dust of strifeLEWIS MORRIS. *Songs of Two Worlds, Tolerance.*(I can) call spirits from the vasty deep —SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. I (Glendower), Act III, Sc. I.*(Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee)
Calls back the lovely April of her primeSHAKESPEARE *Sonnet, III*Calm lights of mild philosophy.—ADDISON *Caio, Act I, Sc. I.*

Calmness is not

Always the attribute of innocence

BYRON. *Werner (Siegendorf), Act IV., Sc. I.*Calms appear when storms are past;
Love will have his hour at last.DRYDEN. *The Secular Mask.*Calumny will sear
Virtue itself.SHAKESPEARE *Winter's Tale (Leontes), Act II, Sc. I.*Can art, alas ! or genius, gude the head
Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled ?
Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
When the prime function of the soul is broke ?AKENSIDE *Epistle to Curio.*Can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity ?POPE. *January and May, line 65*Can man be free if woman be a slave ?—SHELLEY. *The Revolt of Islam, II, XLIII.*Can one desire too much of a good thing ?—SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Rosalind), Act IV, Sc. I*Can one love twice ?—TENNYSON. *Enoch Arden*Can one tyrant overbear
The sense of many best and wisest men ?SHELLEY. *The Cenci (Beatrice), Act I, Sc. III.*Can spirit from the tomb, or fiend from Hell,
More hateful, more malignant be than man ?JOANNA BAILLIE *Orra (Orra), Act III, Sc. II.*

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

GRAY *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

CAN THE ETHIOPIAN—CASTELS THEN. 45

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?—
JEREMIAH Ch. XIII, ver 23

Can wealth give happiness? look round and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever Fortunes lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates and calls for more

YOUNG *Love of Fame, Sat V.*, line 393

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written tablets of the brain:
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act V., Sc III.*

(And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And) captive good attending captain ill

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet, LXVI*

Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain

DRAYTON. *England's Heroical Epistles, Henry Howard
to the Lady Geraldine*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Friar Laurence), Act II, Sc III.*

Care lives with all; no rules, no precepts save
The wise from woe, no fortitude the brave.
Grief is to man as certain as the grave
Tempests and storms in life's whole progress rise,
And hope shines dimly through o'erclouded skies;
Some drops of comfort on the favour'd fall,
But showers of sorrow are the lot of all

CRABBE *The Library.*

Care that is enter'd once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession, ere it rest

BEN JONSON *Tale of a Tub (Lady Tub), Act I, Sc. IV.*

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And ev'ry grin, so merry, draws one out

PETER PINDAR *Expostulatory Odes, XV*

Care's an enemy to life—SHAKESPEARE *Twelfth Night (Sir Toby Belch), Act I, Sc III.*

Cast away care; he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not day, nor can buy to-morrow;
Money is trash; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it

FORD AND DEKKER. *The Sun's Darling*

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many
days—ECCELESIASTES Ch XI, ver 1.

(Thou shalt make) castels then in Spaine—CHAUCER *Romaunt of the Rose, line 2373*

CASTLES IN THE AIR—CHAOS IS COME.

And castels buylt, above in lofty skies,
Which never yet had good foundation

G GASCOIGNE *The Steele Glas*

By them that build castles in the ayre—SIR P SIDNEY *An Apologie for Poetrie*

To leave the sweet for castles in the air.—S DANIEL *Complaint of Rosamund, St 38.*

Only building a castle in the air—LOCKE *Essay on the Human Understanding, Bk IV., Ch IV, Sect 1*

Castles in the air cost a vast deal to keep up!—BULWER LYTTON.
The Lady of Lyons (Widow Melnotte), Act I, Sc III

Catch occasion by the foretop—UNKNOWN. *Lingua (Mendacio), Act V, Sc II.*

Catch! then, O catch, the transient hour;

Improve each moment as it flies;

Life's a short summer—man a flower—

He dies—alas! how soon he dies

DR. S JOHNSON. *Winter, line 9.*

(For the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas) Caviaro
to the general—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III, Sc IV.*

Celebrity may blush and be silent, and win a grace the more—GEORGE
ELIOT *Felix Holt, Ch XXIII.*

Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Cleopatra), Act III, Sc. VII.*

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent—
SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

Censure's to be understood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public stamp Heav'n sets on all that's great and good,
Our shallow search and judgment to direct

SWIFT *Ode to the Athenian Society.*

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.—BYRON. *Don Juan, Can XLI, St 2.*

Change lays not her hand upon truth—SWINBURNE. *Poems and Ballads; Dedication.*

'And when I love thee not)
Chaos is come again.

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Othello), Act III, Sc. III*

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And beauty dead, black chaos comes again

SHAKESPEARE *Venus and Adonis, 170*

Chaos come again—THOMSON *Seasons, Summer, line 182*

Character—a reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means—EMERSON. *Character*

Character must be kept bright as well as clean—LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to his Son* 8th Jan., 1750.

‘Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on! ’
Were the last words of Marmion

SIR W. SCOTT *Marmion, Can. VI, XXXII*

Charity begins at home, but should not end there—OLD PROVERB

True charity beginneth first at home—HISTRIONASTIX (*Pryde*),
Act III, Sc. I, line 65

Charity begins at home, is the voice of the world.—SIR T. BROWNE *Religio Medici, Pt. II, Sect. IV*

Charity begins at home—SHERIDAN. *The School for Scandal* (*Rowley*), *Act V., Sc. I.*

But charity begins at home—SOUTHEY *The Witch.*

Our charity begins at home,
And mostly ends where it begins

HORACE SMITH *Horace in London,*
Bk. II, Ode XV.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul—POPE *The Rape of the Lock, Can. V, line 33*

Chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple

SHAKESPEARE *Coriolanus (Coriolanus), Act V, Sc. III.*

(I'll go with thee,) cheek by jowl—SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream (Demetrius), Act III, Sc. II.*

(A man he seems of) cheerful yesterdays,
And confident to-morrows

WORDSWORTH *The Excursion, Bk. VII.*

Cheerfulness, Sir, is the principal ingredient in the composition of health—MURPHY. *The Apprentice (Gargle), Act II, Sc. IV*

(Then he) chew'd
The thrice turned cud of wrath, and cook'd his spleen

TENNYSON. *The Princess, I*

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.—SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Oliver), Act IV, Sc. II.*

Childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day

MILTON. *Paradise Regained, Bk. IV, line 220.*

Childhood, whose very happiness is love—L. E. L. *Erinna*

48 CHILDREN—CLIME OF THE UNFORGOTTEN.

Children and fooles cannot lye.—J. HERWOOD. *Proverbs, Bl. I.. Ch XI*

Children and fooles speake true—LYLY. *Endimion.*

Children sweeten labours; but they make misfortunes more bitter: they increase the cares of life; but they mitigate the remembrance of death.—BACON. *Essay VII, Of Parents and Children*

Children use the fist

Until they are of age to use the brain

E B BROWNING *Casa Guidi Windows, Pt I.*

Choose an author as you choose a friend—ROSCOMMON *Essay on Translated Verse, line 96.*

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

BURNS *Sensibility.*

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That the apostles would have done as they did

BYRON *Don Juan, Can. I, St 83*

(At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For) Christmas comes but once a year.

TUSSER *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

(The) Circumlocution office.—DICKENS. *Little Dorrit, Ch X.*

The Pagoda Department of that great Circumlocution office
on which the sun never sets, and the light of reason never rises.
—DICKENS *The Uncommercial Traveller, Ch VIII*

Circumstances alter cases—HALIBURTON *The Old Judge, Ch. XV.*

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI, Pt I (King Henry), Act III, Sc I*

Civilization bows to decency.—R. BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book.*

Civilization is the eternal sacrifice of one generation to the next—
BULWER LYTTON. *Alice (Malltraers), Bl. II, Ch VI*

Clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike.

SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Imogen), Act IV, Sc II.*

Cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness—JOHN WESLEY. *Sermon XCIII, On Dress*

Clear honour shining like the dewy star
Of dawn.

TENNYSON *Gareth and Lynette.*

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave! *

BYRON. *The Graour.*

* Greece

Coal black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue ;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she leave them hourly in the flood

SHAKESPEARE. *Titus Andronicus* (*Aaron*). *Act IV.*, *Sc. II.*

(But it is) cock sure now—N. WOODES. *The Conflict of Conscience (Tyranny)*. *Act III*, *Sc III*

They thought all things were cock sure—BP LATIMER.
Sermon, 2nd Sunday in Advent, 1552

Then you have it cock sure—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. *The Rehearsal (Johnson)*, *Act I*, *Sc I*

Codlin's the friend, remember—not Short—DICKENS. *Old Curiosity Shop (Codlin)*, *Ch XIX*

Cold as the turkeys coffin'd up in crust—SHIRLEY *The Sisters*.

Come, gentle Spring ! ethereal mildness, come !—THOMSON *The Seasons, Spring, line 1.*

Come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last
SIR W. SCOTT. *Marmion, Can II, XXX*

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and vales, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yeld

CHRIS MARLOWE *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*.

This has been at various times ascribed to Shakespeare. It is inserted in the 'Compleat Angler,' by Izaak Walton, as 'that smooth Song, which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago'

Come, Sleep, O Sleep ! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.
SIR P SIDNEY. *Astrophel and Stella, XXXIX.*

Come what come may ;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day
SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth)*, *Act I*, *Sc III.*

Comfort's in Heaven ; and we are on the Earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief
SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II (York)*, *Act II.*, *Sc II.*

Coming events cast their shadows before—CAMPBELL. *Lochinvar's Warning*.

(That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,) *Commodity the bias of the world*

SHAKESPEARE. (*King John Bastard*), *Act II., Sc. I*

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I shall make thee think thy swan a crow.

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Benvolio)*, *Act I., Sc. II.*

Comparisons are odorous—SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado about Nothing* (*Dogberry*), *Act III., Sc. V.*

She and comparisons are odious—DR. DONNE. *Elegy VIII.*
The Comparison

Comparisons are odious—BURTON *Anatomy of Melancholy*.
Pt. III, Sect. III. Mem. I., Subsect II.

Comparisons are odious—HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentium*.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (*'Ghost*). *Act III., Sc. IV.*

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom—EARL OF CHATHAM. *Speech, 14th Jan 1766.*

(With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,) *Confusion worse confounded.*

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. II., line 996.*

Congenial Hope! thy passion kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

CAMPBELL. *The Pleasures of Hope, I.*

Conquest has explored more than ever curiosity has done: and the path of science has been commonly opened by the sword—SYDNEY SMITH.

Conquest pursues where courage leads the way.—GARTH. *The Dispensary, Can IV., line 99*

(Thus), conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III., Sc. I.*

Guilty consciences make men cowards—VANBURGH. *The Provok'd Wife (Belinda), Act V., Sc. VI.*

The fond fantastic thing, call'd conscience,
Which serves for nothing, but to make men cowards.

SHADWELL. *The Libertine (Don John), Act I., Sc. I.*

Conscience, good my lord,
Is but the pulse of reason.

COLERIDGE. *Zapolya, Sc. I.*

Conscience, in most souls, is like an English sovereign—it reigns, but it does not govern—W. H. MALLOCK *The New Republic (Robt Leslie), Bk. I, Ch. IV*

Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse—GOLDSMITH. *The Vicar of Wakefield, Ch. XIII.*

Conscience, that undying serpent—SHELLEY. *Queen Mab, III.*

Conscience, the bosom-hell of guilty man!—J. MONTGOMERY. *The Pelican Island, Can. V.*

Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.

SHAKESPEARE *Henry V (Archbp of Canterbury), Act I. Sc. I.*

Consult the dead upon the things that were,
But the living only on things that are

LONGFELLOW *The Golden Legend, I.*

Consumed the midnight oil—GAY *Shepherd and Philosopher*, line 15.—GAY. *Trivia, Bk. II*, line 558—SHENSTONE *Elegy, XI, ver. 7*—COWPER. *Retirement*

Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue—BEN JONSON. *Sejanus (Tiberius), Act I, Sc. II*

(My crown is call'd) Content;
A crown it is, that seldom Kings enjoy
SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI, Pt. III (King Henry), Act III, Sc. I.*

Content can soothe where'er by fortune plac'd,
Can rear a garden in a desert waste

KIRKE WHITE. *Clifton Grove, line 141.*

Content's a kingdom—THOMAS HEYWOOD *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness*

Copiousness of words, however ranged, is always false eloquence, though it will ever impose on some sort of understandings—LADY M MONTAGU. *Letter to Countess of Bute, 20th July 1754.*

(For highest) cordials all their virtues lose
By a too frequent and too bold a use,
And what would cheer the spirits in distress
Ruins our health when taken to excess

POUFRET *The Choice, line 139*

(Now Jacob saw that there was) corn in Egypt—GENESIS Ch. XLII, ver 1

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy, rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Polonius), Act I, Sc. III.*

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI, Pt. II (Eleanor), Act I, Sc. III.*

52 COULD WE FORBEAR—CREATED HALF.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above

WALLER *Of Dvine Love, Can. III.*

Counsellors of state sit plotting and playing their high chess-game
whereof the pawns are men —CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus, Bl. I, Ch. III.*

Count not your chickens before they be hatch'd.—OLD PROVERB.

To swallow gudgeons ere they're catched,
And count their chickens ere they're hatched

BUTLER *Hudibras, Pt. II, Can. III.*

Courage from hearts, and not from numbers, grows—DRYDEN.
Annus Mirabilis, LXXVI

Courage mounteth with occasion—SHAKESPEARE. *King John (Austria), Act II, Sc. I.*

Courage scorns the death it cannot shun—DRYDEN. *The Conquest of Granada, Pt. II. (Almanzar), Act IV., Sc. II.*

Courts and camps are the only places to learn the world in—LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to his Son 2nd Oct., 1747.*

Covering discretion with a coat of folly—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V. (Constable), Act II, Sc. IV.*

Cowards and faint-hearted runaways
Look for orations when the foe is near
Our swords shall play the orator for us

MARLOWE *Tamburlaine the Great, Pt. I. (Techelles), Act I., Sc. II.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Cæsar), Act II, Sc. II.*

Fear is my vassal ; when I frown, he flies ;
A hundred times in life a coward dies

MARSTON. *The Insatiate Countess.*

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base.—SHAKESPEARE.
Cymbeline (Belarius), Act IV., Sc. II.

Cozening Hope,—he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Queen), Act II, Sc. II.*

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care

SHAKESPEARE. *The Passionate Pilgrim.*

Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all.

POPE *Essay on Man, Ep. II, line 15.*

(For me your tributary stores combine ')

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

GOLDSMITH *The Traveller*, line 50

I, the heir of all the ages—TENNYSON *Locksley Hall*

Credit me, friend, it hath been ever thus,

Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat

False man hath sworn, and woman hath believed—

Repented and reproach'd, and then believed once more.

SIR W SCOTT *Fortunes of Nigel*, Ch. XX.

Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit
that unsuspected ripens within the flower of pleasure which concealed
it—EMERSON *Compensation*

Criticks now-a-days, like flocks of sheep,
All follow, when the first has made the leap

SOUTHERNE. *The Fatal Marriage*, Prologue.

Critics I saw, that others' names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place

POPE *The Temple of Fame*, line 37.

Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VIII (Wolsey)*, Act III., Sc. II.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels. How can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last. cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VIII (Wolsey)*, Act III., Sc. II.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VIII (Wolsey)*, Act III., Sc. II.

Crows are fair with crows
Custom in sin gives sin a lovely dve,
Blackness in Moors is no deformity

MIDDLETON AND DEKKER *The Honest Whore*,
Pt II (Bellafont), Act II, Sc. I.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave—THONSMON *The Seasons*,
Winter, line 393

Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial

SHAKESPEARE *Julius Cæsar (Antony)*, *Act III*, *Sc. I.*

Havock, let loose the dogs of war, halloo!—FIELDING. *Tom Thumb (Lord Grizzle)*, *Act II*, *Sc. I.*

Cucke me no cuckes—CHAPMAN *An Humerous Dayes Mirth.*

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Capulet)*, *Act III*, *Sc. V.*

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle—SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II. (York)*, *Act II*, *Sc. III.*

Ground me no grounds—UNKNOWN. *The Marriage of Wit and Science (Will)*, *Act II*, *Sc. I.*

Cause me no causes—MASSINGER. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *Act I*, *Sc. III.*

Virgin me no virgins—MASSINGER. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *Act III*, *Sc. II.*

End me no ends—MASSINGER. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *Act V.*, *Sc. I.*

Sir me no sirs—MACHIN *The Dumb Knight (Prate)*, *Act III.*, *Sc. I.*

Vow me no vows—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Wit without Money*, *Act IV*, *Sc. IV.*

O me no O's—BEN JONSON. *The Case is Altered*, *Act V*, *Sc. I.*

Pancridge me no Pancridge—BEN JONSON. *A Tale of a Tub*, *Act II*, *Sc. I.*

Map me no maps—FIELDING. *Rape upon Rape*, *Act I.*, *Sc. V.*

Petition me no petitions.—FIELDING. *Tom Thumb*, *Act I.* *Sc. II.*

Play me no plays—FOOTE *The Knight*, *Act II.*

Diamond me no diamonds, prize me no prizes—TENNYSON. *Launcelot and Elaine*.

Culture is not a substitute for life, but the key to it—W. H. MALLOCK. *The New Republic (Robt. Leslie)*, *Bl. III.*, *Ch. II.*

Cups
That cheer, but not inebriate.

COWPER. *The Task*, *Bl. IV.*, line 38.

Curiosity
Does, no less than devotion, pilgrims make.

COWLEY *Ode on Chair made of Sir F. Drake's Ship*, IV.

Gursed be the gold that gilds the straighten'd forehead of the fool.—
TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*

Curses, like young chickens, come home to roost—SOUTHEY. *The Curse of Kehama*

(A wise proverb
The Arabs have,)—Curses are like young chickens,
And still come home to roost!

BULWER LYTTON. *The Lady of Lyons*
(*Damas*), Act V., Sc. II.

Custom is the pillar round which opinion twines, and interest is the tie
that binds it—T. L. PEACOCK *Melincourt (Mr Sarcastic)*, Ch. XXI.

Custom makes all things easy, and content
Is careless

JEAN INGELOW. *The Dreams that came true*.

Custom, that unwritten law,
By which the people keep even kings in awe
C D'AVENANT. *Circe (Thoas)*, Act II., Sc. III.

Custom, the world's great idol—POYFRET. *Reason*, line 100

Custom, then, is the great guide of human life—DAVID HUME.
Concerning Human Understanding, Sect V., Pt I

Custom which is before all law, Nature which is above all art.—
S DANIEL *An Apology for Rhyme*

(That monster) Custom, who all sense doth eat—SHAKESPEARE.
Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III., Sc. IV

(Soil'd by rude hands who) cut and come again—CRABBE *The Widow's Tale*

(I shall)
Cut my cote after my cloth
J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, Bl. I., Ch. VIII.

Cut thy coat according to thy cloth—LYLY *Euphues and his England*

Cut your coat to match your cloth—PITT *Letter to Mr. Spence*.

Cynicism is intellectual dandyism without the coxcomb's feathers.—
GEO. MEREDITH *The Egoist*, Ch. VII

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer
POPE *Prologues to Satires*, line 201.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled
SPENSER *Faerie Queene*, Bk. IV., Can. II., St. 32.

56 DAN CHAUCER—DEATH BUT ENTOMBS.

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

TENNYSON. *A Dream of Fair Women.*

(To) dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures—SHAKESPEARE.
Henry VIII. (King), Act V., Sc. II.

Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies.

JENYNS. *The Art of Dancing, Can I*, line 119.

Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear—SHAKESPEARE. *Venus and Adonis, St. 115.*

Danger, the spurre of all great mindes—G. CHAPMAN. *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois (Umbra Bussi), Act V., Sc. I.*

Dangers breed fears, and fears more dangers bring—R. BAXTER. *Lore Breathing Thanks and Praise, Pt. III.*

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

HERBERT. *The Temple. The Church Porch.*

And he that does one fault at first,
And hes to hide it, makes it two

WATTS. *Songs for the Children, XV.*

Darkness visible.—MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. I.*

Of darkness visible so much be lent.—POPE. *The Dunciad.*
Bk. IV., line 3

Darkness which may be felt.—EXODUS. *Ch. X., ver. 21.*

Dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

SIR W. SCOTT. *Marmion, Can. VI., St 14*

(Hide me from) Day's garish eye.—MILTON. *Il Penseroso.*

Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!

MOORE. *Lalla Rookh, VI.*

Like to the apples on the Dead Sea shore,
All ashes to the taste.

BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. III., St 34.*

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just—HENRY VAUGHAN. *They are all gone.*

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still;
Though always changing in her aspect mild.

BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. II., St 37.*

Dearer is love than life, and fame than gold;
But dearer than them both your faith once plighted hold.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene, Bk. V., Can. XI., St 63*

Death and dice level all distinctions.—FOOTE. *The Minor (Sir George), Act I., Sc. I.*

Death but entombs the body, life the soul—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night III., line 458*

Death is a port whereby we pass to joy,
Life is a lake that drowneth all in pain

UNKNOWN *Comparison of Life and Death, VI*, line 1.

Death is the common medicine for woe—
The peaceful haven, which the shatter'd bark
In tempest never seeks

F. REYNOLDS *Werter (Werter), Act III, Sc. I.*

Death is the crown of life—YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night III.*
line 526

Death kind Nature's signal of retreat.—DR. JOHNSON. *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 362

Death lays his icy hand on kings ;
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

SHIRLEY. *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.*

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Capulet), Act IV, Sc. V.*

Death hath a thousand doors to let out life—MASSINGER. *A Very Woman, Act V, Sc. IV.*

Death with his thousand doors—FLETCHER *The Loyal Subject (Burris), Act I, Sc. II*

Death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits

JOHN WEBSTER *The Duchess of Malfy.*

The doors of death are ever open.—JEREMY TAYLOR. *Contemplation on the State of Man, Bl. I, Ch. VII.*

Death's thousand doors stand open—BLAIR. *The Grave, line 394*

Death joins us to the great majority.—ED. YOUNG. *The Revenge (Alonso), Act IV, Sc. I*

Death only grasps ; to live is to pursue,—
Dream on ! there's nothing but illusion true !

O. W. HOLMES *The Old Player.*

Death
... Pale Priest
Of the mute people

R. BROWNING. *Balaustion's Adventure*

Death rides on every passing breeze .
He lurks in every flower.

HEBER. *At a Funeral*

(O) Death, rocke me aslepe,
Bringe me on quiet rest

UNKNOWN. *By some attributed to Anne Boleyn.*

Then Death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV., Pt. II. (Pistol), Act II., Sc. IV.*

Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. XIV., St. 3*

Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever
LONGFELLOW *Evangeline, Pt II., V.*

Death the gate of life—MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. XII., line 571.*

Death is life's gate—P. J. BAILEY. *Festus (Festus), XL.*

Death! to the happy thou art terrible:
But how the wretched love to think of thee,
Oh thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend beside!

SOUTHEY. *Joan of Arc, Bl. I., line 313.*

Death will have his day.—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Richard)*
Act III., Sc II.

Death with the might of his sunbeam,
Touches the flesh, and the soul awakes.

R. BROWNING. *The Flight of the Duchess*

Ded as a dore nayle—W. LANGLAND. *The Vision of Piers Plowman*

‘What, is the old King dead?’ (*Falstaff*)
‘As nail in door.’ (*Pistol*)

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV, Pt II.,*
Act V., Sc III.

As dead as a door-nail.—SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI, Pt II.*
(*Cade*), *Act IV., Sc. X.*

As if I were dead as a door-nail—H. PORTER. *The Two Angry*
Women of Abingdon (Nicholas)

(They say in Italy, that) deeds are men, and words are but women.—
J. HOWELL. *Familiar Letters, Bk I, Sect. 5, Lett XXI (To Dr. H. W.)*
Vide—‘Words are’

Deeds are the pulse of time.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Daniel Deronda,*
Bk. VII., Ch. LVII.

Deeds let escape are never to be done—R. BROWNING. *Sordello,*
Bk. III.

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow pools,
And sorrow ebbs being blown with wind of words.

SHAKESPEARE. *Lucrece, 190.*

Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained, Bk. IV., line 327.*

Defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.

SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Belarius)*, *Act IV., Sc. II.*

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends—SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI., Pt. I. (Alencon)*, *Act III., Sc. II*

All delays are dangerous in war—DRYDEN. *Tyrannic Love*, *Act I., Sc. I*

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise

CONGREVE *Letter to Cobham*

Delay of justice is injustice—W S LANDOR *Imaginary Conversations, Peter Leopold and the President du Paty*.

Delight hath a joy in it, either permanent or present. Laughter hath only a scornful tickling—SIR P SIDNEY *Apologie for Poetrie*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot

THOMSON. *The Seasons, Spring*, line 1149.

Democracy gives every man
The right to be his own oppressor;
But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,
Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser

LOWELL *Biglow Papers, 2nd Series*,
Latest Views of Mr Biglow

Desire of gain, the basest mind's delight.—'A W' Sonnet I (from *Davison's Rhapsody*)

Desire with small encouragement grows bold,
And hope of every little thing takes hold

DRAYTON *England's Heroical Epistles*,
Matilda to King John

Despair alone makes wicked men be bold—COLERIDGE *Zapolya*, *Sc. I.*

Despair to gain, doth traffick oft for gaining,
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed

SHAKESPEARE *Rape of Lucrece*, 19.

Despatch is the soul of business, and nothing contributes more to despatch than method—LORD CHESTERFIELD *Letter to his Son*, 5th February 1750.

Devil take the hindmost—BUTLER *Hudibras, Pt. I., Can. II.*—line 633.

So take the hindmost, Hell!—POPE *The Dunciad, Bk. II.*, line 60

Dell tak' the hindmost.—BURNS *To a Haggis*

Devotion, mother of obedience—S. DANIEL *Civil War, Bk. VI.*, *Sc. XXXIII.*

60 DEVOTION—DISEASES DESPERATE GROWN.

Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love.

BYRON. *The Giaour.*

Dewy-feather'd sleep—MILTON. *Il Penseroso.*

Dewy morn

With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb

BYRON *Childe Harold, Can. III., St. 98.*

Diamonds cut diamonds; they who will prove
To thrive in cunning, must cure love with love

FORD. *The Lover's Melancholy (Thamaston),*
Act I, Sc. III

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldest as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words

SHAKESPEARE *Two Gentlemen of Verona*
(*Julia*), *Act II, Sc. VII.*

(I will) die in the last ditch—WILLIAM OF ORANGE *Vide Hain Friswell, Familiar Words*, p. 116.

(And storied windows richly dight,
Cast a) dim religious light.

MILTON. *Il Penseroso*

Dim with the mist of years.—BYRON. *Childe Harold. Can. II, St. 2.*

Dire is the omen when the valiant fear.—ROWE. *Lucan's Pharsalia, Bk. III, line 506*

Dirty work wants little talent and no conscience.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Felix Holt (Felix Holt), Ch XXX.*

Disasters, do the best we can,
Will reach both great and small;
And he is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all.

WORDSWORTH *The Oak and the Broom, VII.*

Dischord ofte in music makes the sweeter lay—SPENSER. *Faerie Queene, Bk. III, Can. II, St. 15.*

Discords make the swetest airs—BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. III., Can. I, line 919.*

Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will.—EMERSON. *Self-Reliance.*

Discretion gravely goes a gentle pace,
When speech, a gallop, runs a heedless race.

JOHN TAYLOR. *The Certain Travails
of an Uncertain Journey.*

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.—LORD BACON. *Essay XXXII, Of Discourse.*

Diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliances are relieved.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (King), Act IV., Sc. III.*

Disguise it as you will,
To right or wrong 'tis fashion guides us still

DR JOSEPH WARTON *Fashion*, line 1.

Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman rules us still

T MOORE *Sovereign Woman*

Disguise thyself as thou wilt still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught.—STERNE *The Sentimental Journey*

Dissensions like small streams are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run

GARTH *The Dispensary*, Can III, line 184.

Distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue

CAMPBELL *The Pleasures of Hope*, Pt I

In notes by distance made more sweet—COLLINS *The Passions*

Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it—
J. HOWELL. *Familiar Letters*, Bk I., Sect. I., Lctt. VI.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—HAYNES BAYLY. *Odes to Rosa*

Divine is love, and scorneth worldly self,
And can be bought with nothing, but with self

'A W' *Love, the Only Price of Love* (from Davison's *Rhapsody*)

Divorce the feeling from her mate the deed—TENNYSON *The Brook*

Do all men kill the thing they do not love?—SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (Bassanio), Act IV, Sc I

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame—POPE *Epilogue to the Satires*, Dial. II, line 136.

Do noble things, not dream them all day long—CHAS KINGSLEY. *A Farewell*

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

KEATS *Lamia*, II

Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just it is as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity

SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida*
(*Andromache*), Act V, Sc III

Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot
The worst speak something good

HERBERT *The Temple, The Church Porch*

Do not swear at all,
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (*Juliet*), Act II., Sc II.

Do or die—FLETCHER. *The Island Princess (Armenia), Act II., Sc. II.*

Let us do or die—CAMPBELL. *Gertrude of Wyoming, Pt. III., St. 37.*—BURNS. *Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn, St. 6.*

Do the duty that lies nearest thee; which thou knowest to be a duty! The second duty will already become clearer.—CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus, Bk. II., Ch. IX.*

Does not he return wisest that comes home whipt with his own follies?—MIDDLETON. *A Trick to catch the Old One (Lucrè), Act II., Sc. I.*

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the Fall!

COWPER. *The Task. The Garden, Bk. III.*

(We were all of us) done so uncommonly brown—BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends, The Execution.*

Don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter—GOLDSMITH. *The Good-Natured Man (Leontine), Act I., Sc. I.*

Don't never prophesy—unless ye know.—LOWELL. *The Biglow Papers, 2nd Series, Mason and Slidell.*

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of—B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanach.*

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Cleopatra), Act V., Sc. II.*

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Witches), Act IV., Sc. I.*

(A dirge for her the) doubly-dead,
In that she died so young

E. A. POE. *Lenore, ver. 1.*

Doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool

SHAKESPEARE. *The Taming of the Shrew (Katharine), Act I., Sc. I.*

Doubting things go ill often hurts more,
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then borne.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Imogen), Act I., Sc. VI.*

D'ye think that statesmen's kindnesses proceed
From any principles but their own need?
When they're afraid, they're wondrous good and free,
But when they're safe, they have no memory.

SIR R. HOWARD. *The Vestal Virgin.*

Dreams grow holy, put in action; work grows fair through starry
dreaming;
But where each flows on unmingling, both are fruitless, and in vain.

ADELAIDE PROCTER. *Philip and Mildred.*

DREAMS OF TRUTH—DUTY BEFORE DECENCY. 63

(Lived in those) dreams of truth
The Eden birds of early youth
That make the loveliness of love
L E L *The Improvisatrice.*

Dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Mercutio),*
Act I, Sc IV.

Dress covers the mortal body and adorns it, but style is the vehicle of the spirit—SYDNEY SMITH. *Letter to Miss G Harcourt, 7th July 1842*

Dress is characteristic of manners, and manners are the mirror of ideas—ALISON *Hist of Europe, Ch VII*

Drest in a little brief authority—SHAKESPEARE *Measure for Measure (Isabella), Act II, Sc II.*

Vide—‘Man.’

Drunk makes men hungry, or it makes them he;
And he that's drunk o'er night, i' th' morning's dry

G WILKINS *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage (Thomas), Act II.*

Drink, pretty creature, drink!—WORDSWORTH *The Pet Lamb.*

Drink to me, only, with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine

BEN JONSON *The Forest, IX To Celia*

Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI, Pt II. (Suffolk), Act IV, Sc. I.*

Drunkenness, the darling favourite of Hell—DEFOE *The True-born Englishman, Pt. I, line 51*

Dull as an alderman at church, or a fat lapdog after dinner—THOS. HOLCROFT. *Duplicity (Sir Harry Portland), Act I, Sc I.*

Dull as a twice-told tale—MICKLE. *A Night Piece.*

Dull is the jester when the joke's unkind—YOUNG *Love of Fame, Sat II, line 124*

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More quick than words, do move a woman's mind.

SHAKESPEARE *Two Gentlemen of Verona (Valentine), Act III, Sc I.*

Dust are our frames: and gilded dust, our pride
Looks only for a moment whole and sound.

TENNYSON *Aylmer's Field, line 1*

Duty before decency.—CAPTAIN MARRYAT. *Midshipman Easy (Briggs), Ch XI.*

Duty's basis is humanity.—BLOOMFIELD *The Farmer's Boy (Winter)*, line 106

Vide—' Thine.'

Each animal,
By nat'r'al instinct taught, spares his own kind ;
But man, the tyrant man ! revels at large,
Free-booter unrestrain'd, destroys at will
The whole creation, men and beasts his prey,
These for his pleasure, for his glory those

SOMERVILLE. *Field Sports*, line 94.

Man only mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man.

SIR W. SCOTT *Rokeby*, Can. III, I.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin—SPENSEN *The Faerie Queene*, Bk I., Can. X, St 6.

Each man's born
For the high bus'ness of the public good.

• DYER. *The Fleece*, Bl. II, line 492.

Each night we die ;
Each morn are born anew : each day a life !

YOUNG *Night Thoughts*, Night II, line 286

Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold —LOWELL. *Vision of Sir Launfal (Prelude to Pt. I.)*

Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd, but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails ;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weather ;
What her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop them ;
What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her.
The forces and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests ; when her keel ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven ; then to manage her
Becomes the name and office of a pilot.

BEN JONSON. *Catiline (Cato)*, Act III, Sc. I.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so ;
For sorrow's eye, glazèd with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects ;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion.—ey'd awry,
Distinguish form

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Bushy)*, Act II., Sc. II

Each woman is a brief of womankind —SIR T. OVERBURY. *A Wife* line 1

Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !—SHELLEY. *Alastor*.

Earthly fame
Is Fortune's frail dependent.

WORDSWORTH *Poems to National Independence*, Pt II, XIX.

EARTH'S NOBLEST THING—ENOUGH AND AS GOOD. 65

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.—J. R. LOWELL. *Irene.*

Ease leads to habit, as success to ease,
He lives by rule who lives himself to please

CRABBE. *Tales, II.*

Vide—'He lives at ease'

(I'll make you) eat your words —ANON. *The Play of Stuckley (Stuckley), line 428*

(He hath) eaten me out of house and home —SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. II. (Host), Act II., Sc. I.*

Eating the bitter bread of banishment —SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Bolingbroke), Act III., Sc. I.*—FLETCHER AND OTHERS. *The Lover's Progress (Insander), Act V., Sc. I.*

(Where is my child ?—an) Echo answers—where ?—BYRON. *The Bride of Abydos, Can. II., XXVII.*

Education makes the man —CAWTHORNE. *Birth and Education of Genius*

Either sex alone
Is half itself and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal.

TENNYSON. *The Princess, VII.*

Eke wonder last but nine daies never in town —CHAUCER. *Troilus and Cressende.*

This wonder (as wonders last) lasted nine daies —J. HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk. II., Ch. I.*

Empire's a feather for a fool —YOUNG. *Resignation, Pt. II., ver. 163.*

Enchanting spirit, dear Variety !—BLOOMFIELD. *The Farmer's Boy, Spring, line 290*

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts
J. R. LOWELL. *Columbus*

England, the mother of Parliaments —JOHN BRIGHT. *Speech at Rochdale, 1860.*

(It is) enough and as good as a feast —GASCOIGNE. *Gascoigne's Memories, I., last line.*

Enough's a feast, content is crowned —JOSHUA SYLVESTER. *A Contented Mind.*

Enough is as good as a feast —BICKERSTAFF. *Love in a Village (Hawthorne sings), Act III., Sc. I.*

Enough is as good as a feast.... too much of a good thing
is good for nothing.—THEODORE HOOK. *Danvers, last para.*

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it—BULWER LYTTON. *The Last Days of Pompeii, Bk. I, Ch. VIII.*

Enthusiasm is the leaping of lightning, not to be measured by the horse-power of the understanding—EMERSON. *Progress of Culture.*

Entire affection hateth nicer hands—SPENSER. *Faerie Queene, Bk. I., Can. VIII., St. 40.*

Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects' love

PRIOR. *Prologue spoken on Her Majesty's Birthday, 1704.*

Envy is but the smoke of low estate,
Ascending still against the fortunate.

LORD BROOKE *Alaham*

Envy's a coal comes hissing hot from Hell—P. J. BAILEY. *Festus (Lucifer), V.*

Envy's a sharper spur than pay,
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

GAY. *Fables, Pt. I., Fable X., last lines.*

Equality is no rule in Love's grammar—FLETCHER AND ROWLEY. *The Maid in the Mill (Antonio), Act II., Sc. II.*

Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction.

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Antony), Act I., Sc. III*

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil—M. TUPPER. *Proverbial Philosophy: Of Truth in Things False, line 1.*

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls, must dive below

DRYDEN. *Prologue to All for Love, line 25.*

Eschewe the ydle life,
Flee, flee from doing nought:
For never was there ydle braune
But bred an ydle thought

G. TURBERVILLE. *The Lore to Cupid for Mercie, CIX.*

Eternal form shall still divide
The Eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet.

TENNYSON *In Memoriam, XI.VII.*

Even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life appearing

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II. (Northumberland), Act II., Sc. 1.*

(Far above
Those little cares and visionary joys
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of) ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

THOMSON. *To the Memory of Sir I. Newton.*

EVERMORE THANKS—EVERY HUMOUR HATH. 67

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor.—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Bolingbroke), Act II, Sc. III.*

Ever the latter ende of joy is wo—CHAUCER. *The Nonnes Priores Tale, line 15211.*

Ever with the best desert goes diffidence—R. BROWNING. *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, Act I, Sc. II.*

Every action admits of being outdone.—EMERSON *Circles*

Every bullet hath a lighting place—G. GASCOIGNE. *The Fruites of Warre.*

Every bullet has its billet—*This has been attributed to WILLIAM III.*

Every bullet has got its commission—CHAS. DIBDIN. *The Benevolent Tar.*

Every day
Speaks a new scene, the last act crowns the play
QUARLES *Emblems, Bk. I, Em. XV, Ep. 15*

(The end crowns) every action, stay till that,
Just judges will not be prejudicate

RANDOLPH *The Muses' Looking Glass (Roscius), Act III., Sc. I.*

The first act's doubtful, but we say

It is the last commands the play.—HERRICK. *Hesperides, 225.*

It is the end that crowns us, not the fight—HERRICK *Hesperides, 309.*

Every difficulty yields to the enterprising—J. G. HOLMAN *The Volary of Wealth (Leonard), Act IV, Sc. I*

Every dog must have its day—RANDOLPH *The Townsman's Petition of Cambridge*

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys—TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.*

Every good servant does not all commands
No bond but to do just ones

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Posthumus), Act V, Sc. I.*

Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

TENNYSON *The Vision of Sin*

Every hero becomes a bore at last—EMERSON. *Uses of Great Men.*

Every hour that passes by

Shall end a human life!—HOOD *The Elm Tree, Pt. III*

Every human action gains in honour, in grace, in all true magnificences
by its regard to things that are to come—RUSKIN. *Seven Lamps of Architecture. Lamp of Memory, X.*

Every human being has not only the idea of right, but is himself
capable of rectitude—W. E. CHANNING. *The Perfect Life, Pt. II.*

Every humour hath its adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest

SHAKESPEARE *Sonnet, XCI.*

68 EVERY INCH A KING—EVERYTHING BECOMES.

(Ay) every inch a king.—SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Lear)*, *Act IV.*, *Sc. IV.*

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient a devil.—SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Cassio)*, *Act II*, *Sc. III.*

Every language is a temple, in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined—O. W. HOLMES. *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, *II.*

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old—SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects*.

Every man for himself, Sir, and God for us all—T. L. PEACOCK. *Meincourt (Mr. Feathers)*, *Ch. XVI.*

Every man has his gift, and the tools go to him that can use them—C. KINGSLEY. *The Saints' Tragedy (Peasant)*, *Act II*, *Sc. VI.*

Every man meets his Waterloo at last.—WENDELL PHILLIPS. *Speech*. 1st November 1859

Every man seeks for truth: but God only knows who has found it.—LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to his Son*, 21st September 1747.

Every man's reason is every man's oracle—LORD BOLINGBROKE. *Of the True Use of Retirement and Study*, *Letter II.*

Every moment dies a man,

Every moment one is born.

TENNYSON. *The Vision of Sin*

Every offence is not a hate at first—SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Bassanio)*, *Act IV.*, *Sc. I.*

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it—SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado about Nothing (Benedick)*, *Act III*, *Sc. II.*

Every one lives by selling something whatever be his right to it.—R. L. STEVENSON. *Essay on Beggars*

Every one soon or late comes round by Rome—R. BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book*, *Bk. V.*, line 296

Every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake
SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*. 18

Every personal consideration that we allow costs us heavenly state.—EMERSON. *Circles*

Every pleasure hath a paine they say.—G. CHAPMAN. *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria (Elimine)*

Every school-boy knows it—JEREMY TAYLOR. *On the Real Presence*, *Sc. V*, *I.*

As every school-boy knows—LORD MACAULAY.

Every spirit makes its house; but afterwards the house confines the spirit—EMERSON. *Fate*.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V. (King Henry)*, *Act IV*, *Sc. I*

Everything becomes intolerable to the man who is once subdued by grief.—LORD BOLINGBROKE. *Of the True Use of Retirement*, *Letter II.*

Everything that lives,
Lives not alone nor for itself

BLAKE. *The Book of Thel, II.*

Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra*
(*Enobarbus*), *Act II, Sc II*

Every true man's apparel fits your thief.—SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure* (*Abhorsone*), *Act IV, Sc II*.

Every unpunished delinquency has a family of delinquencies—
HERBERT SPENCER. *The Study of Sociology, Postscript*.

Every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest

GOLDSMITH *The Traveller*, line 213.

Every why hath a wherefore—OLD PROVERB Quoted in SHAKESPEARE'S *Comedy of Errors* (*Antipholus of Syracuse*), *Act II, Sc II*

Every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame

BYRON *The Ghaour*.

(Have you not found out that) every woman is infallibly to be
gained by every sort of flattery, and every man by one sort or other?
—LORD CHESTERFIELD *Letter to his Son*, 16th March 1752.

Every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon

TENNYSON. *The Two Voices*.

Evil communications corrupt good manners—ST. PAUL. *Epistle to the Corinthians, II, Ch XV*, ver 33

Evil is only good perverted—LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend, II.*

Evil minds
Change good to their own nature.

SHELLEY *Prometheus Unbound* (*Prometheus*), *Act I*

Evil shall he have that evil wol deserve—CHAUCER *The Princesse's Tale*, line 13562.

Evil spreads as necessarily as disease—GEORGE ELIOT *Adam Bede* (*Parson Irwinne*), *Bk V, Ch XLI*

Ev'ry private bliss must spring from social love—JENYNS *On the Immortality of the Soul*, *Bk II*.

Ev'ry woman hath some witching charn,
If that she be not proud or captious!

JOANNA BAILLIF *Basil* (*Rosinberg*), *Act I, Sc. II.*

Example is always more efficacious than precept.—S. JOHNSON.
Rasselas, Ch XXX.

Example is the lesson that all men can read.—WEST. *Education Can I, LXXXI.*

Examples draw when precept fails,
And sermons are less read than tales.

PRIOR. *The Turtle and the Sparrow*, line 192.

70 EXAMPLES LEAD US—FAINT HEART.

Examples lead us, and we likely see;
Such as the prince is, will his people be.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*, 761.

Excess of praise has generally as little foundation as excess of calumny.—ARCHBISHOP HERRING *Letter to W. Duncombe, Esq.* 5th November 1753

Exchange is no robbery.—OLD PROVERB.

The old proverb—Exchange is not robbery—DAVID GARRICK.
A Peep behind the Curtain (Author), Act I., Sc. II

Expect not praise without envy until you are dead.—COLTON. *Lacon. CCXLV.*

Experience finds

Few of the scenes that lively hope designs.

CRABBE. *The Widow's Tale*.

Experience is by industry achiev'd
And perfected by the swift course of time

SHAKESPEARE *Two Gentlemen of Verona (Antonio), Act I., Sc. III.*

Experience is the best of schoolmasters.—OLD PROVERB.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that—BEN. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanack*, 1758.

Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use.

POPE. *Moral Essays, III. On the Use of Riches*, line 161.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise

POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. I*, line 13.

Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace!

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo), Act V., Sc. III*

(I was) eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame—JOB Ch. XXIX, ver. 15.

Faction, Disappointment's restless child.—SOAME JENYNS. *On a Late Attempt on His Majesty's Life*, 1786.

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.—Attributed to SIR W. RALEIGH.

This is said to have been scratched on a pane of glass by Sir W. Raleigh in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty is said to have replied:—

If thy heart fail thee, why then climb at all?

Faint friends when they fall out most cruel fomen bee—SPENSER. *Faerie Queene, Bk. IV, Can. IX, St. 27.*

Faint heart faire lady ne'er could win.—PHINEAS FLETCHER. *Britain's Ida, Can. V, St. 1.*

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady—W. KING. *Orpheus and Eurydice*, line 133

And let us mind faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair.

BURNS. *To Dr. Blacklock.*

FAINT IS THE BLISS—FAME IS THE FRAGRANCE. 71

Faint is the bliss that never past thro' pain —COLLEY CIBBER *Love in a Riddle (Iphis), Act III., Sc. II.*

(A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !)
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky

WORDSWORTH *Poems founded on the Affections, VIII.*

Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time

SHAKESPEARE *Venus and Adonis*

Fair words want giving hands —NASH *Summer's Last Will (W. J. Summer)*

Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact in favour of a greater.
—O. W. HOLMES *The Professor at the Breakfast Table, V*

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next —YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night VIII, line 717*

Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last

T. MOORE *Lalla Rookh, III*

Fallen from his high estate —DRYDEN *Alexander's Feast, 4.*

Fallen on evil days —MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bl. VII, line 25*

False face must hide what the false heart doth know —SHAKESPEARE.
Macbeth (Macbeth), Act I., Sc. VII.

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes

ADDISON *Cato (Cato), Act IV, Sc. IV.*

Falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars
SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Imogen), Act III, Sc. VI.*

Falsely your Church seven sacraments does frame,
Penance and Matrimony are the same

DUKE *To a Roman Catholic Friend upon Marriage*

Fame finds never tomb t' inclose it in —S. DANIEL *The Complaint of Rosamond, St. 1.*

Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise

POPE *The Temple of Fame, line 44.*

Fame is a revenue payable only to our ghosts —SIR G. MACKENZIE.
Fame is but noise, all learning's but a thought,
Which one cherishes, another sets at nought
Nature mocks both, and wit still heaps ado;
But death brings knowledge and assurance too

HENRY VAUGHAN *Daphnis (Damon), line 99.*

Fame is love disguised —SHELLEY *An Exhortation*

Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
The flowers of chivalry and not of weeds

LONGFELLOW. *The Bell of Atri.*

72 FAME IS THE SPUR—FANCY GROWS COLDER.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days

MILTON *Lycidas*, line 70.

Fame is the thirst of youth.—BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. III.*,
St. 112

Fame is what you have taken,
Character's what you give ;
When to this truth you waken,
Then you begin to live

BAYARD TAYLOR. *Improvisations, St 2.*

Fame, like water, bears up the lighter things,
And lets the weighty sink.

SIR S. TATE *The Adventures of Five Hours (Don Antonio)*, Act II.

Fame's a pearl that hides beneath a sea of tears —W. E. HENLEY.
Echoes. II., line 1.

Fame, which is the opinion the world expresses of any man's excellent endowments, is the idol to which the finest spirits have in all ages burnt their incense —SIR R. BLACKMORE *The Lay Monas'ery*, No. 11.

Fame's but a hollow echo ; Gold pure clay ;
Honour the darling but of one short day ,
Beautie, th' eyes' idol, but a damask'd skin ;
State, but a golden prison, to live in,
And torture free-born minds

SIR W. RALEIGH. *A Farewell to the Vanities of the World.*

Fame's loudest trump upon the ear of Time
Leaves but a dying echo , they alone
Are held in everlasting memory
Whose deeds partake of heaven.

SOUTHEY. *Verses spoken at Oxford upon the Installation of Lord Grenville*

Familiarity begets boldness —SHAKERLEY MARMION. *The Antiquary (Leonardo)*, Act I.

Famine can smile
On him who brings it food, and pass, with guile
Of thankful falsehood, like a courtier grey,
The house-dog of the throne , but many a mile
Comes Plague, a winged wolf, who loathes alway
The garbage and the scum that strangers make her prey.

SHELLEY. *The Revolt of Islam, Can X , XXIV.*

Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they weave
A paradise for a sect.

KEATS. *Earlier Version of Hyperion.*

Fancy is the friend of woe —MASON *Ode VII , St 2, line 4.*

(Our time creeps on,)

Fancy grows colder as the silvery hair
Tells the advancing winter of our life

SIR W SCOTT. *Macduff's Cross, Prelude.*

(Poor) fancy sadder than a single star,
That sets at twilight in a land of reeds

TENNYSON. *Early Sonnets, VII.*

Fancy, who hath no present home,
But builds her bower in scenes to come,
Walking for ever in a light
That flows from regions out of sight.

T. MOORE. *Evenings in Greece, Second Evening.*

Far better never to have heard the name
Of zeal and just ambition, than to live
Baffled and plagued by a mind that every hour
Turns recreant to her task: takes heart again,
Then feels immediately some hollow thought
Hang like an interdict upon her hopes

WORDSWORTH *The Prelude, Book First*

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

T. MOORE. *Irish Melodies, Forget not the Field.*

Far fetch'd, and little worth.—COWPER. *The Task, Bl. I., line 245*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife —GRAY *Elegy in Country Churchyard.*

Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well.

BYRON. *Domestic Pieces, Fare thee well.*

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full sure
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth. my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
I feel my heart new open'd. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII. (Wolsey).*
Act III, Sc II.

FAREWELL—FEAR IS LIKE.

(O, now, for ever)

Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war .
 And, O, you mortal engines whose rude throats
 Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Othello), Act III., Sc. III.*

Fashion ever is a wayward child —MASON *The English Garden*
Bk. IV., line 430

Fashion too often makes a monstrous noise,
 Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore
 The poorest trash, the meanest toys

PETER PINDAR. *Odes to the Royal Academicians, XI.*

Fashion wears out more apparel than the man.—SHAKESPEARE.
Much Ado About Nothing (Conrade), Act III., Sc. III.

Fashions are for fools—DODSLEY *Sir John Cockle at Court (Sir John), Act I., Sc. I.*

Fast binde, fast finde —J. HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. III.*

Fast bind, fast find.—SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*
(Shylock), Act II., Sc. V.

The proverb kept, Fast bind, fast find —CHURCHILL. *The Ghost, Bk. IV., line 1220.*

Fate laughs at probabilities.—BULWER LYTTON. *Eugene Aram.*
Bk. I., Ch. X.

Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

DR. S. JOHNSON *London, line 166.*

Faults that are rich and fair.—SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens,*
Act I., Sc. II.

Fayre words fat few, great promises, without performance, delight
 for the tyme, but yearke euer after —LYLY. *Euphues and his England*
(Euphues to Philantus), last letter.

Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree
 To plague her beating heart.

WORDSWORTH *Ecclesiastical Sonnets,*
Pt. II., XLII.

(I perceive
 That) fear is like a cloak which old men huddle
 About their love, as if to keep it warm.

WORDSWORTH. *The Borrers (Marmaduke), Act I.*

FEAR IS STRONGER—FIDELITY'S A VIRTUE. 75

Fear is stronger than death, and love is more prevalent than fear, and kindness is the greatest endearment of love—JEREMY TAYLOR. *The Miracles of Divine Mercy, Pt III.*

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns—SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI., Pt III (Gloster), Act IV, Sc. VII.*

Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,
Though under cover of the wormy ground.

WORDSWORTH *The Excursion, Bk. III.*

Feld hath eyen, and the wood hath eres—CHAUCER *Canterbury Tales The Knight's Tale, line 1523*

Fields have eies and woodes have eares—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk II, Ch V.*

Fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell: fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death: and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them—WM MORRIS. *A Dream of John Ball*

Fer from eye, fer from herte—HENDYNG *Proverbs*

Out of sight, out of minde—J. HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk I., Ch. II*

And out of mind as soon as out of sight—LORD BROOKE. *Sonnet LVI.*

That out of sight is out of mind
Is true of most we leave behind

CLOUGH. *Songs of Absence*

Few are qualified to shine in company, but it is in most men's power to be agreeable—SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

Few love to hear the sins they love to act—SHAKESPEARE *Pericles (Pericles), Act I, Sc I*

(It has been a common observation, that) few men have sequestered themselves from the world, but such as were no longer fit to live in it.—HUGHES *The Lay Monastery, No 3*

Fickle is the ground whereon all tyrants tread,
A thousand sundry cares and fears do haunt their restless head

R. EDWARDS *Damon and Pithias (Damon)*

Fickle man is apt to rove—BURNS *Let not Women e'er Complain.*

Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze

ADDISON. *The Campaign*

Fidelity's a virtue that ennobles
E'en servitude itself.

MASON. *Elfrida (Chorus).*

76 FE, FO, AND FUM—FIRM AS MAN'S SENSE.

Fe, fo, and fum;
I smell the blood of a British man.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear* (Edgar), *Act III., Sc. IV.*

This is probably taken from an old Scotch Ballad, which is given by Jamieson, in 'Illustrations of Northern Antiquities'.—

With fi, fi, fo, and fum,
I smell the blood of a Christian man!
Be he dead, be he living, wi' my brand
I'll clash harns frae his harn-pan.

Fight fire with fire, and craft with craft.—LONGFELLOW. *The Cobbler of Hagenau.*

Final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts* *Night IX.* line 167.

Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom.

BURNS. *To a Mountain Daisy.*

Find me one man of sense in all your roll,
Whom some one woman has not made a fool.

DUKE *Prologue to Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.*

(And this our life, exempt from public haunt,) Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It.*
(Duke), *Act II., Sc. I.*

Fine as ice-ferns on January panes
Made by a breath.

TENNYSON. *Aylmer's Field.*

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less—PRIOR *Henry and Emma,* line 430.

Fine feathers make fine birds.—OLD PROVERB.

They'll be fine feathers that make a fine bird—BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress, Pt. I.*

Fine feathers, they say, make fine birds—BICKERSTAFF. *The Padlock, Act I., Sc. I.*

Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Or fools that use them, when they want good sense:
Honesty needs no disguise nor ornament.

OTWAY.

Fire and people doe in this agree,
They both good servants, both ill masters be

LORD BROOKE. *Inquisition upon Fame.*

Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all—SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (*Lucetta*), *Act I., Sc. II.*

(Thy heart above all envy and all pride,) Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love

HAMMOND *Lore Elegies, XIV.*

First come, first seruyd.—H. BRINKLOW. *The Complaynt of Roderyck Mors, Ch XVII*

Flatterers looke like friends, as wolves like dogges.—G. CHAPMAN. *Byron's Conspiracie, Act III, Sc I.*

Flattery
Is monstrous in a true friend
FORD *The Lover's Melancholy*
(*Amethus*), *Act I, Sc I*

Flattery is the bellows blows up sun ;
The thing the which is flatter'd but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing.

SHAKESPEARE *Pericles (Helicanus), Act I, Sc. II.*

Flattery's the nurse of crimes —GAY *Fables, I.*

Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom —WORDSWORTH
The Black Stones of Iona

Follow pleasure, and then will pleasure flee ;
Flee pleasure, and pleasure will follow thee.

J HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk I, Ch. XI.*

Folly ends when genuine hope begins —COWPER *Hope, line 637.*

Folly in youth is sin, in age 'tis madness —S DANIEL. *The Tragedy of Cleopatra (Caesar), Act III, Sc II.*

Folly may pass, nor tarnish youth,
But falsehood leaves a poison stain
ELIZA COOK *Stanzas to the Young.*

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure —BURNS. *Gloomy December.*

Food for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better —SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV, Pt I (Falstaff), Act IV, Sc II*

Fools are made for jests to men of sense —FARQUHAR. *The Beaux Stratagem, Prologue*

(You'll find at last this maxim true,)
Fools are the game which knaves pursue
GAY *Fables, Pt II, XII.*

Fools hate knowledge —PROVERBS *Ch I, ver 22.*

Fools out of favour grudge at knaves in place,
And men are always honest in disgrace
DEFOE *The True-born Englishman* *Introduction, line 7.*

(A) fool's Paradise —MIDDLETON *The Family of Love (Mistress Glister), Act I, Sc I.*

Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools.
MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. III., line 490.*

FOOLS RUSH IN—FOR ONE TYRANT.

Thy fairest prospects, rightly viewed,
The Paradise of Fools

BLACKLOCK. *Ode on the Refinements in
Metaphysical Philosophy.*

The fools we know have their own paradise,
The wicked also have their proper Hell

JAMES THOMSON. *The City of Dreadful Night, XI.*

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread—POPE. *Essay on Criticism.*
Pt. III, line 625.

(And) fools who came to scoff remained to pray.—GOLDSMITH. *The
Deserted Village, line 180*

Vide—‘ Preventing Angels’

Fools will prate o’ right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn

BURNS *The Five Carlines.*

For a king

‘Tis sometimes better to be fear’d than loved.

BYRON *Sardanapalus (Myrrha), Act I., Sc. III.*

For a tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an angel king:
And the bitter groan of a martyr’s woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty’s bow.

BLAKE *The Grey Monk.*

For all our works a recompence is sure:
‘Tis sweet to think on what was hard t’ endure

HERRICK. *Hesperides, 851.*

For contemplation he and valor form’d,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. IV, line 297.*

For ever and a day.—SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Orlando),
Act IV., Sc. I.*

For ever in man’s bosom will man’s pride
An equal empire with his love divide

L E. L. *The Golden Violet, The Rose.*

For everything created
In the bounds of earth and sky
Hath such longing to be mated,
It must couple, or must die

WHYTE MELVILLE *Like to Like*

For every ‘why’ he had a ‘wherefore’—BUTLER. *Hudibras.*
Bk. I., Can. I, line 131.

For men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning

C. KINGSLEY. *The Three Fishers.*

For one tyrant there are a thousand ready slaves—W. HAZLITT.
Political Essays. On the connexion between Toud-Eaters and Tyrants.

For Somerset, off with his guilty head!—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI, Pt. III (King Edward)*, *Act V., Sc V.*

Off with his head—so much for Buckingham!—COLLEY CIBBER *Version of Richard III, Act IV, Sc III.*

For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows,
Renown is not the child of indolent repose

THOMSON *The Castle of Indolence. Can II, St 1.*

For that deep torture may be called an Hell,
Where more is felt than one hath power to tell

BURTON *Anatomy of Melancholy,*
Pt I, Sect IV, Mem. III

For want of timely care
Millions have died of medicable wounds

ARMSTRONG *Art of Preserving Health,*
Bk III line 515

For when the soul is nuzzled once in vice,
The sweet of sin makes Hell a Paradise

DRAYTON *The Legend of Piers Gaveston.*

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear.—DENHAM. *Natura Naturala, VI.*

Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny that lent it aid,
And gods of conq'rors slaves of subjects made

POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep III, line 245.*

Forests have ears, and fields have eyes;
Often treachery lurking lies
Underneath the fairest hair

LONGFELLOW *The Saga of King Olaf, VIII.*

Fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd.—ADDISON. *The Drummer (Abigail), Act IV., Sc I.*

Forgetfulness
Is the most pleasing virtue they can have,
That do spring up from nothing

MIDDLETON *The Mayor of Queenborough (Horsus), Act III, Sc I.*

Forgive! How many will say 'forgive,' and find
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer

TENNYSON *Sea Dreams.*

(My honest zeal if not my verse commend,)
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend

SMITH *To the Memory of Mr. J. Phillips*

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.—SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Pisanio), Act IV, Sc III*

Fortune hath in her honey galle—CHAUCER. *The Monk's Tale. line 557.*

Fortune is chaungeable—CHAUCER. *The Knight's Tale, line 384*

Fortune is ever variously inclined.—DRAYTON. *The Barons' Wars, Bk. II, XXVIII.*

80 FORTUNE IS LIKE—FRENCH SHE SPAKE.

Fortune is like a widow won,
And truckles to the bold alone.

SOMERVILLE. *The Fortune Hunter, Can. II.*

Fortune knows
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows
SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Antony), Act III., Sc. XI.*

Fortune, who oft proves
The careless wanderer's friend
WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion, Bk. II.*

Fortune's friend is mishap's foe.—SIR T. WYATT. *The Lover complaineth himself forsaken*

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets
SHAKESPEARE. *Venus and Adonis, 128.*

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act I., Sc. II.*

Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.
TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.*

Foxes, rejoice! here buried lies your foe—Quoted by BLOOMFIELD.
The Farmer's Boy (Autumn), line 332. Inscribed on a stone in the wall of Euston Park, to the memory of a hound.

Frailty, thy name is woman!—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act I., Sc. II.*

(Ah!) fredome is a noble thing!
Fredome may man to haiff liking;
Fredome all solace to man gifis.
BARBOUR. *The Bruce, Bk. I., line*

Freedom has a thousand charms to show
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
COWPER. *Table Talk., line 261.*

Freedom, which in no other land will thrive—
Freedom, an English subject's sole prerogative.
DRYDEN. *Threnodia Augustalis.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like it (Song), Act II., Sc. VII.*

(And) Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the escole of Stratford-atte-bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales, Prologue, line 122.*

Friendly counsel cuts off many foes—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI., Pt I. (King Henry), Act III, Sc I.*

Friends are as dangerous as enemies—DE QUINCEY *Essay on Schlosser's Literary History*

Friends are not so easily made as kept—MARQUIS OF HALIFAX. *Maxims of State, XII.*

Friends are the surest guard for kings, gold in time does wear away, And other precious things do fade, friendship will never decay.

R. EDWARDS *Damon and Pithias (Damon).*

Friends meet to part, Love laughs at faith ;
True foes once met, are join'd till death

BYRON. *The Graour.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interr'd with their bones

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar (Antony), Act III, Sc. II.*

Friendship can smooth the front of rude despair.—CAMBRIDGE. *The Scribleriad, Blk I, line 196*

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love.
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood

SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing (Claudio), Act II, Sc I.*

Friendship is more than is catell ;
For frende in courte aie better is
Than peny is in purse certes

CHAUCER. *The Romaunt of the Rose, line 5543.*

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth.
Tho' planted in esteem's deep-fixed soil,
Tho' gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection

JOANNA BAILLIE *De Montford (Reservoir), Act III, Sc II*

Friendship is seldom lasting, but between equals, or where the superiority on one side is reduced by some equivalent advantage on the other.—DR. S. JOHNSON. *The Rambler, No 64*

Friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals GOLDSMITH. *The Good-Natured Man (Honeywood), Act I, Sc I*

Full of this maxim, often heard in trade—

Friendship with none but equals should be made

CHATTERTON. *Fragment pub 1803*

There is a maxim indeed which says—

Friendship can only subsist between equals.

T. HOLCROFT. *The School for Arrogance (Count Villas), Act III, Sc. I.*

Friendship is the great chain of human society, and intercourse of letters is one of the chiefest links of that chain—J. HOWELL. *Familiar Letters, Bk. I., Sect. II., Lett. XVIII. To Dr. Prichard*

Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul ;
Sweetener of life, and solder of society

BLAIR. *The Grave*, line 88.

(For) Friendship, of itself a holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity

DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther, Pt. III.*, line 47.

Friendship's like musick ; two strings tun'd alike,
Will both stirre ; though only one you strike

QUARLES. *Job Militant, Sect. 7, Med. 7.*

Friendship's the privilege
Of private men ; for wretched greatness knows
No blessing so substantial

TATE. *The Loyal General*

Friendship's the wine of life.—YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night II.*, line 583.

From decay'd fortunes every flatterer shrinks ,
Men cease to build where the foundation sinks

JOHN WEBSTER. *The Duchess of Malfi (Antonio), Act III., Sc. V.*

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well (King), Act II., Sc. III.*

From Nature doth emotion come, and moods
Of calmness equally are Nature's gift :
This is her glory these two attributes
Are sister horns that constitute her strength.
Hence Genius, born to thrive by interchange
Of peace and excitation, finds in her
His best and purest friend , from her receives
That energy by which he seeks the truth,
From her that happy stillness of the mind
Which fits him to receive it when unsought

WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude, Bk. XIII.*

From post to pillar, wife, I have been tost—J. HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk. II., Ch. II*

Ile tosse you from post to pillar—MARSTON. *What You Will.*

From shaven chins never came better justice
Than those ne'er touched by razor.

MIDDLETON *The Old Law (Eugenia), Act V., Sc. I.*

Ful wise is he that can himselfen knowe—CHAUCER. *The Monke's Tale, line 14145*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchmy

SHAKESPEARE *Sonnet, XXXII*

Full of wise saws and modern instances—SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Jaques), Act II, Sc VII*

Full oft we see
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly

SHAKESPEARE *All's Well that Ends Well (Helene), Act I, Sc I.*

Garments well sav'd, which first were made
 When tailors, to promote their trade,
 Against the Picts in arms arose,
 And drove them out, or made them clothes

CHURCHILL *The Ghost, Bl. IV, line 1145.*

Gather therefore the roses whilst yet is prime,
 For soone comes age that will her pride defloure.
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
 Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime

SPENSER *Faerie Queene, Bl. II, Can XII, St 75.*

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old time is still a flying
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying

HERRICK *Hesperides, 208*

General notions are generally wrong—LADY M MONTAGU *Letter to Mr Worley Montagu 28th March 1710*

Generosity is in general the child of easy circumstances—ALISON, *History of Europe, Ch XC*

Generous commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain

THOMSON *Seasons, Summer, line 138.*

Genius has somewhat of the infantine
 But of the childish, not a touch nor taunt
 Except through self-will, which, being foolishness,
 Is certain, soon or late, of punishment,
 Which Providence avert!

R BROWNING *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.*

Genius, like all heavenly light,
 Can blast as well as bless the sight

L E L *Stanzas to the Author of Mont Blanc*

(Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
 But) Genius must be born, and never can be taught

DRYDEN *Letter X To Congreve, on the Double Dealer.*

(It is the fruit of) ‘Genius,’ which means the transcendent capacity
 of taking trouble, first of all—CARLYLE. *Hist of Frederick the Great. Bl. IV, Ch III.*

84 GENTLE DULNESS—GIVE SORROW WORDS.

Gentle dulness ever loves a joke—POPE *The Dunciad, Bk. II.*, line 33

Gentlemen whose chariots roll only upon the four aces are apt to have a wheel out of order.—CIBBER AND VANBURGH *The Provoked Husband, Act II.*

(The rule) get moncy, still get money, boy ;
No matter by what means ; money will do
More, boy, than my lord's letter.

BEN JONSON *Every Man in his Humour*
(*Knowell*), *Act II.*, *Sc. III.*

Get place and wealth, if possible with grace ;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

POPE *Imitations of Horace, Bk. I.*, *Ep. I.*

Get thee to a nunnery—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III.*, *Sc. I.*

Giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.* (*Pistol*), *Act III.*, *Sc. V.*

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire

BURNS *Episile to L—k.*

Give currency to reason, improve the moral code of society, and the theory of one generation will be the practice of the next—T. L. PEACOCK. *Melincourt (Mr. Forrester), Ch. XXI.*

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Polonius), Act I., Sc. III.*

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power ;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall ;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

WHITTIER. *Lines for the Agricultural
Exhibition at Amesbury.*

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay in my heart of hearts

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III., Sc. II.*

'Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow,
But, of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend !

CANNING. *New Morality, The Anti-Jacobin.*

Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde —SPENSER. *Faerie Queene, Bk. VI., Can VI., St. 5*

Give sorrow words : the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Malcolm), Act IV., Sc. III.*

Give the devil his due—OLD PROVERB

For he was never yet a breaker of proverbs—he will give the devil his due—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt I* (*Prince Henry*), *Act I, Sc II*

Give the devil his due—SHAKESPEARE *Henry V*. (*Constable*), *Act III, Sc VII*

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (*Polonius*). *Act I.. Sc. III.*

Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra* (*Cleopatra*)
Act II, Sc V.

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI, Pt III* (*King Henry*).
Act II, Sc V.

Glory and empire are to female blood
More tempting dang'rous rivals than a god

CROWN. *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, *Pt I.*
(*Monobazus*), *Act III, Sc II.*

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI, Pt. I* (*Joan*),
Act I, Sc II

Glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour

BURNS *When Wild War's Deadly Blast.*

Glory's temple is the tomb,
Death is immortality

J MONTGOMERY. *The Battle of Alexandria.*

(Call to mind
That) glory's voice is impotent to pierce
The silence of the tomb, but virtue blooms
Even on the wreck of life, and mounts the skies
KIRKE WHITE *Inscription for a Monument*
to the Memory of Cowper.

Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (*Gaunt*), *Act I, Sc III.*

86 GO TO THE ANT—GOD IS THY LAW.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.—
PROVERBS *Ch VI, ver. 6*

Go where glory waits thee,
But when fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me

T. MOORE *Irish Melodies, Go where Glory Waits Thee.*

Go where we may, rest where we will,
Eternal London haunts us still

T. MOORE *Rhymes on the Road, IV.*

God Almighty first planted a garden—BACON *Essay, XLVI., Of Gardens*

(His tribe were) God Almighty's gentlemen.—DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt I, line 645*

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.—J. C. HARE. *Gusses at Truth*

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages—CHANNING. *On Self-culture*

God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her

R. BROWNING. *Men and Women, One Word More*

God builds His temple in the heart on the ruins of churches and religions—EMERSON. *Worship*

God comes to see us without bell—OLD PROVERB, quoted by Emerson, *in the Over Soul*

God enters by a private door into every individual—EMERSON. *Intellect*

(We need love's tender lesson taught
As only weakness can ;)
God hath His small interpreters;
The child must teach the man.

WHITTIER. *A Mystery.*

God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor, misery

BRYANT. *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.*

God helps those who help themselves—A. SIDNEY. *Discourse concerning Government, Ch II., Sect. XXXII.*

Providence helps those who help others—KIPLING. *The Light that Failed, Ch. XII.*

God helps them that help themselves—B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanack*

God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. IV., line 637.*

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man —SHAKESPEARE
Merchant of Venice (Portia), Act I, Sc II

God made the woman for the man —TENNYSON *Edwin Morris.*

God save the king! —HENRY CAREY

God save the mark! —SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt I (Hotspur), Act I, Sc III*

God sends th' cold after clothes —J HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch IV*

To a close shorn sheep God gives wind to measure —HERBERT.
Jacula Prudentum

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—STERNE *Sentimental Journey*

God sends us meat, the devil sends us cooks —OLD PROVERB

God sent us meat, the devil cooks —RANDOLPH *Hey for Honesty. Introduction (Translator)*

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain —COWLEY. *Stanzas addressed to J Evelyn, Esq., 3, last line*

God made the country, and man made the town —COWPER *The Task, Bk. I.*

God will estimate
 Success one day

R BROWNING *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*

God will not love thee less, because men love thee more —M TUPPER.
Proverbial Philosophy, Of Tolerance, last line

God's great gift of speech abused
 Makes thy memory confused

TENNYSON. *A Dirge*

God's in His heaven—
 All's right with the world!

R BROWNING *Pippa Passes*

Gods meet gods, and justle in the dark —DRYDEN AND LEE. *Oedipus, Act IV, last line*

Birds met birds, and justled in the dark —DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther, line 1898*

God's mills grind slow, but sure —HERBERT *Jacula Prudentum*
 Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding-
 ing small;
 Though with patience stands He waiting, with exactness grinds
 He all

LONGFELLOW *Retribution (From the German of Logau)*

God's music will not finish with one tune —SIR E ARNOLD *With Sadi in the Garden*

God's rarest blessing is, after all, a good woman! —GEO. MEREDITH.
The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, Ch XXXIV.

Gold can do much,
But beauty more.

MASSINGER. *The Unnatural Combat (Montreville)*, Act I, Sc. I.

Gold's gold though dim in the dust:

Court-polish soon turns it yellow

R. BROWNING *Jocosera, Solomon and Balkis.*

Gold were as good as twenty orators—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.*
(Page), Act IV., Sc. II.

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue—
L. WALTON. *The Complete Angler (Piscator)*, Bk. I, Ch. II

Good counsellors lack no clients—SHAKESPEARE *Measure for Measure*
(Pompey) Act I, Sc. I.

(Now,) good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth)*, Act III., Sc. IV.

Keen appetites

And quick digestion wait on you and yours

DRYDEN *Cleomenes*, Act IV., Sc. I.

Good for anything from pitch and toss to manslaughter—C. DICKENS.
A Christmas Carol, St. 3

Good is a good doctor, but Bad is sometimes a better.—EMERSON.
Considerations by the Way

Good is best when soonest wrought,
Linger'd labours come to nought

SOUTHWELL. *Loss in Delay.*

Good is no good, but if it be spend,
God giveth good for none other end.

SPENSER. *The Shepheard's Calendar, May*, line 72

Good manners and soft words have brought many a difficult thing to
pass.—VANBURGH *Aesop*, Pt. I. (*Aesop*), Act IV., Sc. II.

Good manners never can intrude—E. MOORE *Fable, XIV.*

Good men are men still, liable to mistakes, and are sometimes warmly
engaged in errors, which they take for divine truths, shining in their
minds with the clearest light.—LOCKE *Essay on the Human Under-
standing*, Bk. IV, Ch. XIX, Sect. 12

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Iago)*, Act III., Sc. III.

Good nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty
cannot long supply the absence of good nature—ADDISON. *Spectator*,
No. 306

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows

MILTON *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I, line 371.

(The) good we never miss we rarely prize—COWPER *Retirement*,
line 405.

Good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used—SHAKESPEARE
Othello (Iago), Act II, Sc. III.

Good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to Heaven, ergo good wine carrieth a man to Heaven—J. HOWELL. *Familiar Letters, Bk. II., Lett. LIV.* To Lord Clif.

Good wine needs no bush—SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It, Epilogue*

Good words are better than bad strokes—SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar (Brutus), Act V., Sc. I.*

(But, thou art good; and) Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive

BURNS. *Prayer in Prospect of Death.*

(And teach the maid
That) Goodness Time's rude hand defies,
That virtue lives when beauty dies

KIRKE WHITE

Government of the people, by the people, for the people—ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *Speech at Gettysburg, 19th November 1863.*

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. VIII., line 488.*

(While some on earnest bus'ness bent
Their murmur'ring labours ply,
*Ganست) graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty.

GRAY. *Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.*

Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. I., Canto I., line 885.*

Great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them

TENNYSON. *The Princess, III.*

Great heights are hazardous to the weak head—BLAIR. *The Grave, line 293.*

Great honours are great burdens, but on whom
They are cast with envy, he doth bear two loads.
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon and for doing well
A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.

BEN JONSON. *Catiline (Cicero), Act III., Sc. I.*

Great is journalism. Is not every able editor a ruler of the world, being a persuader of it; though self-elected, yet sanctioned by the sale of his numbers?—CARLYLE. *French Revolution, Pt. II., Bk. I., Ch. IV.*

90 GREAT IS TRUTH—GREAT WITS ARE SURE.

Great is truth, and mighty above all things—ESDRAS. *Bk. I., Ch. IV., ter. 41.*

Great joys, like griefs, are silent.—SHAKERLEY MARMION. *Holland's Leaguer (Philautus), Act V., Sc. I.*

Great men are seldom over scrupulous in the arrangement of their attire—C DICKENS. *Pickwick, Ch II*

Great men are too often unknown, or, what is worse, misknown.—CARLYLE. *Sartor Resarius, Bk. I., Ch III.*

Great men by small means oft are overthrown;
He's lord of thy life who contemns his own.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*, 488.

Great men do not play stage tricks with the doctrines of life and death: only little men do that.—RUSKIN. *Seame and Lilies, Lecture I., 20.*

Great men over-grac'd, much rigor use;
Presuming favourites discontentment bring;
And disproportions harmony do break:
Minions too great, argue a king too weak.

S. DANIEL. *Civil War, Bk. I., XXXVIII.*

Great men's vices are esteem'd as virtues—SHAKERLEY MARMION. *Holland's Leaguer (Snarl), Act I., Sc. I.*

* Great Romulus of learning's richest state.—WARTON. *Ode for Music.*

Great spirits never with their bodies die.—HERRICK. *Hesperides*, 543.

Great talkers are never great doers—MIDDLETON. *Blurt, Master Constable (Third Lady), Act I., Sc. I.*

Great things through greatest hazards are achiev'd still,
And then they shine, then goodness has his glory.

BEAUMONT. *The Loyal Subject (Archas), Act III., Sc. II.*

Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
Like instincts unawares.

LORD HOUGHTON. *The Men of Old.*

Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like East and West become the same.

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. II., Canto I., line 269.*

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. I., line 163.*

What thin partitions sense from thought divide!—POPE
Essay on Man, Ep. I., line 226

* King Arthur.

GREATNESS AND GOODNESS—GRIEF SHOULD BE. 91

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends—COLERIDGE.
Literary Remains, Reproof.

(Leaves)

Green as Hope before it grieves
O'er the false and broken-hearted

L E L *Improvisatrice.*

(His hair, just grizzled,
As in a) green old age

DRYDEN. *Oedipus, Act III, Sc. I.*

Grief finds some ease by him that like does beare—SPENSER *Daphnara, line 67.*

Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society.—SHAKESPEARE.
Rape of Lucrece, St 159

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet*
(*Benvolio*), *Act I, Sc II*

One desperate grief cures with another's languish—SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Benvolio), Act I, Sc II.*

When griefs have partners they are better borne—MIDDLETON.
Your Five Gallants (Fitzgrave), Act II, Sc II.

For 'tis some ease our sorrows to reveal,
If they to whom we shall impart our woes,
Seem but to feel a part of what we feel,
And meet us with a sigh but at the close

S DANIEL *The Tragedy of Cleopatra*
(*Seleucus*), *Act IV, Sc. I.*

Grief for the dead not virtue can reprove,
Then give me all I ever asked—a tear,
The first—last—sole reward of so much love!
BYRON. *The Corsair, Can I, XIV.*

Grief hath two tongues and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit

SHAKESPEARE *Venus and Adonis, St. 168.*

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For) grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop
SHAKESPEARE *King John (Constance),*
Act III, Sc I.

Grief makes one hour ten—SHAKESPEARE *Richard II. (Bohemia)*
Act I, Sc. III

Grief should be the instructor of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of life.

BYRON. *Manfred, Act I., Sc. I.*

92 GRIEF STILL TREADS—HALF THE FAILURES.

Grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure ;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure

CONGREVE. *The Old Bachelor (Sharper),*
Act V., Sc. VIII.

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front—SHAKESPEARE.
Richard III. (Gloster), Act I., Sc. I.

Guilt proves the hardest nearest home—HOGG *The Pedlar.*

Guiltiness will speak
Though tongues were out of use

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Iago), Act V., Sc. I.*

Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time : for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality .

All is but toys—renown, and grace, is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act II., Sc. III.*

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

BURNS *Ae Fond Kiss,*

Had women no more charms in their bodies than what they have in
their minds, we should see more wise men in the world, much fewer
lovers and poets—VANBURGH *Æsop, Pt. I. (Æsop), Act IV., Sc. II.*

Hail fellow ! well met !—SWIFT. *My Lady's Lamentation.*

Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.—JAMES GRAHAME.
The Sabbath, 29 and 40.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

SHELLEY. *To a Skylark, I.*

Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped—to gird
An English sovereign's brow ! and to the throne
Whereon he sits ! whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the people's love ;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
—Hail to the state of England.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion, Bl. VI.*

Hail, wedded Love ! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. IV., line 750.*

Half-happy, by comparison of bliss,
Is miserable.

KEATS. *Endymion, II.*

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is
leaping—J C HARE. *Guesses at Truth (Taylor and Walton's Ed., 1851)*
Vol. I., p. 221.

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter—GEORGE ELIOT *Felix Holt*.

Half won, is match well made, match and well make it—SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well* (*Interpreter*), *Act IV, Sc. III*.

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate

LONGFELLOW *The Spanish Student, Act I, Sc. III*.

Handsome is as handsome does—GOLDSMITH. *The Vicar of Wakefield, Ch. I.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still—they come!

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act V. Sc. V.*

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry

WITHER *Poem on Christmas.*

(The ancient saying is no heresy,—)

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice (Nerissa), Act II, Sc. IX*

Marriage is ever made by destiny—CHAPMAN. *All Fools Act V, Sc. I*

Hanging and marriage go by destiny—SMOLLETT. *The Reprisal (Harric), Act II, Sc. XV.*

Hanging was the worst use a man could be put to—SIR H. WOTTON. *The Disparity between Buckingham and Essex.*

Happier he, the peasant, far

From the pangs of passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
Of rugged penury.

GRAY. *Ode on Vicissitude*

(Oh!) happiness of sweet retired content!

To be at once secure and innocent

DENHAM *Cooper's Hill line 37.*

Happy is the man who hath never known what it is to taste of Fame—to have it is a purgatory, to want it is a hell!—BULWER LYTTON. *The Last of the Barons (Warwick), Bk. V, Ch. I.*

Happy the man, whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air

In his own ground

POPE *Ode on Solitude, I.*

Happy the people whose annals are blank in history-books.—CARLYLE *Life of Frederick the Great, Bk. XVI, Ch. I.*

Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens bestow
A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe

SIR W. JONES. *Laura.*

Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master hand

DRYDEN. *To Mr. Lee on his Alexander the Great.*

94 HARD IS THE TASK—HATRED IS LIKE FIRE.

Hard is the task of justice, where distress
Excites our mercy, yet demands redress

COLLEY CIBBER *The Heroick Daughter*
(*King*), *Act III.*, last lines

Hard must he wink that shuts his eyes from heaven QUARLES A
Feast for Wormes, *Seci 3, Med 3.*

Hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity.—LORD BEACONSFIELD
Speech at the Guildhall, 9th November 1878

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes :
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise !

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Song)*, *Act II., Sc. III.*

Harp not on that string —SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Polonius)*, *Act II., Sc. II.*

Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear ;
None please the fancy who offend the ear

GARTH. *The Dispensary*, *Can IV.*, line 204.

'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy ?' 'Yea, I have found thee :
because thou hast sold thyself to work iniquity.'—KINGS *Bk I., Ch XXI.*, ver. 20.

Haste makes waste, and waste makes want, and want makes strife
between the good man and his wife—OLD PROVERB.

I finde this prouerbe true,
That haste makes waste

GASCOIGNE *Gascongne's Memories*, *III*, 7.

Haste maketh waste —J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, *Bk. I., Ch II.*

Haste is waste profe doth finde —EARL OF SURREY. *Praise of
Mean and Constant Estate*

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure

SHAKESPEARE *Measure for Measure (Duke)*, *Act V., Sc. I.*

Haste to the beginning of a feast,
There I am with them ; but to the end of a fray.

MASSINGER. *The Bashful Lover (Gothrio)*, *Act III., Sc. III.*

Hasty climbers quickly catch a fall —ANON. *The Play of Stuckley (W'sc)*, line 710.

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well —SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI., Pt. III. (Gloster)*, *Act IV., Sc. I.*

Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?—SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Shylock)*, *Act IV., Sc. I.*

Hatred is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Scenes of Clerical Life, Janet's Repentance*.

Have more than thou shovest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest

SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (Fool), Act I, Sc IV.*

Have you not heard it said full oft
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?

SHAKESPEARE *The Passionate Pilgrim, St. 14.*

(The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost ;)
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most

POPE *Eloisa to Abelard, last line.*

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle them back.

GOLDSMITH. *Relation, line 107.*

He chew'd

The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and cook'd his spleen.

TENNYSON. *The Princess, I.*

He deepest wounds that in his fawning bites—PH. FLETCHER. *The Purple Island, Can VII, St 50.*

He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves

SHAKESPEARE *Julius Caesar (Cassius), Act I, Sc. II.*

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.—SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost (Holofernes), Act V, Sc I*

He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination

BUTLER *Hudibras, Bk. I, Can I, line 77.*

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE *I'll Never Love Thee More.*

He gives by halves who hesitates to give—BROOME. *Letter to Lord Cornwallis*

He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty

J. R. LOWELL. *Vision of Sir Launful, Pt. I, VI.*

He giveth oft who gives what's oft refused—CRASHAW. *Epigrammata Sacra, CIII.*

Sæpe dedit quisquis sæpe negata dedit

He hath abandoned his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope—SHAKESPEARE *All's Well that Ends Well (Lafeu), Act I, Sc I.*

He hath no need of property

Who knows not how to spend it

THACKERAY *Ballads, The King of Brentford's Testament.*

He hath nothing done that doth not all.—S. DANIEL. *Civil War*,
Bk. IV, XIV.

He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience—ROGER ASCHAM. *The Schoolmaster*.

He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand
To lash offence

TENNYSON. *The Princess*

He highest builds who with most art destroys,
And against others' fame his own employs

MARVELL. *To Mr Richard Lovelace, 13.*

He husbands best his life, that freely gives
It for the publick good ; he rightly lives,
That nobly dies : 'tis greatest mastery,
Not to be fond to live, nor feare to die
On just occasion ; he that (in case) despises
Life, earns it best ; but he that overprizes
His dearest blood, when honour bids him die,
Steals but a life, and lives by robbery.

QUARLES. *History of Esther, Sect 15, Med 15.*

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

TUKE. *The Adventures of Five Hours, Act V, Sc. III.*

He is all fault who hath no fault at all—TENNYSON. *Launcelot and Elaine*.

He is as cowardly
That longer fears to live as he that fears to die

PHINEAS FLETCHER. *The Purple Island, Can. X, St 8.*

He is but a fool that, when all fails, cannot live upon his wit—UNKNOWN. *A Merry Knack to know a Knave (Coneycatcher)*

He is gentil that doth gentil dedis.—CHAUCER. *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, line 6752.

He is not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity.

MASSINGER. *The Maid of Honour, Act IV, Sc III.*

He is not worthy of the honeycomb
Who shuns the hives because the bees have stings

SHAKESPEARE (attributed to). *Locrine (Hubba), Act III, Sc. II.*

He is only fantastical who is not in fashion—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt III, Mem II, Subsect III.*

He is well paid that is well satisfy'd—SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice (Portia), Act III, Sc I.*

He is yet the wisest man
Who is not wise at all.

WORDSWORTH. *The Oak and the Broom.*

He jests at scars that never felt a wound—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo), Act II, Sc II.*

He knew what is what—SKELTON. *Colin Cloutie, line 1106.*

He knew what's what.—BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. I, Can I, line 149.*

HE LAUGHTH—HE NE'ER IS CROWN'D.

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He laughth that winth —J HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk I., Ch V.*

They laugh that win —SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Othello), Act IV., Sc II.*

Repeat the proverb, ' Let those laugh that win '—CHATTERTON.
Resignation

He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale

DR JOHNSON *The Vanity of Human
Wishes, line 220*

He levys at ef that freely levys —BARBOUR *The Bruce, Bk. I.,
line 228.*

He lives in fame that dy'd in virtue's cause —SHAKESPEARE *Titus
Andronicus (Lucius), Act I., Sc I.*

He lives long that lives well —THOS FULLER *Holy and Profane
States, Holy State, The Good Child*

(A forced love needs no such great applause,)

He loves but ill that loves not for a cause

QUARLES *Job Militant, Sect. 2*

He loves his bonds who, when the first are broke,
Submits his neck unto a second yoke

HERRICK. *Hesperides, 42*

He makes a false wife that suspects a true —NATH. FIELD. *Amends
for Ladies (Subile), Act I., Sc I.*

He makes a foe who makes a jest —GAY. *Fables, Pt I., XLVI.*

He makes a solitude, and calls it peace! —BYRON. *The Bride of
Abydos, Can. II., XX.*

He makes no friend who never made a foe —TENNYSON. *Launcelot
and Elaine.*

He may love riches that wanteth them, as much as he that hath them.
—R. BAXTER. *Christian Ethics*

He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us less —ADDISON *English
Poets, referring to Cowley*

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire — YOUNG *Night
Thoughts, Night II, line 24.*

He mouths a sentence as ours mouth a bone —CHURCHILL *The
Rosciad, line 322.*

He must needs goe whom the divell doth drive —J HEYWOOD.
Proverbs, Bk II., Ch VI.

He must needs go that the devil drives —SHAKESPEARE *All's
Well that Ends Well (Clown), Act I., Sc. III.*

He needs no aid who doth his lady's will —TENNYSON. *Pelleas and
Ettarre.*

He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead.

KEATS *Endymion II.*

(In good or ill leave casuists on the shelf.)

He never errs who sacrifices self

BULWER LYTTON. *The New Timon, Pt IV, III.*

He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favour—SIR R. STEELE. *Spectator, No. 554.*

He only is a well-made man who has a good determination—EMERSON. *Culture*

(Through the wide world) he only is alone
Who lives not for another Come what will,
The generous man has his companion still

ROGERS. *Human Life.*

He only judges right who weighs, compares,
And, in the sternest sentence which his voice
Pronounces, ne'er abandons charity

WORDSWORTH. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets, Pt II, I.*

He only sins who ill intends—PRIOR. *Hans Carrel, line 68.*

He ought not to pretend to friendship's name,
Who reckons not himself and friend the same.

TUKE. *The Adventures of Five Hours*

He pays the half who does confess the debt—HERRICK. *Hesperides, 226*

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all

COLERIDGE. *The Ancient Mariner, Pt VII.*

(Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown,)

He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast, VII.*

He's armed without that's innocent within.—POPE. *Epistle I., Bl. I, line 94.*

He's as tedious

As a tir'd horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on eates, and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV, Pt I (Hotspur), Act III, Sc. I.*

He's best at ease that meddleth least—UNKNOWN. *Faire 'em (Manville), Act III, Sc. XVII, line 1383.*

He's half absolv'd who has confessed—PRIOR. *Alma, Can. II., line 22*

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that men can breathe

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens (1st Senator), Act III, Sc. V.*

He sees enough who doth his darkness see—LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY. *To his Mistress for her True Picture*

HE SELDOM ERRS—HE THAT GOES TO SEA. 99

He seldom errs

Who thinks the worst he can of womankind

HOME *Douglas (Glenalvon)*, *Act III*

He sins against this life who slight the next—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*, *Night III*, line 399

He soonest looseth that despairs to win.—ANON *The Play of Stuckley (Stuckley)*, line 711.

He teaches to deny that faintly prayes—QUARLES *A Feast for Wormes*, *Sect 7, Med 7*.

He that begins to live, begins to die—QUARLES *Hicrcoglyph I.*, *Epyg I*

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive

B FRANKLIN *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

He that climbs highest has the greatest fall—TOURNEUR *The Revenger's Tragedy (Lusurioso)*, *Act V*.

He that desireth riches, must stretch the string that will not reach, and practise all kinds of getting—LYLY *Euphues and his England*

He that dies pays all debts—SHAKESPEARE *The Tempest (Sicphano)*, *Act III, Sc II*

He that dies this year is quit for the next—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt. II. (Feeble)*, *Act III, Sc III*

He that doth live at home, and learns to know
God and himself, needeth no further go

CHRIS HARVIE *The Synagogue, Travels at Home*

He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint; that boasteth of it is a devil—THOS FULLER *Holy and Profane States, Of Self-Praising*

He that first cries out 'Stop thief!' is often he that has stolen the treasure—CONGREVE *Love for Love (Scandal)*, *Act III, Sc. XIV*

He that forgets to pray
Bids not himself good-morrow nor good-day

RANDOLPH *Necessary Observations, 1st precept*

(If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for) he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing—B FRANKLIN *Poor Richard's Almanack*

He that goes to law (as the proverb is) holds a wolf by the ears—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy Democritus to the Reader*

He that goes to sea, must smel of the ship, and he that sayles into Poets wil savour of Pitch—STEPHEN GOSSON. *The Schoole of Abuse*

He that has but ever so little examined the citations of writers cannot doubt how little credit the quotations deserve, where the originals are wanting; and consequently how much less quotations of quotations can be relied on—LOCKE *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Bl. IV., Ch. XVI., Sect. 11.

He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischievous—BACON. *Essay VIII., Of Marriage and Single Life*

He that hath an ill name is half hang'd, ye know—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. II., Ch. VI*

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord.—PROVERBS. Ch. XIX., ver. 17.

He that hedes treasure
Imagines every one thinks of that place
MIDDLETON. *The Old Law (Cleanthes)*,
Act IV., Sc. II.

He that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learneder than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own

BUTLER. *Satire upon Human Learning*,
Pt. I., line 65.

He that is down can fall no lower—BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. I.*,
Can. III., line 877.

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride.

BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress, Pt. II.*

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round—SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew (Katharina)*, Act V., Sc. II.

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.—PROVERBS. Ch. XV., ver. 15

He that is one man's slave is free from none—CHAPMAN. *The Gentleman Usher (Vincentio)*, Act I., Sc. I.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know t, and he's not robb'd at all.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Othello)*, Act III., Sc. III.

What loss feels he that wots not what he loses?—BROOME. *The Merry Beggars*, Act I., Sc. I.

He that is void of fear may soon be just;
And no religion binds men to be traitors.

BEN JONSON. *Catiline (Cicero)*, Act III., Sc. II.

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her—
ST. JOHN Ch. VIII., ver. 7.

Who reproves the lame must go upright. S. DANIEL. *Civil War*, Bl. III., X.

HE THAT KYLLYTH—HE THAT SLEEPS. 101

(According to our commune proverbe), 'He that kyllyth a man dronk, sober schal be hangyd'—T. STARKEY *England in Reign of Henry VIII, Bk. I., Ch II (S Pole)*

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend—SIR H. TAYLOR
Philip von Artevelde, Pt I. (Father John), Act I, Sc V

He that loseth his honestie, hath nothing else to lose—LYLY. *Euphues*

He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall.—MARLOWE *Dr. Faustus (Bad Angel), Act V, Sc. IV.*

He that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy of the flatterer—SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens (Apemantus), Act I, Sc I*

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man—PROVERBS *Ch XXI., ver 17.*

He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act IV., Sc IV.*

He that mounts him on the swiftest hope,
Shall often run his courser to a stand

COLLEY CIBBER *Richard III, altered by, (King Henry), Act I, Sc I*

He that needs five thousand pounds to live
Is full as poor as he that needs but five

HERBERT *The Temple The Church Porch.*

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister

SHAKESPEARE *All's Well that Ends Well (Helene), Act II, Sc I*

He that once is good, is always great—BEN JONSON. *The Forest To Lady Aubigny*

He that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong.
TENNYSON *The Captain*

He that roars for liberty,
Faster binds a tyrant's power;
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour.
TENNYSON. *The Vision of Sin.*

He that's merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good
RANDOLPH *The Muses' Looking Glass*

He that sleeps feels not the toothache—SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (1st Jailer), Act V., Sc. IV.*

He that spareth the rod hateth his son.—PROVERBS Ch. XIII., ver. 24.

Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. II., Canto I.*, line 843.

He that will not use the rod on his child, his child shall be used as a rod on him.—TH. FULLER. *Holy and Profane States, The Good Parent*

He that stabs another, can kill his body: but he that stabs himself, kills his own soul.—BURTON *Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt. I., Sect. IV., Mem. I.*

He that strikes
The venison first shall be lord o' the feast.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Belarius)*, Act III., Sc. III.

He that strives not to stem his anger's tide,
Does a wild horse without a bridle ride

COLLEY CIBBER. *Lore's Last Shift*, Act III..
Sc. I., last lines

He that thinks with more extent than another, will want words of larger meaning.—DR. S. JOHNSON. *The Idler*, No. 70.

He that, to his prejudice, will do
A noble action and a gen'rous too,
Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown
Than he that hath a thousand battles won

POMFRET. *Cruelly and Lust*, line 399.

He that to nought aspires, doth nothing needs,
Who breaks no law is subject to no king.

G. CHAPMAN. *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois (Clermont)*, Act IV., Sc. I.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith—ECCLESIASTICUS. Ch. XIII., ver. 1.

Whoso touches pitch, mought needs be defilde.—CHAUCER. *The Shepheard's Calender, May*, 74.

They that touch pitch will be defil'd—SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado about Nothing (Dogberry)*, Act V., Sc. I.

He that voluntarily continues ignorance, is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces—DR. S. JOHNSON. *Letter to Mr. W. Drummond* 13th August 1766.

He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.—SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Corin)*, Act III., Sc. II.

He that will have cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.—SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida (Pandarus)*, Act I., Sc. I.

HE THAT WILL RISE—HE WAS A RAKE. 103

He that will rise to the top of a high ladder must go up, not leap up —
L. MACHIN *The Dumb Knight (Praise), Act I, Sc I*

He that will use all winds, must shift his sail — FLETCHER *The Faithful Shepherdess (Chloe), Act III, Sc III*.

He that wold not when he might,

He shall not when he wold-a

OLD BALLAD *The Baffled Knight*

He that will not when he may.

When he would he shall have nay

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk I, Ch III*

Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offered,

Shall never find it more

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Menes), Act II, Sc VII*

But he that takes not such time, while he may,

Shall leap at a whiting, when time is away

The Marriage of True Wit and Science (Will), Act IV, Sc I.

He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife! — BEN JONSON *The Poetaster (Alvus), Act III, Sc I*

He that writes to himself writes to an eternal public — EMERSON. *Spiritual Laws*

He threatens many that hath injured one — BEN JONSON *Sejanus (Silius), Act II, Sc IV*.

He thrild the labyrinth of the mind,

He reads the secret of the star,

He seems so near and yet so far,

He looks so cold . she thinks him kind

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, XCVII.*

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes — SHAKESPEARE *Richard II. (Gaunt), Act II, Sc I*

He travels best that knows when to return — MIDDLETON *The Old Law (Cleanthes), Act IV, Sc II*

He wants worth who dares not praise a foe — DRYDEN *The Conquest of Granada (Abdalla), Act II*

He was a bold man that first ate an oyster — SWIFT. *Polite Conversation, Dia II*

He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act I, Sc II*

(The commyn saying,) ' He was neuer gud master that neuer was scoler, nor neuer gud capitayne that neuer was soudier ' — T. STARKY. *England in the Reign of Henry VIII, Pt I, Ch I, 4 (Pole)*

He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes — MACAULAY. *Of Addison Review of Aikin's Life of Addison*

He was not of an age, but for all time!—BEN JONSON. *Underwoods, XII. To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can III., St 41.*

He well repents that will not sin, yet can;
But Death-bed sorrow rarely shews the man.

NATH. LEE *The Princess of Cleve
(Nemours), Act IV., Sc III*

He who allows oppression shares the crime—ERAS DARWIN. *The Loves of the Planis, Can III, line 458.*

He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school

N. COTTON. *Visions in Verse, Slander.*

He who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

WHITTIER. *Lines for the Agricultural Exhibition
at Amesbury.*

He who can draw a joy
From rocks, or woods, or weeds, or things that seem
All mute, and does it—is wise.

BARRY CORNWALL. *A Haunted Stream.*

He who can resign
Has never lov'd.

MALLETT *Amynor and Theodora, Can I, line 407.*

He who discommendeth others obliquely commendeth himself.—
SIR T. BROWNE *Christian Morals, Pt. I., XXXIV.*

He who does evil that good may come pays a toll to the devil to let
him into heaven.—J. C. HARE *Guesses at Truth, Vol II, p 213.*

He who has the truth at his heart need never fear the want of persua-
sion on his tongue.—RUSKIN. *The Stones of Venice, Infidelitas, Sect. 99.*

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress.

BYRON. *The Graour.*

He who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture hath pounds of much
worse matter in his composition.—C LAMB *Essays of Elia, All Fools' Day*

He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law.

BYRON. *Occasional Pieces, A very mournful Ballad.*

He who is evil can receive no good :
 And for a world bestowed, or a friend lost,
 He can feel hate, fear, shame, not gratitude

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound (Prometheus), Act I.*

He who loves not his country, can love nothing.—BYRON. *The Two Foscari (Jac Foscari), Act III, Sc I*

He who quells an angry thought
 Is greater than a king.

ELIZA COOK. *Anger.*

He who receives
 Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true

MILTON. *Paradise Regained, Bl. IV., line 288.*

He who seeks the mind's improvement
 Aids the world, in aiding mind !
 Every great commanding movement
 Serves not one but all mankind

CHAS SWAIN *What Is Noble !*

He who wears his heart on his sleeve, will often have to lament that
 daws peck at it —CARLYLE *Essay on Schiller*

He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some
 renown , but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette,
 is indeed a hero —WASHINGTON IRVING. *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*

He who would climb and soar aloft
 Must needs keep ever at his side
 The tonlo of a wholesome pride

A. H. CLOUGH. *The Higher Courage.*

He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the
 name of goodness, but must explore it if it be goodness —EMERSON.
Self-Reliance.

He who would make a pun, would pick a pocket.—DR. DONNE.
 [Often attributed to Dr S. Johnson]

He who would win the name of truly great
 Must understand his own age and the next

J. R. LOWELL *A Glance Behind the Curtain*

He whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet
 support his vanity by the name of a critick —DR. S. JOHNSON. *The Idler, No 60*

He, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
 Who loves his country, cannot hate mankind

CHURCHILL. *The Farewell, line 301*

He wreathed the rod of criticism with roses —I. DISRAEEL. *On Bayle*
 (The world agrees,
 That) he writes well who thinks with ease ;
 Then he, by sequel logical,
 Writes best who never thinks at all

PRIOR. *Epistle to Fleetwood Shephard.*

Health is the first good lent to men ;
 A gentle disposition then ;
 Next, to be rich by no by-ways ;
 Lastly, with friends t' enjoy our days.

HERRICK *Hesperides*, 121.

Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And exercise of health

THOMSON. *The Castle of Indolence*, Can. II, St. 55.

(For thou shalt) heap coals of fire upon his head.—PROVERBS. Ch. XXV., ver. 22.

Thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.—ST. PAUL. *Epistle to the Romans*, Ch. XII, ver. 20.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
 That it do singe yourself : we may out-run,
 By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not,
 The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it ?

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII.* (Norfolk), Act I., Sc. I.

Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,
 And all is holy where devotion kneels

O. W. HOLMES *Poetry*.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*
 (Duke), Act I., Sc. I.

Heaven forfend that vengeance e'er should strike,
 Ere justice doomed the blow.

SOUTHEY. *The Fall of Robespierre*, Act II.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
 Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride* (Zara), Act III.,
 Sc. VIII.

A slighted woman knows no bounds —VANBURGH. *The Mistake* (Leonora), Act II., Sc. I.

He shall find no Fiend in Hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman.—COLLEY CIBBER. *Love's Last Shift* (Flarewell), Act IV., Sc. I.

Is any Panther's, Lioness's rage
 So furious, any Torrent's fall so swift,
 As a wrong'd woman's hate ?

NAT. LEE. *Alexander the Great*
 (Cassandra), Act I., Sc. I.

Heaven is above all yet : there sits a Judge
 That no king can corrupt.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII.* (Katharine),
 Act III., Sc. I.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy —WORDSWORTH. *Ode on Immortality*.

Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best—DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt I, line 44.*

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones—SHAKESPEARE *King John (Arthur), Act IV, Sc III*

Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men
Who to themselves are false

WORDSWORTH *The Prelude, Bl X*

Heaven's great artillery.—CRASHAW. *The Flaming Heart*, 56
(I the) heir of all the ages—TENNYSON. *Lochley Hall*

Hell gives us art to reach the depth of sin,
But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in

FLETCHER *The Queen of Corinth (Agenor), Act IV, Sc III.*

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings—HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

Hell is paved with good intentions—BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson (Fitzgerald's Ed), 1888, Vol II, p 19*

Help refused
Is hindrance sought and found
R BROWNING *Ferishtah's Fancies, Two Camels.*

Help your lame dog o'er a stile—SWIFT *Whig and Tory*

Hence, loathed melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born

MILTON. *L'Allegro*

(She for him had given)
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven
BYRON *The Corsair, Can II, XVII.*

Her beauty and her brain go not together she's a good sign, but I
have seen small reflection of her wit—SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (1st Lord), Act I, Sc II.*

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo), Act I, Sc. V.*

(For she was beautiful) her beauty made
The bright world dim, and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade

SHELLEY. *The Witch of Atlas, XII*

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.—TENNYSON. *In Memoriam. XXII.*

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. *Ballad on a Wedding*

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
 A little out, and then,
 As if they play'd at Bo-peep,
 Did soon draw in again.

HERRICK. *On her Feet.*

Her tears, her vows are all a cheat,
 For woman loves herself alone

SOMERVILLE. *To Phyllis.*

Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Lear), Act V., Sc. III.*

Her waist is ampler than her life,
 For life is but a span

O. W. HOLMES. *My Aunt.*

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
 Whose word no man relies on;
 He never says a foolish thing,
 Nor ever does a wise one

EARL OF ROCHESTER. *Written on Charles II.'s bedchamber door.*

The first line is often quoted—
 Here lies our mutton-eating king.

Here lies my wife : here let her lie !
 Now she's at rest, and so am I.

DRYDEN. *Suggested Epitaph.*

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;
 Here's to the widow of fifty.

SHERIDAN. *The School for Scandal, Song (Sir H. Bumper), Act III. Sc. III.*

Heroism is active genius ; genius contemplative heroism —J. G. FLARE. *Gusses at Truth, Vol II., p. 10.*

High device is still the highest force,
 And he who holds the secret of the wheel
 May make the rivers do what work he would.

GEORGE ELIOT. *The Spanish Gipsy (Zarca).*

Him, the same laws, the same protection yields,
 Who ploughs the furrow, or who owns the field.

SAVAGE. *Of Public Spirit. line 41.*

Him who ne'er listened to the voice of praise
 The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.

BEATTIE. *The Minstrel, Bk. I, St. 2.*

His bounty,
 There was no winter in't. an autumn 'twas
 That grew the more by reaping

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Cleopatra), Act V., Sc. II.*

His heart runs away with his head.—G. COLMAN, the Younger *Who Wants a Guinea? (Hearily), Act I., Sc. I.*

HIS HONOUR ROOTED—HONESTY IS THE BEST. 109

(The shackles of an old love straiten'd him),
His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

TENNYSON. *Launcelot and Elaine.*

His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour ;
But, in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

WORDSWORTH. *Sonnet, Pt. I, XXIV.*

History, a distillation of Rumour—CARLYLE. *The French Revolution, Pt. I., Bk. VII., Ch. V.*

History is full of the errors of states and princes—B. FRANKLIN. *Autobiography*

(I have read somewhere or other—in Dionysius of Halicarnassus I think—that) History is Philosophy teaching by examples—BOLINGBROKE. *On the Study and Use of History, Letter II*

History, which is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind—GIBBON. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Ch. III.*

(It became a proverb when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say,) 'Hobson's Choice.'—STEELE. *Spectator, No. 509.*

Hold their noses to grinstones, and sit on their skurtes,
That erst sate on myne

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. V*

Hold thou the good : define it well :
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her marks, and be
Procureress to the Lords of Hell

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam. LIII.*

Home is home, though it never be so homely—OLD PROVERB.

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home—J. H. PAYNE.
Home, Sweet Home. From the Opera of Clari, The Maid of Milan

Honest hearts make iron arms—O. W. HOLMES. *Song for Centennial Celebration of Harvard College.*

Honest labour bears a lovely face—T. DEKKER. *Sweet Content.*

Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten

OTWAY. *Venice Preserved (Pierre), Act I, Sc. I.*

Honesty is the best policy—B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Sayings.*

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man—ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

Honour alone we cannot, must not lose ;
 Honour, that spark of the celestial fire,
 That above nature makes mankind aspire ;
 Ennobles the rude passions of our frame
 With thirst of glory, and desire of fame :
 The richest treasure of a generous breast,
 That gives the stamp and standard to the rest.

HALIFAX *The Man of Honour.*

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies

POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. IV.*, line 193.

Honour is a baby's rattle—RANDOLPH. *The Muses' Looking Glass (Micropsychus)*, *Act III, Sc. II.*

Honour is a public enemy : and conscience a domestic • and he that would secure his pleasure, must pay a tribute to one, and go halves with t' other.—CONGREVE. *Love for Love (Scandal)*, *Act III., Sc. XIV.*

Honour is like a widow, won
 With brisk attempt and putting on.

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. I, Can. I.*, line 913.

Honours are shadows, which from seekers fly ;
 But follow after those who them deny.

R. BAXTER. *Lore Breathing Thanks
 and Praise, Pt. II.*

Honours best thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave
 Debauch'd on every tomb : on every grave,
 A living trophy : and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well (King),
 Act II., Sc. III.*

Hood an ass in rev'rend purple,
 So you can hide his too ambitious ears,
 And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor. ,

BEN JONSON. *Volpone (Mosca), Act I, Sc. I.*

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick —PROVERBS. *Ch. XIII., ver. 12.*

Hope dries the tear which sorrow weepeth.—R. H. BARHAM. *On the Death of a Daughter.*

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell !

CAMPBELL. *The Pleasures of Hope.*

Hope ! Fortune's cheating lottery :
 Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be.

COWLEY. *Against Hope, III.*

HOPE HERSELF—HOW BITTER A THING. III

Hope herself ceases to be happiness when impatience companions her.
—RUSKIN. *The Ethics of the Dust, The Crystal Orders*

Hope is but the dream of those that wake —PRIOR. *Solomon, Bk. III.*, line 102.

Hope is the fawning traytor of the mind, while under colour of friend
ship, it robs it of its chuef force of resolution —SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia.*
Bk. III.

Hope never spreads her golden wing but on unfathomable seas.
—EMERSON. *The Progress of Culture.*

Hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past
T. MOORE. *Juvenile Poems, Song.*

Hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind.
T. MOORE. *Juvenile Poems, Song.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never is, but always to be blest.
POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. I*, line 95.

Hope that with honey blends the cup of pain —SIR W. JONES *Hymn to Sereswatty.*

Hope, thou nurse of young desire —BICKERSTAFF. *Love in a Village* (*Rosetta sings*), *Act I., Sc. I.*

Hops and turkeys, carps and beer,
Came into England all in a year
SIR R. BAKER *Chronicles, quoted in Walton's Complete Angler (Piscator), Bk. I., Ch. IX.*

Horses, thou say'st, and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy ;
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake ;
Then, not till then, the veil's removed away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
POPE. *The Wife of Bath, line 100.*

Hot love soon colde —J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. II.*

Dowghter, in this I can thinke no other
But that it is true thys proverbe olde,
Hastye love is soone hot and soone colde !
UNKNOWN. *Play of Wit and Science.*

How a good meaning
May be corrupted by a misconstruction
MIDDLETON. *The Old Law (Simonides), Act I., Sc. 1.*

How are the mighty fallen ! —SAMUEL. *Bk. II., Ch. I.*, ver. 19.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's
eyes ! —SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Orlando), Act V., Sc. II.*

112 HOW BLINDE IS PRIDE—HOW MANY FOOLS.

How blinde is Pride ! what Eagles we are still,
In matters that belong to other men !

What Beetles in our owne !

G. CHAPMAN. *All Fooles (Marc Antony)*, *Act IV., Sc. I.*

How can a man comprehend great matters, that breaketh his minde
too much to small observations ?—BACON. *Essay LII., Of Ceremonies
and Respects.*

How can the less the greater comprehend ?
Or finite reason reach infinity ?

DRYDEN. *Religio Laici*, line 39.

How carve way r' the life that lies before,
If bent on groaning ever for the past ?

R. BROWNING. *Balaustion's Adventure.*

How chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors ! Oh, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. II (King Henry)*,
Act III., Sc. I.

How cold the comfort in Good-bye !—DICKENS. *Martin Chuzzlewit*,
Ch. XV.

How full of briars is this working-day world.—SHAKESPEARE. *As You
Like It (Rosalind)*, *Act I., Sc. III.*

How goes the enemy ?—REYNOLDS. *The Dramatist*

How great his theft who robs himself !—N. COTTON. *Visions in Verse.
Pleasure.*

How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away !

GAY. *The Beggars' Opera (Macheath sings)*,
Act II., Sc. II.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot !
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

POPE *Eliza to Abelard*, line 207.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel.—SHAKESPEARE. *Julius
Cesar (Portia)*, *Act II., Sc. IV.*

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.—SHAKESPEARE.
Henry IV., Pt. II. (King), *Act V., Sc. V.*

How light
Must dreams themselves be ; seeing they're more slight
Than the mere nothing that engenders them !

KEATS *Endymion.*

How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost for want of
being indifferent where we ought.—STEELE. *Spectator*, No 38.

How many fools serve mad jealousy.—SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of
Errors (Luciana)*, *Act II., Sc. I.*

HOW MANY PERILS—HOW SHALL WE RANK. 113

(Ay me,) how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall.

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene, Bk. I, Can. VIII, St. 1.*

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection ?

SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice (Portia), Act V., Sc. I.*

How many troubles are with children born !
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

How much a dunce that hath been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that hath been kept at home

COWPER *Progress of Error, line 415.*

How now ! a rat ! Dead ! for a ducat, dead !—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet, Act III, Sc. IV.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done

SHAKESPEARE *King John (King), Act IV, Sc. II.*

How often woman's heart must turn
To feed upon its own excess
Of deep yet passionate tenderness !
How much of grief the heart must prove
That yields a sanctuary to love !

L E L *The Troubadour.*

How partial is the voice of Fame !—PRIOR. *Epigram on Partial Fame.*

How poor are they that have not patience !
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Iago), Act II, Sc. III.*

How poor religious pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace except the heart !

BURNS *The Cottar's Saturday Night.*

How quickly Nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object !

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt. II. (King Henry), Act IV., Sc. IV.*

('Tis sure the hardest science to forget,)
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence ?

POPE *Eloisa to Abelard, line 191.*

How shall we rank thee* upon Glory's page ?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage !
Too formed for peace to act a conqueror's part,
Too trained in camps to learn a statesman's art,
Nature designed thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold !

T. MOORE. *Epsidle to Thos Hume, Esq., M.D.*

* George Washington.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Lear)*, Act I., Sc. IV.

How silver-sweet sound lover's tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo)*, Act II., Sc. II.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod

COLLINS *Ode written in 1746.*

How slow

Behind the course of thought, even sick with speed,
Lags leaden-footed time !

SHELLEY. *The Cenci (Beatrice)*, Act IV., Sc. II.

How slow the day

Slides on ! when we desire time's haste,
It seems to lose a match with lobsters :
And when we wish him stay, he impes his wings
With feathers plum'd with thought

JOHN TOMPKINS *Albumazar (Pandofo)*, Act II., Sc. VI.

How small a fence Love sets between the king
And the strong hund, who breeds his brood, and dies
Upon the field he tills

LEWIS MORRIS *Epic of Hades, Helen.*

How soon a smile of God can change the world !
How we are made for happiness—how work
Grows play, adversity a winning fight !

R. BROWNING. *In a Balcony.*

How soon the tale of ages may be told !
A page, a verse, records the fall of fame.

F. HEMANS *Modern Greece, LXVII.*

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives.

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II. (Richard).*
Act V., Sc. V.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall !

TENNYSON. *Sir Galahad.*

How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die !

T. MOORE *Juvenile Pieces, Elegiac Stanzas*

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears, soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Lorenzo)*, Act V., Sc. I.

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman !
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses

MIDDLETON. *The Old Law (Leontes)*, *Act IV.*, *Sc. II*

How taken in this idle world by show !
Birth, riches, are the Baals to whom we bow ,
Preferring, with a soul as black as soot,
A rogue on horseback to a saint on foot

PETER FINDAR. *The Lousiad, Can. I.*, line 479.

How use doth breed a habit in a man —SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona (Valentine)*, *Act V*, *Sc. IV*.

How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little, are the proud,
How indigent the great !

GRAY. *Ode to the Spring*.

How weak a thing
The heart of woman is !

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Portia)*, *Act II*, *Sc. IV*.

How were pity understood
Unless by pain ?

R. BROWNING. *Parleyings with Certain People, Francis Fairm.*

How wise they are that are but fools in love !—JOSHUA COOKE.*
How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad (Anselm), *Act I*, *Sc. I*.

Howe'er man rules in science and in art,
The sphere of woman's glories is the heart

T. MOORE. *Epilogue to the Tragedy of Ina*.

Human beliefs, like all other natural growths, elude the barriers of system —GEORGE ELIOT. *Silas Marner*

Human nature will not flourish, any more than a potato, if it be planted and replanted, for too long a series of generations, in the same worn-out soil —N HAWTHORNE. *The Scarlet Letter, Introductory Chapter*.

Human pride
Is skilful to invent most serious names
To hide its ignorance.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab, VII*.

Human science is uncertain guess —PRIOR. *Solomon, Bl. I.*, line 740.

Humanity always becomes a conqueror —SHERIDAN. *Pizarro (Elvira)*, *Act I.*, *Sc. I*.

Humanity is one of the best fruits of refinement —PRESCOTT. *Mexico, Ch. VI.*

Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven !
Love finds admission where proud science fails

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night IX*, line 1859.

* Generally attributed to Joshua Cooke, but the authorship is somewhat uncertain.

116 HUNGER IS BITTER—I CANNOT LOVE.

Hunger is bitter, but the worst
Of human pangs, the most accursed
Of Want's fell scorpions, is Thirst.

ELIZA COOK. *Melaria.*

Hunger is sharper than the sword.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Honest Man's Fortune (La-Poop), Act II., Sc. II.*

Hunger makes coarse meats delicate —HERRICK. *Hesperides*, 107

Hunger, revenge, to sleep are petty foes,
But only Death the jealous eyes can close

WYCHERLEY. *Love in a Wood (Valentine), Act I., Sc. IV*

Hunting the word that never comes —CHURCHILL. *The Poetry Professors.*

Huzzaed out of my seven senses —*Spectator, No 616. Letter.*

Hypocrisy the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. III., line 683.*

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord.
—REVELATION. *Ch. I., ver. 8.*

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Antonio), Act IV., Sc. I.*

I am a worm and no man.—PSALMS *XXII*, ver. 6

I am fortune's fool.—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo), Act III., Sc. I.*

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute

COWPER. *Alexander Selkirk.*

I am resolved to grow fat, and look young till forty —DRYDEN. *The Maiden Queen, Act III., Sc. I.*

Fat, fair and forty.—SIR W. SCOTT. *St. Ronan's Well, Ch. VII.*

I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Gratiano), Act I., Sc. I.*

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die

SHELLEY. *The Cloud, VI.*

I bring fresh showers for the thirsty flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.

SHELLEY. *The Cloud, I.*

I call a spade a spade —BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader.*

I cannot love my lord, and not his name —TENNYSON. *Geraint and Enid.*

I cannot sink
So far—far down, but I shall know
Thy voice, and answer from below.

TENNYSON. *Eleanore.*

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Ghost), Act I, Sc V.*

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more

R LOVELACE *To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.*

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends

SHAKESPEARE *King Richard II (Bolingbroke), Act II., Sc. III.*

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act I, Sc. VII.*

I do hate him, as I hate the devil—BEN JONSON. *Every Man out of his Humour (Malcuncle), Act I, Sc I.*

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell

ANON

I fear, that in the election of a wife,
As in a project of war, to err but once
Is to be undone for ever.

MIDDLETON *Anything for a Quiet Life (Lord Beaufort), Act I, Sc. I.*

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Brutus), Act IV, Sc III.*

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers,
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry—
"Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt I (Hotspur), Act III, Sc I.*

I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk, than in the fury of a
merciless pen—SIR T BROWNE *Religio Medici, Pt II, Sect IV.*

I have but one simile, and that's a blunder,
For wordless woman, which is silent thunder

BYRON *Don Juan, Canto VI., St 57.*

I have heard indeed, that two negatives make an affirmative; but I
never heard before that two nothings ever made anything—DUKE OF
BUCKINGHAM *Speech in the House of Lords*

118 I HAVE NO OTHER—I MUST BE CRUEL.

I have no other, but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so

SHAKESPEARE *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (*Lucetta*), *Act I*, *Sc II*.

Besides, I have a woman's reason, I will not dance, because I will not dance—MIDDLETON *Blurt, Master Constable* (*Violetta*), *Act I*, *Sc I*.

I have played the fool—SAMUEL. *Bk I*, *Ch XXIV*, *ver 21*. (*Saul*).

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die

SHAKESPEARE *Richard III.* (*King Richard*), *Act V*, *Sc IV*

(Her stature tall)—I hate a dumpy woman—BYRON. *Don Juan*. *Can. I.*, *St 61*.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

TICKELL *Colin and Lucy*.

I hold a mouse's wit not worth a leke
That hath but on hole for to sterten to.

CHAUCER *Wyfe of Bath's Prologue*, *line 572*.

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of soul.

POPE *The Wife of Bath*, *line 297*.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlip and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine

SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (*Oberon*), *Act II*, *Sc II*

I know a trick worth two of that—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV.*, *Pt I*. (*1st Carrier*), *Act II*, *Sc I*

I know on which side my bread is buttered.—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*. *Bk II*, *Ch VII*.

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well

SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (*Helena*), *Act II*, *Sc II*.

I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth* (*Macbeth*), *Act IV*, *Sc I*.

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword

MONTROOSE *I'll Never Love Thee More*.

I'll see thee hang'd first—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER *The Knight of the Pessie*, *Act I*, *Sc IV*.

I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine—GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer* (*Hardcastle*), *Act I*, *Sc I*.

I must be cruel only to be kind.—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet* (*Hamlet*), *Act III*, *Sc IV*.

I must mix myself with action lest I wither by despair—TENNYSON.
Locksley Hall

(Caesar,) I never stood on ceremonies—SHAKESPEARE *Julius Caesar* (*Calpurnia*), *Act II*, *Sc. I.*

I owe you one.—COLMAN. *The Poor Gentleman*, *Act I*, *Sc. II.*

I own the soft impeachment.—SHERIDAN. *The Rivals* (*Mrs Malaprop*), *Act V.*, *Sc. III.*

I pause for a reply.—SHAKESPEARE *Julius Caesar* (*Brutus*), *Act III.*, *Sc. II.*—PRIOR. *The Conversation*, line 16

I pray you, think you question with the Jew ·
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)
His Jewish heart

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice* (*Antonio*), *Act IV.*, *Sc. I.*

Vide—‘ You may as well,’ etc.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high ·
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky ,
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy

Hood. *I Remember.*

I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV.*, *Pt. I* (*Vernon*), *Act IV*, *Sc. I.*

I see, but cannot reach, the height
That lies for ever in the light ;
And yet for ever, and for ever,
When seeming just within my grasp,
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,
And sink discouraged into night !

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend*, *II.*

I smell a rat.—MIDDLETON *Blurt Master Constable*, *Act III.*, *Sc. III*

I take a long, last, lingering view ;
Adieu, my native land, adieu !

LOGAN *The Lovers* (*Harriet*).

120 I'VE HEARD OF HEARTS—IF ANGELS FIGHT.

—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning ;
Alas ! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

WORDSWORTH. *Simon Lee.*

I was never less alone than when by myself.—GIBBON. *Memoirs, Vol. II.*, p. 117.

I went to Frankfort, and got drunk
With that most learn'd professor, Brunck ;
I went to Worms, and got more drunken
With that more learn'd professor, Ruhcken.

PORSON *Facetiae Cantab.*

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Othello), Act I, Sc. III.*

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Iago), Act I., Sc. I.*

I wonder what Mrs. Grundy would say ?—T. MORTON. *Speed the Plough (Dame Ashfield), Act I, Sc. I.*

I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses !—SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (1st Gaoler), Act V., Sc. IV.*

Idle hand has empty belly.—W. KING. *The Art of Love, Pt. VIII., line 1110.*

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools —
LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to his Son, 20th July 1749*

(Was sluggish) idleness, the nourse of sin —SPENSER *Faerie Queene, Bk. I., Can IV, St 18*

If a cherub in the shape of woman
Should walk this world, yet defamaton would,
Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train.

HOME *Douglas (Anna), Act III.*

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
No peace shall you know, though you've buried your wife !
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter !

SHERIDAN. *The Duenna (Don Jerome), Act I, Sc III.*

If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger ?—HUXLEY. *Science and Culture. On Elementary Instruction in Physiology*

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt I. (Prince Henry), Act I, Sc II.*

If angels fight,
Weak men must fall ; for Heaven still guards the right.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (York), Act III, Sc II.*

If England's head and heart were one,
Where is that good beneath the sun
Her noble hands should leave undone !

SYDNEY DOBELL. *A Shower in War Time.*

If fields are prisons, where is Liberty ?—BLOOMFIELD. *The Farmer's Boy, Autumn*, line 226.

If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die.

BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. IV., XXXIII.*

If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. I., Can. III., line 1047.*

If hearts be true and fast,
Ill fates may hurt us, but not harm, at last.

SIR E. ARNOLD. *Adzuma, Act I., Sc. III.*

If human men will shun swell'n fortune's runnous blasts,
Let them use temperance : nothing violent lasts

W. STRACHEY. *On Sejanus*

If I lose mine honour
I lose myself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Antony),
Act III., Sc. IV.*

If 't is the only peacemaker ; much virtue in 'If.'—SHAKESPEARE
As You Like It (Touchstone), Act V., Sc. IV.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act I., Sc. VII.*

If Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill ?—SHAKESPEARE. *Pericles (Pericles), Act I., Sc. I.*

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Jaques), Act II., Sc. VII.*

If little labour, little are our gains ;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*, 754.

122 IF LOVERS SHOULD—IF THOU WILT GO.

If lovers should mark everything a fault,
Affection would be like an ill-set book,
Whose faults might prove as big as half a volume.

MIDDLETON AND ROWLEY. *The Changeling, Act II., Sc. I.*

If men were better instructed themselves, they would be less imposing
on others—LOCKE. *Essay on the Understanding, Bl. IV, Ch. XVI.,*
Sect. 4.

If money go before, all ways do lie open.—SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry*
Wives of Windsor (Ford). Act II., Sc. II.

If Nature put not forth her power
About the opening of the flower,
Who is it that could live an hour?

TENNYSON. *The Two Voices.*

If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason
upon compulsion.—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. I. (Falstaff), Act*
II., Sc. IV.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies:
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow:
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,—our home.

N. COTTON. *The Fireside, St. 3.*

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Othello), Act IV., Sc. I.*

If the affections were taken away, reason would be like the pilot of a
ship forsaken by the winds, in a profound calm—KENELM DIGBY.
The Broad Stone of Honour (Godefrius), XVII.

If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch—ST. MAT-
THEW. *Ch. XV., ver. 14.*

If the past is not to bind us, where can duty lie? We should have no
law but the inclination of the moment.—GEORGE ELIOT. *The Mill*
on the Floss (Maggie), Bl. VI, Ch. XIV.

If the Poet be born, not made, is it not because he is born to sym-
pathise with what he has never experienced?—BULWER LYTTON. *What*
will he Do with It? (George Morley), Bl. XII., Ch. II.

If there's a sin more deeply black than others,
Distingush'd from the list of common crimes,
A legion in itself, and doubly dear
To the dark prince of hell, it is—Hypocrisy.

HANNAH MORE. *Percy (Douglas), Act III.*

If thou wilt go seek for a thief, no wonder if thou be robbed.—RICHARD
BAXTER. *Christian Ethics.*

IF THOU WILT—IGNORANCE IS A PRIVATION. 123

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will : and see that thou keep free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage :
For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the farthest Thulé,
If thy desire hath over thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no governor.

SIR T. WYATT. *He Ruleth Not.*

If thou wouldst be happy, learn to please.—PRIOR. *Solomon, Bk. II*, line 266.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.

SIR W. SCOTT *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Can. II., I.*

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all

POPE *Rape of the Lock, Bk. II*, line 17.

If trod upon, a worm
Will turn again

MIDDLETON AND ROWLEY. *The Spanish Gipsy*
(*Constanza*), Act V, Sc. I.

If we see right, we see our woes ;
Then what avails it to have eyes ?
From ignorance our comfort flows :
The only wretched are the wise.

PRIOR *Epistle to the Hon Chas Montague.*

Where ignorance is bliss
"Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY. *Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.*

Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe—
BEATTIE *The Minstrel, Bk. II*, St 30

If well thou hast begun, go on fore-right :
It is the end that crowns us, not the fight.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*, 340.

"Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end—HERRICK.
Hesperides, 341.

If women have a will,
They'll do it 'gainst all the watches of the world

BEN JONSON. *Volpone (Corvino)*, Act II, Sc. III.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.—SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Antony)*, Act III, Sc. II.

If you wish to be powerful, pretend to be powerful—HORNE TOOKE.
Advice to the Friends of the People.

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write ; but error is a
scribbled one on which we must first erase—COLTON. *Lacon*, I.

Ignorance is a privation, error a positive fact.—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*. *Democritus to the Reader.*

Ignorance is not innocence but sin —R. BROWNING. *The Inn Album*, V.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI*, Pt. II. (Say), Act IV., Sc. VII.

Ignorance is the mother of devotion, as all the world knows —BURTON.
Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt. III., Sect. IV., Mem. I., Subsect. II.

Ignorance is the mother of devotion —JEREMY TAYLOR *Letter to a Person newly converted*.

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me —
DRYDEN. *The Maiden Queen*, Act I., Sc. III.

Ignorance of better things makes man,
Who cannot much, rejoice in what he can

COWPER. *Retirement*.

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word —SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors* (*Luciana*), Act III., Sc. II.

Ill fares it with the flock,
If shepherds wrangle when the wolf is nigh.

SIR W. SCOTT. *Halidon Hill* (*Swinton*), Act I., Sc. II.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay ;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH *The Deser'ted Village*, line 51.

Ill father, no gift,
No knowledge, no thrift.

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*.
Preface, Ch. VI.

Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrain'd laughter any grace.

G. CHAPMAN. *Hero and Leander*, Sestiad V.

Ill news comes apace.—OLD PROVERB.

Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go ;
Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.

DRAYTON. *The Baron's Wars*, Bl. II., XXVIII.

Evil news fly faster still than good.—T. KYD. *The Spanish Tragedy* (*Alexander*), Act I.

For evil news rides post, while good news baits.—MILTON.
Samson Agonistes (*Chorus*).

Ill news goes fast.—PRIOR. *Cupid and Ganymede*.

Ill news spreads fast —R. BROWNING. *Colombe's Birthday*, Act I.

Ill thrives the haplesse Family, that showes
A cock that's silent, and a Hen that crowes.

QUARLES *History of Queen Esther*, Sect. 3, Med. 3.

Ill ware is never cheap —HERBERT *Jacula Prudentium*

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it has too small a bound ;
 But now two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt. I. (Prince Henry)*, *Act V., Sc. IV.*

Ill weede growth fast, Ales !—J. HEWOOD *Proverbs*

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace —SHAKESPEARE *Richard III. (York)*, *Act II, Sc. IV.*

How soon prospers the vicious weed !—PHINEAS FLETCHER.
Apollyonist, Can. III, St. 4

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.—COLTON. *Lacon, CCXVII*

Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
 And fear, admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason.

ADDISON. *Cato (Cato)*, *Act II', Sc. I.*

Immodest words admit of no defence,
 For want of decency is want of sense

ROSCOMMON *Essay on Translated Verse.*

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet)*, *Act V., Sc. I*

Impudence emboldens a man to undertake any task, tho' ever so unequal to his abilities, and carries him through it with spirit and alacrity —SIR R. BLACKMORE *The Lay Monastery, No 4*

Impudence is so nearly allied to Fortitude and a praiseworthy assurance, that it often passes upon the Vulgar for those laudable Qualifications —SIR R. BLACKMORE *The Lay Monastery, No 4.*

In a boundless universe
 Is boundless better, boundless worse

TENNYSON *The Two Voices*

In a false quarrel there is no true valour —SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado about Nothing (Benedick)*, *Act V., Sc. I*

In all human institutions a smaller evil is allowed, to procure a greater good —GOLDSMITH *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Ch. XXI.*

In arms and science 'tis the same ,
 Our rival's hurts create our fame

PRIOR *Alma, Can. I, line 196*

In beauty faults conspicuous grow ;
 The smallest speck is seen on snow

GAY *Fables, XI*

In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems :
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
 Which, if a weak and niggardly projection,
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth

SHAKESPEARE *Henry V. (Dauphin)*, *Act II., Sc. IV.*

In doing of aught let your wit bear a stroke
 For buying or selling of pig in a poke

TUSSER *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

In durance vile —C KENRICK. *Falstaff's Wedding*, *Act I., Sc II.*

In earthly mire philosophy may slip —SIR W. SCOTT. *The Poacher.*

In every age the vilest specimens of human nature are to be found
 among demagogues —LORD MACAULAY. *History of England*, *Ch. V.*

In every parting there is an image of death —GEORGE ELIOT. *Scenes of Clerical Life*, *Amos Barton.*

In fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind.

BURNS *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy —POPE *Essay on Man*, *Ep II*, line 288

In grief we know the worst of what we feel,
 But who can tell the end of what we fear ?

HANNAH MORE *The Fatal Falschood (Emmeline)*, *Act IV.*

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
 In all the others all she loves is love

BYRON *Don Juan, Can. III, St 3.*

In his owne grees I made him frie —CHAUCER. *Wyfe of Bath's Prologue*, line 486

She frieth in her owne grease —J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, *Bl I., Ch. XI.*

In hope to merit Heaven by making Earth an Hell —BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. I, St 33*

In human works, though labor'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain

POPE *Essay on Man, Ep. I., line 53.*

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
 Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers
 Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

TENNYSON. *Merlin and Vivien.*

In love the heavens themselves do guide the State ;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (*Ford*),
Act V, *Sc V*.

In maiden meditation, fancy free —SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream* (*Oberon*), *Act II*, *Sc II*

In men's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven

SIR W SCOTT. *Lord of the Isles*, *Can I*, *St 20*.

In much wisdom is much grief ; and he that increaseth knowledge
increaseth sorrow —ECCLESIASTES *Ch I*, *ver 18*

In my hot youth—when George the Third was King —BYRON. *Don Juan*, *Can I*, *St 212*.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind .
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty , but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil

SHAKESPEARE *Twelfth Night* (*Antonio*), *Act III.*, *Sc V*.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride :
He comes too neare that comes to be denide

SIR T. OVERBURY. *A Wife*, *St 36*.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide,—
In part she is to blame who has been tried ,
He comes too near, who comes to be denied

LADY M WORTLEY MONTAGU. *The Woman's Resolve*.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen ,
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love

SIR W SCOTT *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Can III*, *II*.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger

SHAKESPEARE *Henry V.* (*King Henry*), *Act III*, *Sc I*.

In play there are two pleasures for your choosing—
The one is winning, and the other losing

BYRON *Don Juan*, *Can XIV*, *St 12*.

In poison there is physic —SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV*, *Pt II*.
(*Northumberland*), *Act I*, *Sc I*

In political discussion heat is in inverse proportion to knowledge —
J. G C MINCHIN. *The Growth of Freedom in the Balkan Peninsula*,
p. 127

In public, men are sometimes shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone

POPE *Epistle II. To a Lady*.

In shame there is no comfort, but to be beyond all bounds of shame—
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *Arcadia, Bl. II.*

In some circumstances, to die is to live.—ARCHBp. TILLOTSON
Letter to Lady Russell, 21st November 1685.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Antonio), Act I., Sc. I.*

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice :
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above :
There is no shuffling,—there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and foreheads of our faults,
To give in evidence.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (King), Act III., Sc. III.*

In the election of a wife, as in
A project of war, to err but once is
To be undone for ever

MIDDLETON. *Anything for a Quiet Life.*

In the Heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of ' mother.'

E A POE. *To My Mother.*

In the human breast
Two master-passions cannot co-exist

CAMPBELL. *Theodric.*

In the married state, the world must own,
Divided happiness was never known.
To make it mutual, nature points the way :
Let husbands govern : Gentle wives obey.

COLLEY CIBBER. *The Provok'd Husband*
(*Lady Townley*), *Act V., Sc. II.*

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.—PROVERBS. *Ch. XI., ver. 14.*

(Or) in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream (Theseus),*
Act V., Sc. I.

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida (Nestor),*
Act I., Sc. III.

In the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief ; among these Fancy next
Her office holds.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. V.*, line 100.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love —
TENNYSON *Locksley Hall*.

In the twinkling of an eye —ST. PAUL *Epistle to the Corinthians, I., Ch. XV*, ver 52

In the vain laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause —GEORGE ELIOT. *Romola (Bardo)*, Bk. I., Ch. XII.

In the vast cathedral leave him ;
God accept him, Christ receive him.

TENNYSON. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.

In the way of a bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV., Pt. I. (Hotspur)*, Act III, Sc. I.

In the way of love and glory,
Each tongue best tells his own story.

SIR T. OVERBURY. *Of the Choice of a Wife*.

In the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives !

LONGFELLOW *The Building of the Ship*

(Egad, we're) in the wrong box.—CAREY. *Chrononhotonthologos (Rigdumfundos)*, Act I, Sc. III.

In this life we want nothing but facts, Sir ; nothing but facts —
C DICKENS *Hard Times (Gradgrind)*, Ch. I.

In time we hate that which we often fear.—SHAKESPEARE. *Anthony and Cleopatra (Charmian)*, Act I, Sc. III.

In vaine he seeketh others to supprese,
Who hath not leard himselfe first to subdue

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene, Bk. VI, Can. I.*, St. 41.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her
Save thine incomparable oil 'Macassar'

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. I.*, St. 17

In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (York)*, Act II., Sc. I.

In wickedness,
The wit of woman was ne'er yet found barren

SHAKERLEY MARMION. *A Fine Companion (Aurelio)*, Act IV., Sc. III.

In wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II. (Richard)*, Act V., Sc. I.

Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.

POPE. *The Dunciad, Bl. I.*, line 279.

Industry is a loadstone to draw all good things—BUETON. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader.*

Infantine Art, divinely Artless.—R. BROWNING. *Red Cotton Nightcap Country, II.*

Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth), Act II., Sc. II.*

(For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,)
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart.

SHAKESPEARE *Julius Caesar (Antony), Act III., Sc. II.*

Injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,
And not to be forgotten.

MASSINGER. *The Duke of Milan (Francisco), Act V., Sc. I.*

Innocence and youth should ever be unsuspicious.—LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations, Beniowski and Aphanasia.*

Innocence is as an armed heel
To trample accusation.

SHELLEY. *The Cenci (Beatrice), Act IV., Sc. IV.*

Innocence is strong,
And an entire simplicity of mind.
A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion, No. 6.*

Inquisitiveness as seldom cures jealousy, as drinking in a fever
quenches the thirst.—WYCHERLEY. *Lore in a Wood (Valentine), Act IV., Sc. V.*

Instinct is a great matter : I was a coward on instinct.—SHAKESPEARE.
Henry IV., Pt. I. (Falstaff), Act II., Sc. IV.

Integrity of Life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end.

JOHN WEBSTER. *The Duchess of Malfi (Dilia), Act V., Sc. V.*

Intellect can raise,
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er decays.

WORDSWORTH. *Inscriptions, IV.*

Into the truth of things—
Out of their falseness rise, and reach thou, and remain.

R. BROWNING. *Fifine at the Fair, XLIII.*

Irrationally held truths may be more harmful than reasoned errors.—
HUXLEY. *Science and Culture, The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species.*

IS NAKED TRUTH—IT HAS COME ABOUT 131

Is naked Truth actable in naked life?—TENNYSON. *Harold, Act III.*, *Sc. II.*

Is not every meanest day, the confluence of two Eternities?—CARLYLE. *French Revolution, Pt I, Bk. VI, Ch. I.*

Is not God's Universe within our head, whether there be a torn skull-cap or a king's diadem without?—CARLYLE *Essay on Jean Paul Richter.*

Is not Sentimentalism twin-sister to Cant, if not one and the same with it?—CARLYLE *French Revolution, Pt I, Bk. II, Ch. VII.*

Is Saul also among the prophets?—SAMUEL. *Bk. I, Ch. X, ver. 11.*

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?

Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!

BEATTIE *The Minstrel, Bk. I, St. 56.*

Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

POPE *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.*

Is there on earth a space so dear,
As that within the blessed sphere
Two loving arms entwine?

T MOORE *To Fanny*

Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife

YOUNG *Love of Fame, Sat. VI, line 389.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act II, Sc. I.*

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?—BOOK OF KINGS *Bk. II., Ch. VIII, ver. 13.*

It argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed.
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never be,
But where unbruised youth, with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Friar Laurence), Act II, Sc. III*

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them—BISHOP T WILSON *Maxims, 303*

It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd

SHAKESPEARE *Lucrece, 226.*

It follows not, because
The hair is rough, the dog's a savage one
SHERIDAN KNOWLES *The Daughter (Norris), Act I., Sc. I.*

It has come about that now, to many a Royal Society, the creation of a world is little more mysterious than the cooking of a dumpling.—CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus, Bk. I, Ch. I.*

It is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance
SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (*Hamlet*), *Act I.*, *Sc. IV.*

It is a flaw
In happiness, to see beyond our bourn,—
It forces us in summer skies to mourn,
It spoils the singing of the nightingale

KEATS *Reminiscence of Claude's Enchanted Castle.*

It is a fowle byrd that fyleth his owne nest —JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, *Bk. II*, *Ch. V.*

It is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet, XL.*

It is a kindness to lead the sober ; a duty to lead the drunk.—LANDOR.
Imaginary Conversations, *Don Victor Naez and El Rey, Nello*

It is a nipping and an eager air.—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet* (*Horatio*), *Act I.*, *Sc. IV.*

It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.—HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in ,
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.—SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice* (*Launcelot*), *Act II.*, *Sc. II.*

It is a work good and prudent to be able to guide one man , of larger extended virtue to order well one house but to govern a nation piously and justly, which only is to say happily, is for a spirit of the greatest size and divinest metal —MILTON. *Of Reformation in England*, *Bk. II.*, *first lines*

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends —COLTON. *Lacon*, *CCLXXXVI.*

It is an ill wind that turns none to good —TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*

No wind but it doth turn some man to good Quoted by
MALONE from *Wm. Bulleyn. A Dialogue both pleasant and profitfull.*

The ill wind which blows no man to good —SHAKESPEARE.
Henry IV, *Pt. II.* (*Pistol*), *Act V*, *Sc. III.*

Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.—SHAKESPEARE.
Henry VI, *Pt. III.* (*Son*), *Act II.*, *Sc. V.*

'Tis an ill wind that blows no man to profit.—UNKNOWN.
A Merry Knack to Know a Knave (*Coneycatcher*)

It is as naturall to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painfull as the other.—BACON. *Essay II*, *Of Death.*

It is beautiful only to do the thing we are meant for.—CLOUGH.
The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, IX.

It is better that some should be unhappy than that none should be happy, which would be the case in a general state of equality—BOSWELL.
Life of Johnson (Dr. Johnson), Fitzgerald's Ed., Vol II., p 116

It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop
Than with a contentious woman in a wide house

PROVERBS *Ch XXI, ver. 9*

It is better to live rich than to die rich—BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson (Dr. Johnson), Fitzgerald's Ed., Vol II., p. 306*

‘It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience—ROGER ASCHAM
The Schoolmaster.

It is deep happiness to die,
Yet live in Love's dear memory.

L. E. L. *The Improvisatrice.*

It is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant

SHAKESPEARE *Measure for Measure (Isabella), Act II, Sc II.*

It is impossible, in our condition of Society, not to be sometimes a Snob—THACKERAY. *Book of Snobs, Ch III*

It is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great, nay, out of nougat
To conjure much ; and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd

ED YOUNG *The Revenge (Zanga), Act III, Sc I.*

It is mere cowardice to seek safety in negations No character becomes strong in that way—GEORGE ELIOT *The Mill on the Floss (Philip Wahlen), Bk V, Ch III.*

It is more blessed to give than to receive—ACTS OF THE APOSTLES
Ch XX, ver. 35

It is nat gode a sleping hounde to wake—CHAUCER *Troilus and Cressende, Book III, line 764*

It is evil waking of a sleeping dogge—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk I, Ch X.*

It is not explanations which survive, but the things which are explained ; not theories, but the things about which we theorise—A. J. BALFOUR. *The Foundations of Belief, last paragraph*

It is not necessary to be drunk one's self to relish the wit of drunkenness—BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson (Dr. Johnson), Fitzgerald's Ed., Vol II., p 126*

It is not necessary to hold a candle to the sun—A. SIDNEY. *Discourses on Government, Ch II, Sect XXIII*

And hold their farthing candle to the sun—YOUNG. *Sat VII, line 56.*

It is not poetry, but prose run mad—POPE *Prologue to the Satires, line 188*

It is not the great that are wise—JOB Ch XXXII., ier. 9.

It is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least; but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance.—CARLYLE. *French Revolution*, Pt. I, Bl. I., Ch IV.

It is one thing to shew a man that he is in error, and another to put him in possession of truth.—LOCKE *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Bk. IV., Ch. VII., Sect. 11.

It is only to the happy that tears are a luxury.—T. MOORE. *Lalla Rookh, Prologue*, VI.

It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable—GEORGE ELIOT. *Silas Marner*, Ch. XII.

It is time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss—SHAKESPEARE. *Pericles (Pericles)*, Act I., Sc. II.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Brutus)*, Act II., Sc. I.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect

SHAKESPEARE. *King John (John)*, Act IV., Sc. II

It is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions.—HUXLEY. *Science and Culture, The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species*.

It is the folly of the world constantly which confounds its wisdom.—
O. W. HOLMES *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, I.

It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain.

LONGFELLOW. *The Building of the Ship*

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*, Bl. VI., Can IX., St 30.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich—SHAKESPEARE.
The Taming of the Shrew (Petruchio), Act IV., Sc. III.

It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire.
That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes
Is the fop's tansel which the grave despise.

DYER. *To Mr. Savage*.

It is the province of knowledge to speak, and it is the privilege of wisdom to listen—O W HOLMES. *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, X.

It is the sea, it is the sea,
In all its vague immensity.

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend*, V.

It is the solecisme of power, to thinke to command the end, and yet not to endure the meane—BACON. *Essay XIX, Of Empire*

It is the soul that sees the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries ;
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indiff'rence rise

CРАBBE *The Lover's Journey*.

It is too late to shutte the stable door when the steede is stolne.—
LYLY *Euphues*

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate

MARLOWE. *Hero and Leander, Sestrad I.*

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll ;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul

W E HENLEY. *Lines to R T H. B.*

It matters not what men assume to be
Of good or bad, they are but what they are

P. J. BAILEY *Festus (Lucifer)*, III.

‘It requires,’ he used to say, ‘a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding’—SYDNEY SMITH *Memoirs*, Ch. II.

It's a melancholy consideration indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes—GOLDSMITH *The Good-Natured Man (Honeywood)*, Act I.

It's a poor heart that never rejoices—OLD PROVERB—C DICKENS. *Barnaby Rudge*, Ch. XIX.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true,
And afore you're off with the old love
It's best to be on wi' the new

OLD SCOTCH SONG.

It's good to be off wi' the old love
Before ye be on wi' the new

SIR W SCOTT (quoted) *The Bride of Lammermoor*, Ch. XXIX.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep, at times, frae being sour

BURNS *Epistle to Davie*.

It's ill livin' in a hen-roost for them as doesn't like fleas—GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede (Mrs Poyser)*.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest

BURNS *Epistle to Davie*

It's poor foolishness to run down your enemies.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede (Adam Bede)*, Bk. VI, Ch. LIII.

It's wiser being good than bad ;
It's siser being meek than fierce ;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretch'd ;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetch'd ;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once prove accurs'd.

R. BROWNING *Apparent Failure*.

It was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common.—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. II.* (*Falstaff*), *Act I*, *Sc. II.*

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good night.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth)*,
Act II, *Sc. II.*

It will not out of the flesh, that is bred in the bone.—J. HEYWOOD.
Bk. II, *Ch. VIII*

It will never out of the flesh that's bred in the bone—BEN JONSON. *Every Man in his Humour (Downright)*, *Act II.*, *Sc. I.*

Iteration, like friction, is likely to generate heat instead of progress.—GEORGE ELIOT. *The Mill on the Floss*, *Bk. II*, *Ch. II.*

Jargon of the schools—PRIOR. *Ode on Exodus*, *Ch. III*, *ver. 14*
St. 6.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools ;
If honest nature made you fools ?

BURNS *Epistle to J. L.*—*etc.*

Jealousy is the bellows of the mind :
Touch it but gently, and it warms desire ;
If handled roughly, you are all on fire

D. GARRICK. *Epilogue to Horne's Alonso*.

Jealousy,
... the injur'd lover's hell.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, *Bk. V.*, *line 449*.

Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked.—DEUTERONOMY. *Ch. XXXII*, *ver. 15.*

Jesters do oft prove prophets.—SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Regan)*, *Act V.*, *Sc. III.*

Jewels, orators of Love,
Which, ah ! too well men know, do women move.

S. DANIEL. *Complaint of Rosamond*, *St. 52.*

Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.* (read by
King Richard), *Act V*, *Sc. III.*

Joy is the best of wine.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Silas Marner*, *Ch. V.*

Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!

T MOORE *Lalla Rookh, Paradise and the Peri.*

Judge not according to the appearance—ST. JOHN. *Ch VII.*, ver 24

You can't judge a horse by the harness—OLD PROVERB

There is no trusting to appearances—SHERIDAN. *The School for Scandal (Lady Sneerwell), Act V, Sc II*

Judgment is not upon all occasions required, but discretion always is.—LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to his Godson, XIV.*, undated.

Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever

SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Caesar Lucius), Act III, Sc. I.*

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth

SIR W SCOTT *Marmion, Can II, Introduction.*

Just experience tells in every soul,

That those who think must govern those who toil

GOLDSMITH *The Traveller, line 371*

Justice indeed
Should ever be close-ear'd and open-mouth'd;
That is, to hear a little, and speak much

MIDDLETON *The Old Law (Simonides), Act V, Sc. I.*

Justice is blind, he knows nobody—DRYDEN *The Wild Gallant, Act V., Sc I*

Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us—OTWAY' *Venice Preserved, Act I, Sc I*

Justice is like the kingdom of God it is not without us as a fact, it
is within us a great yearning—GEORGE ELIOT *Romola, Bk. III, Ch. LXVII.*

Justice may wink a while, but see at last—MIDDLETON. *The Mayor of Queenborough (Simon), Act V, Sc I.*

Justice must tame, whom mercy cannot win—HALIFAX. *On the Death of Charles II.*

Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes,

BUTLER *Hudibras, Pt I, Can II, line 1177.*

Justice without wisdom is impossible—FROUD *Short Studies on great Subjects. Party Politics*

Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his books,
and it is wonderful—SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor (Shallow), Act III, Sc I.*

Keep all you have, and try for all you can!—BULWER LYTTON.
King Arthur, Bk II, LXX.

Keep me as the apple of the eye.—THE PSALMS. XVII., ver. 8.
 (Which) kept her throne unshaken still,
 Broad based upon her people's will,
 And compass'd by the inviolate sea.

TENNYSON *To the Queen*

Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.—SAVAGE. *The Wanderer*,
Can. V., line 162.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*.

Kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature stronger than his just occasion.

SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Oliver) Act, IV., Sc. III.*

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
 His breeches cost him but a crowne ;
 He held them sixpence all too deere,
 Therefore he call'd the taylor lowne

OLD BALLAD. *Take Thy Old Cloak About Thee*

Kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay—SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*, 87.

Kings too tame are despicably good.—DRYDEN *Britannia Rediviva*,
line 219.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from
 principle.—BURKE. *On the French Revolution*

Kingsale ! eight hundred years have roll'd
 Since thy forefathers held the plough ;
 When this in story shall be told,
 Add, that my kindred do so now.

PRIOR. *The Old Gentry, IV.*

(And string on rainy days an idle rhyme,
 And) kill the present to feed future time

BARRY CORNWALL. *Gyges, IX.*

Kisses are
 Silent petitions still with willing lovers

BEN JONSON *The Devil is an Ass*
(Fitzdottrell), Act I, Sc. II.

Kisses balmier than half-opening buds of April—TENNYSON.
Thithonus

Kissing goes by favour.—FARQUHAR. *Lore and a Bottle (Lorewell)*,
Act I, Sc. I.

Tho' kissing goes by favour—COLLEY CIBBER. *Love in a
 Riddle (Damon), Act II, Sc. I.*

Kissin' is the key o' love,
 An' clappin' is the lock

BURNS *O Can Ye Labour Lea, Young Man ?*

Knavery's plain face is never seen till us d—SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Iago), Act II, Sc. I.*

Knaves starve not in the land of fools—CHURCHILL *The Ghost*,
Bk. I, line 374.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan :
The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. II.*, line 1.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much :
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER. *The Task, Bk. VI.*

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected in Death

E B BROWNING. *Vision of Poets.*

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.—TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.*

Knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
While Duty is a path which all may tread.

LEWIS MORRIS. *Epic of Hades, Here.*

Knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance

BYRON. *Mansfield, Act II, Sc. IV.*

Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd :
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die.

TENNYSON. *The Princess.*

Knowledge is power.—BACON. *Meditationes Sacrae, De Haeresibus.*

Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.

Knowledge is the antidote to fear.—EMERSON. *Courage.*

Knowledge of good bough dear by knowing ill.—MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. IV, line 222.*

Labour is but refreshment from repose.—J. MONTGOMERY. *Greenland, Can. II.*

Labour the end of labour, strife of strife,
Terror in death, and horror after life

S. DANIEL. *Civil War, Bl. I, CXII.*

(The) labour we delight in physics pain.—SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act II., Sc. III.*

Labouring men
Count the clock oftener.

JOHN WEBSTER. *The Duchess of Malfi (Antonio), Act III, Sc. II.*

Ladies like variegated tulips show ;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe.

POPE. *Moral Essays, Ep. II. To a Lady, line 44.*

140 LANDS MORTGAG'D—LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lands mortgag'd may return, and more esteem'd,
But honesty once pawn'd, is ne'er redeemed.

MIDDLETON. *A Trick to Catch the Old One*
(*Courtesan*), *Act I., Sc I*

Language is a city, to the building of which every human being
brought a stone—EMERSON *Quotation and Originality*

Language is the dress of thought—DR. JOHNSON. *Lives of the Poets*,
Couley.

(Falstaff sweats to death,
And) lards the lean earth as he walks along.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV*, *Pt I*
(*Prince Hcnry*), *Act II., Sc II*

Laugh and be fat, sir.—BEN JONSON *The Penates*.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

POPE. *Essay on Man*, *Ep. I*, line 15.

Laughter is my object; 'tis a property
In man essential to his reason

RANDOLPH. *The Muses' Looking Glass*
(*Comedy*), *Act I., Sc IV*.

(How much lies in) laughter—the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher
the whole man.—CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus*, *Bk. I., Ch V.*

Law is king of all—ALFORD. *The School of the Heart*, *Lesson the Sixth*

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps
and hornets break through—SWIFT *Essay on the Faculties of the Mind*

Laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestioned can those laws destroy.

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*, *Pt I*, line 763.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.—GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*, line 386

Laws, in great rebellions lose their end,
And all go free, when multitudes offend.

ROWE *Lucan's Pharsalia*, *Bk. V.*, line 364.

Lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles than out
of them.—GOLDSMITH *The Good-Natured Man (Garnet)*, *Act III.*

(Mother, for love of grace)
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet)*, *Act III., Sc. IV*

Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough"

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth)*, *Act V., Sc. VII.*

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on!

J. H. NEWMAN. *The Pillar of Cloud*.

Learn earth first ere presume
To teach Heaven legislation

R. BROWNING *Parleyings with Certain People.*
Christopher Smart

(Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And) learn the luxury of doing good

GOLDSMITH *The Traveller*, line 22

The luxury of doing good —HANNAH MORE *Inscription.*

Learn to make a body of a limb —SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.* (Aumerle), *Act III*, *Sc II.*

Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entailed from son to son

GAY. *Fable XI*, *Pt II.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost —THOS. FULLER *The Virtuous Lady. Of Books*

Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty —
ROGER ASCHAM *The Schoolmaster*

Least is he marked that doth as most men do —DRAYTON. *The Owl.*

Least said is soonest mended —OLD PROVERB

Little said is soonest mended —WITHER *The Shepherd's Hunting.*

But least said is soonest mended —CHATTERTON. *The Revenge (Bacchus)*, *Act II*, *Sc III*

Legiance without loue litill pinge availith —LANGLAND. *Richard the Redelcs, Passus I.*, line 24

Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul

POPE *To Augustus Ep I*, line 149

Lernyng wythout vertue ys pernycyouse and pestyilent —T STARKEY. *England in the Reign of Henry VIII*, *Bk II*, *Ch III*, 6 (Pole)

Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man,
Rather than a fool in his folly

PROVERBS *Ch XVII*, *scr 12*

Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!

R. BROWNING *The Statue and the Bust*

Let a man keep the law—any law—and his way will be strewn with satisfaction —EMERSON *Prudence*

Let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way

SHAKESPEARE *Anthony and Cleopatra*
(*Caesar*), *Act V*, *Sc I*

Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after —SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (Fool)*, *Act II*, *Sc III.*

Let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head.—SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice (Duke reads)*, *Act IV*, *Sc I.*

Let men say whate'er they will,
Woman, woman, rules them still

BICKERSTAFF. *The Sultan (Ismena sings), Act II., Sc. I.*

Let Nature and let Art do what they please,
When all is done, Life's an incurable disease

COWLEY. *Ode to Dr. Scarborough, VI.*

Life is a fatal complaint, and an eminently contagious one.—

O. W. HOLMES. *The Poet at the Breakfast Table, XII.*

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard, St. 8.*

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.—ST. PAUL. *Ephesians, Ch. IV., ver. 26.*

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life.

DR. S. JOHNSON. *The Vanity of Human Wishes, line 1.*

Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid when she is sung and heard.

SIR T. OVERBURY. *Elegy on Lord Effingham, last lines.*

Let proud Ambition pause,
And sicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds

MALLETT. *The Excursion, Can. II., line 221.*

Let sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet, CXL.*

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night (Duke), Act IV., Sc. II.*

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung —SHAKESPEARE.
Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III., Sc. II.

I know the gall'd horse will soonest wince —R. EDWARDS.
Damon and Pithias (Aristippus)

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few.

SHENSTONE. *The Judgment of Hercules.*

Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.—EMERSON. *Friendship.*

Let them be good that love me, though but few.—BEN JONSON.
Cynthia's Revels (Areté), Act III., Sc. II.

Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear,
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart.

FORD *The Lady's Trial (Malfato), Act I, Sc. III.*

Let them obey that know not how to rule—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI, Pt. II. (York), Act V, Sc. I.*

Let thy attyre be comely, but not costly—LYLY. *Euphues*

Neat, not gaudy.—LAMB *Letter to Wordsworth, 1806*

Neat, but not in the least gaudy—THACKERAY. *Pendennis (Fisher), Ch. XIII.*

Let thy foot be seldom in thy neighbour's house lest he be weary of thee and hate thee—PROVERBS *Ch. XXV., ver. 17.*

Let us do or die—BURNS *Scots wha Hae, 6*

Let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune—GOLDSMITH. *The Vicar of Wakefield, Ch. III.*

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. II., St. 178.*

Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone

SHAKESPEARE *The Tempest (Prospero), Act V, Sc. I.*

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

LORD JOHN MANNERS *England's Trust, Pt. III, line 227.*

Let your discretion be your tutor.—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III, Sc. II.*

Let's fear no storm before we feel a show'r.—DRAYTON. *The Barons' Wars, Bk. III., LV.*

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Othello), Act II, Sc. III.*

Letters are
The life of love, the loadstones that by rare
Attraction make souls meet, and melt, and mix,
As when by fire exalted gold we fix

J. HOWELL. *Familiar Letters To the Knowing Reader.*

Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth), Act I, Sc. VII.*

But still 'I dare not' waited on 'I would'—CRABBE *Tales of the Hall*

Liars should have good memories—OLD PROVERB

Indeed, a very rational saying, that a liar ought to have a good memory.—SOUTH *Sermon on the Concealment of Sin*

Liberty the chartered right of Englishmen,
Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,
Enerve my soldiers

BLAKE *King Edward the Third (King).*

Life a dream in Death's eternal sleep —JAMES THOMSON. *Philosophy, II.*

Life again knocked laughing at the door! —R. BROWNING. *Balaustion's Adventure.*

Life cannot subsist in society but by reciprocal concessions —DR. S. JOHNSON. *Letter to J. Boswell, Esq.*, 1766.

Life differs from the play only in this . . . it has no plot—all is vague, desultory, unconnected—till the curtain drops with the mystery unsolved.—BULWER LYTTON. *Godolphin, Ch. LXV.*

Life every man holds dear but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious—dear than life

SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida (Hector), Act V., Sc. III.*

Life has more things to dwell on

Than just one useless pain

ADELAIDE PROCTER. *Returned—“Missing.”*

Life has no path so short as to renown! —BULWER LYTTON. *King Arthur, Bk. XII, CLXI*

Life is a bumper fill'd by fate —BLACKLOCK. *An Epigram on Punch.*

Life is a comedy to him who thinks, and a tragedy to him who feels.—HORACE WALPOLE

Life is a festival only to the wise. Seen from the nook and chimney-side of prudence, it wears a rugged and dangerous front —EMERSON. *Herism*

Life is a great bundle of little things —O. W. HOLMES. *The Professor at the Breakfast Table, I.*

Life is a running shade, with fettered hands,
That chases phantoms over shifting sands;
Death a still spectre on a marble seat,
With ever clutching palms and shackled feet

O. W. HOLMES *The Old Player.*

Life is a shuttle —SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor (Falstaff), Act V., Sc. I.*

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

T. MOORE *Irish Melodies. Oh! think not my
spirits are always so light!*

Life is act and not to do is Death —LEWIS MORRIS *The Epic of Hades, Sisyphus*

Life is but to do a day's work honestly, and death, to come home for a day's wages when the sun goes down —WHYTE MELVILLE *Uncle John, Ch. XII.*

Life is tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness

SHAKESPEARE *King John (Lewis), Act III, Sc. IV.*

What so tedious as a twice-told tale? —POPE *Homer's Odyssey, Bk. XII, last line.*

Palls on her temper like a twice-told tale —AKENSIDE *The Pleasures of Imagination, Bk. I, line 220*

Life is at best but a froward child, which must be coaxed and played with until the end comes—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. *Essay on Poetry*

Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over—GOLDSMITH *The Good-Natured Man (Croaker), Act I., Sc. I*

Life is not dated merely by years Events are sometimes the best calendars—LORD BEACONSFIELD *Venetia, Bk II. Ch. I*

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—EMERSON *Social Aims*

Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest.
Was not spoken of the soul

LONGFELLOW *A Psalm of Life.*

Life is too short for any distant aim ,
And cold the dull reward of future fame

LADY M WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington.*

Life is too short for mean anxieties —C KINGSLEY. *The Saint's Tragedy (Elizabeth), Act II., Sc. IX.*

Life is war—
Eternal war with woe who bears it best,
Deserves it least.

YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night II, line 9*

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust ;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night III, line 458*

Life may change, but it may fly not ;
Hope may vanish, but can die not ,
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth ;
Love repulsed, but it returneth !

SHELLEY *Hellas (Semichorus), I.*

Life of Life ! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them ;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire.

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound (Voice), Act II, Sc V*

Life's a jest, and all things show it ,
I thought so once, and now I know it.

GAY *Epitaph on Himself*

Life's a long tragedy ; this globe the stage —WATTS *Epistle to Miss, Pt I., 1.*

Life's best balm—forgetfulness !—F. HEMANS. *The Caravan in the Desert*

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more , it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act V, Sc V.*

Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night II.*, line 360.

Life treads on life, and heart on heart;
We press too close in church and mart
To keep a dream or grave apart.

E. B. BROWNING. *A Vision of Poets, Conclusion.*

Life! what art thou without love?—E. MOORE. *Fable XIV.*

Life without love is load; and time stands still:

What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride (Manuel), Act II., Sc. X.*

Lift not the festal mask!—enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

SIR W. SCOTT. *Lord of the Isles, Can. II., I.*

Light fantastic toe—MILTON. *L'Allegro.*

Light gain makes a heavy purse—OLD PROVERB.

The proverb is true, that light gains make heavy purses;
for light gains come often, great gains now and then.—BACON.

Lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

TENNYSON. *Gareth and Lynette.*

Like a late moon, of use to nobody.—R. BROWNING. *Luria (Luria), Act J.*

Like 'angels' visits, short and bright;
Morality's too weak to bear them long.

REV. J. NORRIS OF BEMERTON. *The Parting, St. 4.*

Visits

Like those of angels, short and far between.

BLAIR. *The Grave*, line 588.

Like angels' visits, few and far between.—CAMPBELL. *The Pleasures of Hope, II.*

Like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.—DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast, VI.*

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought.

LONGFELLOW. *Endymion.*

Like Echo, lost and languishing,
In love with her own wondrous song.

T. MOORE. *Lalla Rookh, IX.*

Like for like is no gain.—CAMBRIDGE. *Against Inconstancy.*

Like master, like man.—OLD PROVERB.

Such master, such man, and such mistress, such maid,
Such husband and huswife, such houses arraid.

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, April's Husbandry*, 22.

Such mistress, such Nan,
Such master, such man

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*
April's Abstract, 22

Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm

T MOORE *The Loves of the Angels, 2nd Angel's Story.*

Like our shadows
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines

YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night V*, line 681

Like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief—SHAKESPEARE.
Twelfth Night (Viola), Act II, Sc IV.

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh—SHAKESPEARE.
Hamlet (Ophelia), Act III, Sc I

Like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously.—KINGS. *Bk II., Ch IX*, ver. 20

Like them who have the jaundice, to whom everything appeareth yellow—SIR P SIDNEY. *Arcadia*

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye

POPE *Essay on Criticism, Pt II*, line 358

Like truths of science waiting to be caught.—TENNYSON *The Golden Year*

Like will to like—J HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk I, Ch IV.*

Is it not a byword, lyke will to lyke?—LYLY *Euphues*

Like will to like; each creature loves his kind,
Chaste words proceed still from a bushful mind

HERRICK *Hesperides*, 293.

Like will to like—SIR W SCOTT *Peveril of the Peak, Ch XIV.*

Linked sweetness long drawn out—MILTON *L'Allegro*

Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes—BYRON. *The Corsair, Ch III, XXIV.*

Lion and stoat have isled together, knave,
In time of flood.

TENNYSON *Gareth and Lynette*

Literature is a very bad crutch, but a very good walking-stick.—
C. LAMB *Letter to Bernard Barton*

Literature is the thought of thinking souls—CARLYLE *Sir W Scott. London and Westminster Review, 1828*

Little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between
love and duty—GEORGE ELIOT *Romola, Proem*

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds
rise above it.—WASHINGTON IRVING

Live with a thrifty, not a needy fate;
Small shots paid often waste a vast estate.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*, 28.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW. *A Psalm of Life.*

Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing
a naked House of Lords?—CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus, Bk. I., Ch. IX.*

Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though thither doom'd?

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. IV., line 888*

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee

P. DODDRIDGE. *Epigram on his Family Motto.**

Loathsome canker lies in sweetest bud.—SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet, XXXV.*

Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of
wise men.—HUXLEY. *Science and Culture. Animal Automatism.*

(You are now
In) London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more

SHELLEY. *Letter to Maria Gisborne.*

London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome.

DR. JOHNSON. *London, line 93.*

Long demurs breed new delays—SOUTHWELL. *Loss in Delay.*

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. II., line 432.*

Long quaffing maketh a short lyfe—LYLY. *Euphues and his England.*

Look ere ye leape.—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. II.*

Look ere you leape, see ere you go;
It may be for thy profit so.

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, Ch. LVII*

For he that leaps before he look, good son,
May leap in the mire, and miss what he hath done.

UNKNOWN. *The Marriage of True Wit and Science (Wit), Act IV., Sc. I.*

Look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow y' are like to reap.

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. II., Can. III., line 503.*

* 'Dum virmis vivamus.'

Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ,
 But while this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it

SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice (Lorenzo), Act V, Sc. I.*

Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt. I. (Worcester), Act V, Sc. II.*

Lookers on, many times, see more than the gamesters —BACON.
Essay XLVIII. Of Followers and Friends

There is a true saying, that the spectator oftentimes sees more
 than the gamester —HOWELL. *Familiar Letters, Bk. II, Letter XV. To Capt. B.*

Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe,
 That fearful empire which the human breast
 But holds to rob the heart within of rest!

BYRON *Lara, Can. I, II.*

Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all

SIR HENRY WOTTON *The Character of a Happy Life*

Lorse of catell may recovered be,
 But lorse of time shendeth us

CHAUCER. *The Man of Lawe's Prologue, line 4447.*

Love all, trust a few,
 Do wrong to none. be able for thine enemy
 Rather in power, than use , and keep thy friend
 Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,
 But never tax'd for speech

SHAKESPEARE *All's Well that Ends Well (Countess), Act I, Sc. I.*

Love always makes those eloquent that have it —MARLOWE *Hero and Leander, Sestiad II.*

Love and a red nose can't be hid —TH. HOLCROFT. *Duplicity (Squire Turnbull), Act II, Sc. I*

Love and high rule allow no rivals —FLETCHER. *Monsieur Thomas (Alice), Act I, Sc. I*

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea —FIELDING. *Love in Several Masques, Act IV, Sc. II*

Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal —ROGERS.
Written to be spoken by Mrs. Siddons

Love betters what is best
 Even here below, but more in heaven above

WORDSWORTH *Sonnets, Pt. I, XXV.*

150 LOVE CAN SUPPLY—LOVE IN EXTREMES.

Love can supply all wants—FLETCHER *The Sea Voyage (Aminta), Act II., Sc. I.*

Love can vanquish Death—TENNYSON. *A Dream of Fair Women*

Love cannot feed on falsehood!—BULWER LYTTTON. *Richebeu (De Mauprat), Act III., Sc. II.*

Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done
Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all, lust full of forged lies

SHAKESPEARE *Venus and Adonis*, 134.

Love conquers all—BYRON *Childe Harold, Can. II., LXIII.*

Love covereth a multitude of sins—ST PETER *Epis I., Ch. IV., ver. 8*

Love extinguish'd, earth and heav'n must fail—SIR W. JONES.
Hymn to Durga.

Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child.

FORD *The Broken Heart (Nearchus), Act IV., Sc. I*

Love finds an altar for forbidden fires—POPE *Eloisa to Abelard, line 182*

Love frees all toils but one,
Calamity and it can ill agree

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Laws of Candy (Antinous), Act IV., Sc. I.*

Love goes towards love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo), Act II., Sc. II.*

Love has a thousand varied notes to move
The human heart.

CRABBE *The Frank Courtship*

Love hath wings—COWLEY. *An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge, III.*

Love, if Love be perfect, casts out fear,
So Hate, if Hate be perfect, casts out fear.

TENNYSON *Merlin and Vivien.*

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;
Love in a palace is perhaps at last
More grievous torment than a hermit's fast

KEATS *Lamia, II.*

Love in cities never dwells;
He delights in rural cells

GAY *The Lady's Lamentation, II*

Love in extremes can never long endure—HERRICK. *Hesperides,*

Love ! in what poison is thy dart
Dipped when it makes a bleeding heart !
None know but they who feel the smart

DENHAM *Friendship and Single Life*, 1.

Love is a burden, which two hearts,
When equally they bear their parts,
With pleasure carry, but no one,
Alas ! can bear it long alone.

SEDLEY. *Song*.

Love is a circle that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of Love

HERRICK *Hesperides*, 29.

Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes

CHAPMAN *Hero and Leander, Sestiad III.*

Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspicions, quarrels, reconclements, wars

WALSH *To his Book*.

Love is a pleasant woe — ' A W.' *Ode IX. From Davison's Rhapsody*

Love is a pleasing but a various clime — SHENSTONE *Elegy V.*

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :
What is it else ? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo), Act I., Sc. I*

Love is a sour delight, a sugred greefe,
A living death, an ever dying life,
A breach of Reason's lawe, a secret theefe,
A sea of teeres, an everlasting strife,
A bayte for fooles ; a scourge of noble witts,
A deadly wound, a shotte which ever hitts

THOS WATSON. *The Passionate Centurie of Love, XVIII.*

Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,
So much more excellent, as it least relates
Unto the body ; circular, eternal,
Not feign'd, or made, but born ; and then so precious,
As nought can value it but itself, so free
As nothing can command it but itself,
And in itself so sound and liberal,
As where it favours it bestows itself

BEN JONSON *The New Inn (Love), Act III , Sc. II.*

Love is a subject to himself alone,
And knows no other empire but his own

GRANVILLE. *The British Enchantress
(Constantius), Act I , Sc. II.*

Love is an April's doubting day ;
Awhile we see the tempest low'r,
Anon the radiant heav'n survey,
And quite forget the flitting show'r

SHENSTONE *Song*

Love is indestructible,
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.

SOUTHEY. *The Curse of Kehama, X, Mount Meru*, 10.

Love
Is kin to duty.

LEWIS MORRIS. *The Epic of Hades Psyche*.

Love is Life, and Death at last
Crowns it eternal and divine

A. PROCTER. *Inse in Death*, last lines.

Love is life's end, [an end, but never ending ;]
All joyes, all sweetes, all happinesse, awarding ;
Love is life's wealth, [ne'er spent, but ever spending ;]
More rich by giving, taking by discarding ;
Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding.

PHINEAS FLETCHER *Britain's Ida, Can. II.*, St. 8

Love is like linnen, often chang'd, the sweeter. PHINEAS FLETCHER.
Sicelides (Cosma), Act III. Sc. V.

Love is love for evermore—TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*.

Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears—SIR W. SCOTT *The Lady of the Lake. Can. IV.*, I.

Love is maintained by wealth ; when all is spent
Adversity then breeds the discontent.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*, 144

Love is more than great richesse—LYDGATE. *The Story of Thebes, Pt. III.*

Love is nature's second sonne,
Causing a spring of vertues where he shines.

G CHAPMAN *All Fooles (Valerio), Act I., Sc. I.*

Love is not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point.

SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (King of France), Act I., Sc. I.*

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O no ! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken

SHAKESPEARE *Sonnet CXVI.*

Love is not much unlike ambition ;
For in them beth all lets must be remov'd
'Twixt every crown and him that would aspire ;
And he that will attempt to win the same
Must plunge up to the depth o'er head and ears,
And hazard drowning in the purple sea :
So he that loves must needs through blood and fire,
And do all things to compass his desire.

JOSHUA COOKE. *How a Man may choose, &c.*
(*Young Arthur*), Act III, Sc. II

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
 In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness ;
 'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
 Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse

ADDISON. *Cato (Marcus), Act I., Sc. I.*

(The wretched man gan then advise too late,
 That) love is not where most it is profest

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene, Bk. II., Can. X., St. 31.*

Love is the business of the idle, but the idleness of the busy —BULWER LYTTON *Rienzi, Bk. VII, Ch. IV.*

Love is the marrow of friendship, and letters are the Elixir of Love —
 J. HOWELL *Familiar Letters, Bk. I, Sect. I, Letter XVII.*

Love is the mind's strong physic, and the pill
 That leaves the heart sick and o'erturns the will

MIDDLETON. *Blurt Master Constable (Camillo),
 Act III, Sc. I*

Love is too young to know what conscience is —SHAKESPEARE.
Sonnet CLI

Love is wiser than ambition —BARRY CORNWALL *A Vision*

Love knoweth no lawes —LYLY. *Euphues.*

Love knows no mean or measure —PHINEAS FLETCHER. *Piscatorie Eclogues, III, Can. XVII.*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind

SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream (Helena),
 Act I, Sc. I.*

Vide—' The God of Love '

Love me little, love me long,
 Is the burden of my song

OLD BALLAD, published about 1570

Love me little, love me long —MARLOWE *The Jew of Malta (Ithamore), Act IV, Sc. V*

Love me, love my dog —OLD PROVERB

The prouerbe old es verifie in you,
 Loue me and loue my Dog, and so adue

TURBERVILLE *To his Loue that controlde his Dog
 for fawning on her*

Love most concealed doth most itself discover —WALTER DAVISON.
Sonnet XIV.

Love no man trust no man speak ill of no man to his face . nor
 well of any man behind his back Salute fairly on the front, and wish
 them hanged upon the turn —BEN JONSON. *Every Man out of his
 Humour (Carlo Buffone), Act III, Sc. I*

Love not pleasure, love God This is the everlasting Yea, wherein
 all contradiction is solved —CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus, Bk. II, Ch. IX.*

Love nursed among pleasures is faithless as they,

But the love born of sorrow, like sorrow is true !

T MOORE *Irish Melodies, In the Morning of Life.*

Love of pleasure is man's eldest born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night VIII.*, line 595.

Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end.

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes (Samson)*, line 1008.

Love passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else ;
Tho' love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's made to.

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt II., Can. I.*, line 441.

Love prays devoutly when it prays for love!—HOOD. *Hero and Leander, XX.*

Love renders sweet what is otherwise most painful.—KENELM DIGBY.
The Broad Stone of Honour (Godefridus), XV.

Love reflects the thing beloved,
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, LII.*

Love sacrifices all things
To bless the thing it loves.

BULWER LYTTON. *The Lady of Lyons.*

Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

WHITTIER. *Among the Hills.*

Love should be absolute love, faith is in fulness or nought—R.
BROWNING. *Jocoseria, Ixion*

Love should make marriage, and not marriage love—UNKNOWN.
Pasquil and Catherine (Brabant Senior), Act III, 172

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better—SHAKESPEARE
Twelfth Night (Olivia), Act III., Sc. I.

Love stoops as fondly as he soars—WORDSWORTH. *Poems of the
Fancy, XVIII.*

Love stops at nothing but possession.—SOUTHERN. *Oroonoko (Bland-
ford), Act II., Sc. II.*

Love, that covers multitude of sins,
Makes love in parents wink at children's faults.

UNKNOWN. *Faire Em (Zereno),
Act III, Sc XVII*, line 1270.

Love that of every woman's heart
Will have the whole, and not a part,
That is, to her, in Nature's plan,
More than ambition is to man,
Her light, her life, her very breath,
No alternative but death

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend, IV.*

LOVE THAT TWO—LOVE'S OWN HAND 155

Love that two hearts makes one, makes eke one will—SPENSER.
Faerie Queene, Bk II, Can IV, St 19

Love, the brightest jewel of a crown,
That fires ambition, and adorns renown
That with sweet hopes does our harsh pains beguile,
And 'midst of javelins makes the soul'dier smile.

NATH LEE *Sophonisba (Massinissa), Act I, Sc II.*

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in musio out of sight
TENNYSON *Locksley Hall.*

(Till I was taught, that) Love was but a school
To breed a fool

SIR HENRY WOTTON *A Poem,
written in his youth*

Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total
worth of man—EMERSON *Friendship*

Love's a blind guide, and those that follow him too often lose their
way.—COLLEY CIBBER *Woman's Wit (Emilia), Act I, Sc I*

Love's a thing that's never out of season—BARRY CORNWALL,
Gyges, XIII

Love's despair is but Hope's pining ghost!—COLERIDGE *The
Visionary Hope.*

Love's great artillery—CRASHAW. *Prayer, 18.*

Mighty Love's Artillery—CRASHAW *The Wounds of the Lord
Jesus, 2*

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Juliet),
Act II, Sc V*

Love's lawe is out of reule—GOWER *Confessio Amantis, Bk I.*

Love knoweth no lawes—LYLY *Euphues*

Love owns no law—J. MONTGOMERY. *The World before the
Flood, Can VI*

Love's night is noon—SHAKESPEARE *Twelfth Night (Olivia), Act
III, Sc I*

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending fickle compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet CLI.*

Love's own hand the nectar pours,
Which never fails nor ever soura

MALLETT. *Cupid and Hymen.*

Love's sooner felt than seen—PHINEAS FLETCHER. *Piscatorie*
Eclipses, VI., St 11.

Love's special lesson is to please the eye.—G. CHAPMAN *Hero and Leander, Sestiad V.*

Love's the weightier business of mankind —COLLEY CIBBER. *She wou'd and she wou'd not (Hypolita), Act I, last line.*

Love's tongue is in the eyes—PHINEAS FLETCHER. *Piscatorie Eclogues. V. St. 12.*

Love's very pain is sweet,
But its reward is in the world divine,
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave.
SHELLEY. *Epipsychedion.*

(Then must you speak
Of one that) loved not wisely, but too well.
SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Othello), Act V., Sc. II.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
BRYANT. *A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.*

BRITANNIA. A Scene on the Banks of the Tiber.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

THOMISON. *The Seasons, Autumn, line 204.*

Vide—‘Beauty when most.’

Lovers ever run before the clock—SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice (Gratiano), Act II, Sc VI.*

**Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives,
And only parents' love can last our lives**

R. BROWNING. *Pippa Passes.*

Lovers should for each other only live,
And having one another should have no regret.

TH. SHADWELL *Psyche (Cupid), Act IV.*

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back ,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar (Brutus), Act II, Sc. I*

Loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly : yet he that can endure
To folly with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*
(Enobarbus), Act III., Sc. XIII.

(For) Luff is off sa mekill mycht,
That it all paynys makis lycht

BARBOUR *The Bruce, Bk. II.*, line 520

Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman !—SHERIDAN. *The Rivals (Mrs Malaprop)*, *Act III.*, *Sc III.*

Lying's a certain mark of cowardice—SOUTHERN. *Oroonoko (Oroonoko)*, *Act V.*, *Sc II.*

Lytle money, lytle law.—*The Parlement of Byrdes.*

Mad Ambition ever doth caress
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness !

COLERIDGE *Zapolya, Act IV.*

Mad Ambition's gory hand—BURNS. *A Winter Night.*

Mad ambition trumpeteth to all—WILMS. *Poem delivered at Yale, 1827.*

(I saye thou) Madde Marche hare—SKELTON. *Repycation agaist Certayne Yong Scolers*

Ye fret and ye fume as mad as a March hare—J. HEYWOOD, *Proverbs, Bk II, Ch V.*

Madness in great ones must not unwatched go—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (King)*, *Act III.*, *Sc. I.*

Maidens' hearts are always soft :
Would that men's were truer !

BRYANT. *Song*

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

BYRON *Childe Harold, Can I, IX.*

Maidens should be mild and meek,
Swift to hear and slow to speak

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE *Scenes and Characters. Motto to Ch. VI.*

Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives—SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Rosalind)*, *Act IV.*, *Sc I*

Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ;
shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney—SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Rosalind)*, *Act IV.*, *Sc. I.*

Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted :

Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

SHAKESPEARE. *Venus and Adonis, St. 22.*

Maken vertue of necessite—CHAUCER *The Knighte's Tale*, line 3044.

Thus am I driven to make a virtue of necessity—R. WILSON. *The Three Ladies of London (Conscience)*, *Act II.*

To make a virtue of necessity—SHAKESPEARE *Two Gentlemen of Verona (2nd Ouart)*, *Act IV.*, *Sc I.*

To dress up necessity into a virtue—SWIFT *Tale of a Tub*, *Sec. VI.*

Making night hideous—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act I., Sc. IV*

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous; answer him, ye owls
POPE. *The Dunciad, Bk. III., line 165.*

Man always knows his life will shortly cease,
Yet madly lives as if he knew it not

R. BAXTER. *Hypocrisy.*

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication.

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. II, St. 179.*

Man creates the evil he endures—SOUTHEY. *Inscriptions, II.*

Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to love—TENNYSON.
Merlin and Vivien.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are not said

JEAN INGELOW. *Afternoon at a Parsonage,
After Thought*

Man ever was a hypocrite, and ever will be still—TUSSER. *The Omnipotence of God, 2.*

Man, foolish man! no more thy soul deceive,
To die is but the surest way to live

BROOME. *Poem on Death, line 89.*

— Man for his glory
To history files;
While woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes

T. MOORE. *Irish Melodies, Desmond's Song.*

Man for the field, the woman for the hearth:
Man for the sword, and for the needle she:
Man with the head, and woman with the heart:
Man to command, and woman to obey;
All else confusion.

TENNYSON. *The Princess*

Man grows cold, and woman jealous;
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for pow'r

PRIOR. *Alma, Can. II, line 66.*

Man has a natural desire to know,
But th' one half is for int'rest, th' other show

S. BUTLER. *Satire upon Human Learning, line 151.*

Man has a thousand temptations to sin—woman has but one; if she cannot resist it, she has no claim upon our mercy.—BULWER LYTTON.
Falkland, Bk. III.

Man has his will,—but woman has her way—O. W. HOLMES. *Prologue*

Man has power
Of head and hand, the heart is woman's dower.
L E L *The Golden Violet, The Rose*

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways ;
While other animals unactive range
MILTON *Paradise Lost, Bk. IV*, line 618.

Man is a creature of a wilful head,
And hardly driven is, but eas'ly led
S DANIEL *The Queen's Arcadia*
(*Ergastus*), *Act IV*, *Sc. V.*

Man is a name of honour for a king.—G CHAPMAN. *Bussy d'Ambois* (*Tamyra*), *Act IV*. *Sc. I.*

Man is a restless thing, still vain and wild,
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child.
WATTS *To the Memory of T Gunston, Esq.*,
Bk. III, line 189.

Man is a ship that sails with adverse winds,
And has no haven till he land at death.
Then when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,
Comes a rude billow betwixt him and safety,
And beats him back into the deep again

RANDOLPH. *The Jealous Lovers (Chremylus)*,
Act V. *Sc. VI.*

Man is a toad-eating animal —W. HAZLITT. *Political Essays: On the Connexion between Toad-Eaters and Tyrants*

Man is a tool-making animal —DR FRANKLIN. *Quoted in Boswell's Life of Johnson (Fitzgerald's Ed)*, Vol II, p 266

Man is a tool-using animal —CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus*,
Bk I, *Ch V.*

Man is a beast when shame stands off from him.—SWINBURNE.
Phædra, Hippolytus

Man is born into trouble,
As the sparks fly upward.

JOB. *Ch V*, ver 7.

Man is but man ; unconstant still, and various ;
There's no to-morrow in him, like to-day.

DRYDEN. *Cleomenes (Sosybius)*, *Act III*, *Sc. I.*

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man
FLETCHER. *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late
FLETCHER *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*.

(Rejoice that) man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled

R BROWNING. *James Lee's Wife.*

Man is man's A B C There is none that can
Read God aright, unless he first spell man.

QUARLES *Hieroglyph I.*

Man is naturally a proud animal, and is fond of nothing more than the
breath of Fame, to soothe his vanity, and flatter his self-admiration—
SIR R. BLACKMORE *The Lay Monastery*, No. 11.

Man is not as God,
But then most Godlike being most a man.

TENNYSON. *Love and Duty.*

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds of high resolve—SHELLEY.
Queen Mab, IV.

Man is the hunter; woman is his game—TENNYSON *The Princess.*

Man is the spirit he worked in, not what he did, but what he became
—CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus*, Bk. II, Ch. X

Man is to man, the sorest, surest ill.—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*,
Night III, line 217.

Man, like the gen'rous vine supported, lives:
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives
POPE. *Essay on Man*, Ep. III, line 311.

Man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue

AKENSIDE *Pleasures of Imagination*, Bk. II, line 100.

Man owns the pow'r of kings, and kings of Jove.
And as their actions tend subordinate
To what thy will design's, thou giv'st the means
Proportion'd to the work, thou seest impartial
How they these means employ

PRIOR *First Hymn of Calimachus* To Jupiter.

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glossy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep

SHAKESPEARE *Measure for Measure*
(*Isabella*), Act II, Sc. II.

Man proposeth, God disposeth—HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

Man seeks his own good at the whole world's cost—R. BROWNING
Luria (Bracmo), Act I

Man should do nothing that he should repent,
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault if he be not truly

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Honest Man's Fortune*
(*Orleans*), *Act V.*, *Sc. II.*

Man should ever be
The friend of beauty in distress

BYRON. *Occasional Pieces: To Florence.*

Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake :
The first may turn, but not avenge the blow ;
The last expires, but leaves no living foe.

BYRON. *The Corsair, Can. I., XI.*

Man that is born of a woman
Is of few days, and full of trouble
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down :
He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not

JOB. *Ch. XIV.*, *ver. 1,2.*

Man !

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. IV., CIX*

Man to the last is but a froward child ;
So eager for the future, come what may,
And to the present so insensible !

ROGERS. *Reflections*

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long

GOLDSMITH. *The Vicar of Wakefield, A Ballad, Ch. VIII*

Man wants but little, nor that little long—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night IV*, line 118.

Man was formed for society—BLACKSTONE. *Commentaries: Of the Nature of Laws in General*

Man was not form'd to live alone,
I'll be that light, unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with none

BYRON. *Occasional Pieces: One Struggle More.*

Man who knows no good unmix'd and pure,
Oft finds a poison where he sought a cure

CRABBE. *The Library*

Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself ! in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone

SHELLEY. *Sonnet. Political Greatness*

Man, who wert once a despot and a slave ;
A dupe and a deceiver a decay ,
A traveller from the cradle to the grave
Through the dim night of this immortal day

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound (Demagorgon), Act IV.*

Man, without religion, is the creature of circumstances—J. C. HARE,
Guesses at Truth, p. 1.

Man is the creature of circumstance—ROBERT OWEN. *The Philanthropist*.

Man's the creature of habit—C. DICKENS. *The Battle of Life*
(*Mr. Bribain*), Pt. III.

Vide—‘Men are the sport.’

Man views the world with partial eyes—GAY. *Fables*, Pt. II, VII.
(Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,) Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

BYRON. *The Island, Can. I*, VI.

Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union.

BURNS. *To a Mouse*

Man's life, sir, being
Too short, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious

FLETCHER. *The Elder Brother (Charles)*, Act I., Sc. II.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
‘Tis woman's whole existence

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. I.*, St. 194

But a woman's whole existence is a history of the affections.—WASHINGTON IRVING. *The Broken Heart*

For women [I am a woman now like you]
There is no good of life but love

R. BROWNING. *In a Balcony*.

Vide—‘It's important business,’ etc.

Man's revenge
And endless inhumanities on man.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night VII.*, line 134.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn

BURNS. *Despondency*.

Man's state implies a necessary curse ;
When not himself, he's mad ; when most himself, he's worse.
QUARLES. *Emblems, Bl. II*, Em. XIV.

Man's that savage beast, whose mind,
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind

DENHAM. *Friendship and Single Life*, XXXIV.

Mankind is everywhere the same.—LADY M. WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Letter to the Countess of Bute*, 22nd July 1754.

Mankind to polish, and to teach,
Be this the monarch's aim :
Above ambition's giant reach
The monarch's need to claim.

WARTON. *Ode XV. (On H. M. Birthday)*, 4th June 1785.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times

POPE. *Moral Essays, Ep I*, line 172.

Many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant !
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken !

SIR W. SCOTT *The Lady of the Lake, Can V., XVIII*

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours

SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Posthumus), Act V, Sc. IV.*

Many faint with toil,
That few may know the cares and woe of sloth

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab, III.*

Many great ones
Would part with half their states, to have the plan
And credit to beg in the first stvie

SCOTT. *The Antiquary, Ch XXVII*

Many-headed multitude—SIR P. SIDNEY *Arcadia, Bl II.*—
SHAKESPEARE *Coriolanus (1st Citizen), Act II, Sc III*

Many little leaks may sink a ship —THOS. FULLER *Holy and Profane States. Holy State The Good Servant*

Many the loaded ship self-sunk through treasure-profit,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its girdle-girth !

R. BROWNING *Fifine at the Fair, LXXVI.*

(There's a damned proverb in your way) many things happen betwixt
the cup and the lip, you know —DRYDEN *Amphytrion, Act IV, Sc I.*

(For hyt is commynly sayd) " Many yes see bettur than one " —
T STARKEY *England in the Reign of Henry VIII, Bl I, Ch. IV., 3 (Pole)*

Two eyes see more than one, though it be never so big —THOS
FULLER *Holy and Profane States. Holy States: The Wise Statesman*

Marriage and hanging go by destiny · matches are made in heaven —
BURTON *Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt III, Sect II, Mem II, Subsect V.*

Marriago, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either break, or bow

BUTLER *The Lady's Answer to the Knight, line 155*

Marriage is a desperate thing —SELDEN *Table Talk. Marriage.*

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI, Pt I. (Suffolk), Act V, Sc. VI.*

Marriage is a taming thing —GEORGE ELIOT. *Middlemarch (Caleb Garth), Bl VII, Ch LXVIII.*

Marriage may often be a stormy lake, but celibacy is almost always a muddy horsepond.—T. L. PEACOCK. *Melincourt (Sir T. Paxarett)*, Ch. VII.

Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Romola*, Bk. III, Ch. XLVIII.

Marriage the happiest bond of love might be,
If hands were only joined when hearts agree.

GRANVILLE *The British Enchantress (Amadis)*, Act V., Sc. I.

Marriages are made in Heaven —OLD PROVERB

If marriages
Are made in Heaven, they should be happier.

SOUTHERN. *The Fatal Marriage (Isabella)*, Act IV., Sc. II.

Marry too soon, and you'll repent too late.

A sentence worth my meditation:
For marriage is a serious thing.

RANDOLPH *The Jealous Lovers (Asotus)*, Act V., Sc. I.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure

CONGREVE *The Old Bachelor (Sharper)*, Act V., Sc. VIII

Marry your son when you will; your daughter when you can.—
HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentium*.

(And) martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
Forget the pain by which they purchased heaven.

STEPNEY. *To King James II.*

(As hyt ys commonly and truly also sayd) 'materys be ended as
they be frended'—T. STARKEY *England in the Reign of Henry VIII*,
Bk. I, Ch. III, 33 (Pole)

And nowadays the lawe is ended, as a man is frynded—
H. BRINCKLOW *The Complaint of Roderick Mors*, Ch. XI.

May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?—SHAKESPEARE.
Hamlet (King), Act III, Sc. III

May, that mother is of monethes glade —CHAUCER. *Troilus and
Cresseide, Boke II*, line 50

May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!—C.
DICKENS. *Dombey and Son (Capt Cuttle)*, Ch. XV.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark —GOLDSMITH *The
Good-Natured Man (Lofty)*, Act II, Sc. I.

Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but measures*, a sort of
charm by which some people get loose from every honourable
engagement.—E. BURKE *Thoughts on the Cause of the Pres-
ent Discontents*.

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy —SHAKESPEARE *The Taming of
the Shrew. Induction (Messenger)*, Sc. II.

Mellow nuts have hardest rind.—SIR W. SCOTT *Lord of the Isles*,
Can. III, XXI.

Memory, bosom spring of joy —COLERIDGE *Domestic Peace*

MEMORY, THE WARDER—MEN AT SOME. 165

Memory, the warder of the brain—SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth)*, *Act I., Sc. VII.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed : maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives—SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Rosalind)*, *Act IV , Sc. I.*

Men are as much blinded by the extremes of misery as by the extremes of poverty.—BURKE *Letter to a Member of the National Assembly*, 1791.

Men
Are as the time is : to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword

SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (Edmund)*, *Act V , Sc III.*

Men are but children of a larger growth ;
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain

DRYDEN. *All for Love*, *Act IV , Sc. I.*

Women, then, are only children of a larger growth—
CHESTERFIELD *Letter to his Son, 5th September 1748*

Men are men . the best sometimes forget—SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Iago)*, *Act II., Sc III*

‘Men are more eloquent than women made’ (*Shepherd*)

‘But women are more powerful to persuade’ (*Nymph*)

RANDOLPH *Amyntas, Prologue*

Men are never so good or so bad as their opinions—MACKINTOSH
Ethical Philosophy.

Men are seldom loud in applauding others, unless they feel themselves flattered—KENELM DIGBY *The Broad Stone of Honour, Tancredus, VII*

Men are so fond of themselves, that they will, if possible, mix up something belonging to their miserable selves even with religion—KENELM DIGBY *The Broad Stone of Honour, Tancredus, V*

Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can V , St 17.*

Vide—‘ Man, without religion ’

Men are valued not for what they are, but what they seem to be—
BULWER LYTTON *Money (Sir John Vesey)*, *Act I , Sc I*

Men at most differ as Heaven and Earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell

TENNYSON *Merlin and Vivien*

Men at some time are masters of their fates—SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Cassius)*, *Act I , Sc II.*

Men but like visions are, time all doth claim ;
He lives, who dies to win a lasting name

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN. *Sonnet.*

Men cast the blame of their unprosperous acts
Upon the abettors of their weak resolve ;
Or anything but their weak guilty selves

SHELLEY. *The Cenci (Orsino), Act V., Sc. I.*

Men die but once, and the opportunity
Of a noble death is not an everyday fortune :
It is a gift which noble spirits pray for

C. LAMB. *John Woodvill, Act II.*

Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Duke), Act I, Sc. III.*

Men have a touchstone whereby to try gold ; but gold is the touch-
stone whereby to try men —T. FULLER. *Holy and Profane States ;
Holy State : The Good Judge.*

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not
for love —SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Rosalind), Act IV.,
Sc. I.*

Men have many faults ;
Poor women have but two :
There's nothing good they say,
And nothing right they do.

ANONYMOUS.

Men have marble, women waxen minds —SHAKESPEARE *Rape of
Lucrece*, 178.

Men in great place, are thrice servants —BACON. *Essay XI.: Of Great
Place.*

Men like soldiers may not quit the post
Allotted by the Gods

TENNYSON. *Lucreius.*

Men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

TENNYSON. *The Brook.*

Men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

SHAKESPEARE *Julius Caesar (Cassius), Act I, Sc. II.*

(I hold it true with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That) men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, I.*
Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither :
Ripeness is all

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Edgar), Act V., Sc. II.*

Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but the earnest of the things which they
shall do.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.*

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low ?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear ?

SHELLEY. *To the Men of England*

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is—SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Sc II*

Men should be what they seem,
Or those that be not, would they might seem none

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Iago), Act III, Sc III.*

Men shut their doors against a setting sun—SHAKESPEARE *Timon of Athens (Apemantus), Act I., Sc II*

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take!
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake.
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
But ev'ry woman would be queen for life

POPE *Epsitile II, To a Lady.*

Men take more pains to lose themselves than would be requisite to keep them in the right road—KENELM DIGBY *The Broad Stone of Honour, Godefriodus, X*

Men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing,
And weave their petty cells and die

TENNYSON *In Memoriam, L.*

Mon the more they know, the worse they be—BP. LATIMER. *Seventh Sermon preached before Edward VI*

Men thro' novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things

TENNYSON *The Two Voices*

Men, upon the whole,
Are what they can be—nations, what they would.

E. B BROWNING *Casa Guidi Windows, Pt. I.*

Men, who lived and dy'd without a name,
Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of fame

SWIFT *Ode to the Athenian Society.*

Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save monoy rarely swagger—BULWER LYTTON. *My Novel, Bk XI, Ch II*

Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it; die for it; anything but—live for it—COLTON *Lacon, XXV.*

Mon's behaviour should be like their apparell, not too strait, or point device, but free for exercise or motion—BACON. *Essay LII, Of Ceremonies and Respects*

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VIII. (Griffith), Act IV, Sc. II.*

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear—SHAKESPEARE *Rape of Lucrece, 91.*

Men's men : gentle or simple, they're much of a muchness —GEORGE ELIOT. *Daniel Deronda, Bk. IV, Ch. XXXI.*

Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music —GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede, Bk. II, Ch. XIX.*

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Desdemona), Act III., Sc. IV.*

Men's thoughts are much according to their inclination.—BACON.
Essay XXXIX, Of Custom.

Men's vows are women's traitors!—SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Imogen), Act III., Sc. IV.*

Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds —COLERIDGE *Piccolomini, Act I., Sc. IV.*

Mental power cannot be got from ill-fed brains —HERBERT SPENCER.
The Principles of Ethics, Sect. 238.

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill —SHAKESPEARE.
Romeo and Juliet (Prince), Act III., Sc. I

Mercy is not itself, but oft looks so ;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure (Escalus), Act II., Sc. I.*

Mery as a cricket.—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. XI.*

Merry larks are ploughmen's clocks —SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost (Song), Act V., Sc. II.*

Mesure is medecyne —LANGLAND. *Piers the Plowman, Passus II., line 33.*

Midsummer mute
Of song, but rich to scent and sight.

LEWIS MORRIS. *The Ode of Life. Ode of Perfect Years.*

Might
That makes a Title, where there is no Right.

S DANIEL. *Civil War, Bk. II, XXXVI.*

(With) mild heat of holy oratory —TENNYSON. *Geraint and Enid*

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. IV, line 677.*

Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Norfolk), Act I., Sc. I.*

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows —SHAKESPEARE.
The Tempest (Trinculo), Act II., Sc. II.

Misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

COWPER. *The Castlewray.*

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay :
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more and double thy distress.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts. Night I*, line 318.

Mishke me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun.

SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice*
(*Prince of Morocco*), *Act II*, *Sc. I*

Mistaken blessings prove the greatest curse!—SOMERVILLE. *Fable VI*.
Mistress of herself though china fall—POPE *Moral Essays. Ep. II*,
line 268

Moche crye and no wull—JOHN FORTESCUE *De Laudibus Leg. Angliae. Ch. X*.

Mock not the cobbler for his black thumbs—FULLER. *Holy and Profane States. Holy State: Of Jesting*

Mockery is the fume of little hearts—TENNYSON. *Guinevere*.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead,
Excessive grief the enemy to the living

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well (Lafeu)*, *Act I. Sc. I*.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of
all virtues—BISHOP HALL. *Christian Moderation. Introduction*.

Money is welcome tho' it be in a dirty clout, but 'tis far more acceptable if 't come in a clean handkerchief—J. HOWELL. *Familiar Letters*,
Bk. II. Letter XXV. To Mr. P. W.

Money, says the proverb, makes money—ADAM SMITH. *Wealth of Nations*, *Bk. I. Ch. IX.*

Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on—B. FRANKLIN. *Letters Advice to a Young Tradesman*.

Money, th' only power
That all mankind fall down before

BUTLER. *Hudibras. Pt. III. Can. II*, line 1327.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains ;

They crown'd him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

BYRON. *Manfred (Voice of Second Spirit)* *Act I., Sc. I.*

Moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness

MILTON. *Paradise Lost. Bk. XI.* line 485.

Morals are a personal affair: in the war of righteousness every man
fights for his own hand.—R. L. STEVENSON. *Lay Morals. Ch. II.*

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day—CHAUCER. *The Nonnes Preestes Tale*, line 15058.

For murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet)*,
Act II. Sc. II.

Yet heav'n will still have murder out at last.—DRAYTON.
Ideas, II.

"Tis an old saying,
Murder will out.

SHAKERLEY MARMION. *The Antiquary*
(*Lorenzo*), *Act V.*

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :
The setting sun and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II* (*Gaunt*), *Act II.*, *Sc. I.*

More childish valourous than manly wise—MARLOWE. *Tamburlaine the Great, Pt. II.* (*Calyphas*), *Act IV.*, *Sc. I.*

More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man.

CAMPBELL. *A Dream.*

(To me) more dear, congenial to my heart
One native charm than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*, line 253.

More domestic unhappiness has come of easy fainting, Doll, than
from all the greater passions put together—DICKENS *Barnaby Rudge (Varden)*, *Ch. XIX.*

More haste than good speed makes many fare the worse—UNKNOWN.
The Marriage of Wit and Science (Wit), *Act IV*, *Sc. I.*

More liberty begets desire of more ;
The hunger still increases with the store.

DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther, Pt. I.*, line 519.

(I am a man)
More sinned against than sinning.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Lear)*, *Act III.*, *Sc. II.*

To know that we have walked among mankind
More sinn'd against than sinning.

SOUTHEY. *Written after visiting the Convent of Arrabida.*

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me nught and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON. *More d'Arthur.*

More vacant pulpits would more converts make.—DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther, Pt. III.*, line 182.

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.—SHAKESPEARE.
As You Like It (Song), *Act II.*, *Sc. VII.*

Most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained, Bk. I*, line 482.

Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV., Pt. II. (King Henry)*, *Act IV. Sc. IV.*

Most women have no characters at all,
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

POPE *Epistle II, To a Lady*, 2.

Most women have small waists the world throughout ;
But their desires are thousand miles about

TOURNEUR. *The Revenger's Tragedy (Supervacuo)*, *Act V.*

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poverty by wrong :
They learn in suffering what they teach in song

SHELLEY. *Julian and Maddalo*.

Most writers steal a good thing when they can,
And when 'tis safely got 'tis worth the winning.
The worst of 't is we now and then detect 'em,
Before they ever dream that we suspect 'em

BARRY CORNWALL. *Diego de Montillo, IV.*

Mountains interposed.
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one

COWPER. *The Task, The Timepiece*, *Bk. II.*, line 17.

Much learning doth make thee mad—ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.
Ch XXVI., ver. 24.

Much of a muchness.—VANBURGH. *The Provoked Husband*, *Act I., Sc. I.*

Much water goeth by the mill
That the miller knoweth not of

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. II., Ch. V.*

More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive

SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus (Demetrius)*, *Act II., Sc. I.*

Murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Othello)*, *Act V., Sc. II.*

Muse of the many twinkling feet, whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms

BYRON. *The Waltz.*

Musio hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride (Almeria)*, *Act I., Sc. I.*

Music's force can tame the furious beast :
 Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain
 His rage ; the lion drop his crested mane
 Attentive to the song

PRIOR. *Solomon, Bk. II.*, line 67.

Music, moody food
 Of us that trade in love.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*
(Cleopatra), Act II., Sc 1

Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
 And all of heaven we have below.

ADDISON. *Song for St. Cecilia's Day, III.*

Music, the mosaic of the air.—MARVELL. *Music's Empire* 17.

Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry : music without the idea is simply music : the idea without the music is prose from its very definiteness.—E. A. POE. *Letter to Mr. —*.

Music's golden tongue.—KEATS. *The Eve of St. Agnes, St. 3.*

Music's the med'cine of the mind.—LOGAN (attributed to), *Danish Ode*.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.

SHAKESPEARE *Richard III. (King Richard), Act V., Sc III.*

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.—JOB *Ch. VII.*, ver 6

My deare, my better half.—SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia. Argalus to Parthenia, Bk. III.*

O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me

SHAKESPEARE *Sonnet XXXIX.*

Best image of myself and dearer half.—MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. V.*, line 95.

My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.—BURNS *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is Macgregor.—SIR W. SCOTT. *Rob Roy, Ch. XXXIV.*

My guide, philosopher, and friend.—POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. IV.*, line 390.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,

As men's have grown from sudden fears.

BYRON. *The Prisoner of Chillon, I.*

My May of Life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act V., Sc III.*

My minde to me a kingdom is,
 Such perfect joy therein I finde
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
 That God and nature hath assignede

OLD BALLAD.

My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health

R. SOUTHWELL *Content and Rich*

My muse, tho' homely in attire,
May touch the heart

BURNS. *Epistle to J. L.—J.*

My name is legion—ST. MARK *Ch. V., ver. 9.*

My name is Norval on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks

J. HOWE *Douglas (Stranger), Act II., Sc. I.*

My only books
Were women's looks,
And follv's all they've taught me

T. MOORE. *Irish Melodies The Time I've Lost in Wooring.*

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathèd enemy

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Juliet), Act I., Sc. V.*

My poverty but not my will consents—SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Apothecary), Act V., Sc. I.*

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment.

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra
(Cleopatra), Act I., Sc. V.*

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which like a sleeping swan doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound (Asia), Act II., Sc. V.*

My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the foe, with conquering troops

CONGREVE *The Mourning Bride
(Osmyn), Act III., Sc. II.*

My soul's in arms and eager for the fray.—COLLEY CIBBER.
Richard III., altered by (Richard), Act V., Sc. III.

Myself have lim'd a bush for her—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI., Pt. II. (Suffolk), Act I., Sc. III.*

Naked piety
Dares more than fury well-appointed; blood
Being never better sacrificed than when
It flows to him that gave it.

CARTWRIGHT. *The Ordinary (Meanwell), Act I., Sc. I.*

Narcissus is the glory of his race;
For who does nothing with a better grace!

YOUNG *Love of Fame, Sat. IV., line 85*

Nations, like men, have their infancy—LORD BOLINGBROKE. *Of the Study of History, Lecture IV.*

Nat'ralists observe a flea
 Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

SWIFT. *On Poetry.*

Great fleas have little fleas, and lesser fleas to bite 'em,
 And these fleas have other fleas, and so *ad infinitum*

ANON

Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom—CARLYLE
Sartor Resartus, Bk. II, Ch. III.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
 God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light

POPE *Emphaph intended for Sir I. Newton.*

Nature is a mutable cloud, which is always and never the same—
 EMERSON. *History.*

Nature is fine in love: and where 'tis fine,
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Laertes), Act IV., Sc. V.*

Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
 Till partial luxury began the strife

HARWOOD *Love Elegies, XI.*

Nature is God's, Art is man's instrument—SIR T. OVERBURY. *A Wife, St. 8*

Nature is seldom in the wrong, custom always—LADY M. WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Letter to Miss Anne Worley.* 8th August 1709.

Nature is the art of God—SIR THOS. BROWNE *Religio Medici.*

The course of Nature is the art of God—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night IX., line 1269.*

Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her

WORDSWORTH *Poems of the Imagination, XXVI.*

Nature never makes excellent things for mean or no uses.—LOCKE. *Essay on the Human Understanding, Bk. II, Ch. I., Sect 15*

Nature, so far as in her lies,
 Imitates God

TENNYSON. *On a Mourner*

Nature stamp'd us in a Heavenly mould—CAMPBELL. *Pleasures of Hope, I.*

(So) Nature steals on all the works of man,
 Sure conqueror she, reclaiming to herself
 His perishable piles

SOUTHHEY. *The Ruined Cottage.*

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends—SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus (Sicinius), Act II, Sc. I.*

Nature, the Handmaid of God Almighty.—HOWELL. *Familiar Letters, Bk. II, Letter VI. To Dr. T. P.*

Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER *Philaster (Philaster)*, *Act II, Sc I.*

Nature which is the time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise,
hides Him from the foolish—CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus*, *Blk. III., Ch VIII.*

Nature's first great title—mind—CROLY. *Pericles and Aspasia.*

Nature's licensed vagabond, the swallow.—TENNYSON. *Queen Mary*, *Act V, Sc I*

Nature's prime impulse, earthly appetite—R. BROWNING. *Aristophanes' Apology*

Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the black militia of the pen

YOUNG *To Mr. Pope, Ep. I.*

Nature's richest, sweetest store,
She made an Hoyland, and can make no more
CHATTERTON *To Miss Hoyland.*

Vide—‘To see her is to love her’

Nature's tears are reason's merriment—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Friar Laurence)*, *Act IV, Sc V*

Nature's unchanging harmony—SHELLEY *Queen Mab, II.*

Naught shall make us rue,
If England to herself do zest but true
SHAKESPEARE *King John (Bastard)*,
Act V, Sc VII.

Near acquaintance doth diminish reverent fear.—SIR P. SIDNEY *Arcadia, Blk III.*

Near Death he stands, that stands too near a crown—S DANIEL. *The Tragedy of Cleopatra (Rodon)*, *Act IV, Sc I*

Who are so high above,
Are near to lightning, that are near to Jove
S DANIEL *Tragedy of Philotas (Sosistratas)*, *Act IV, Sc I.*

Necessity does the work of courage—GEORGE ELIOT *Romola*, *Ch LXVII*

Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And luxury the accomplish'd sofa last
COWPER. *The Task, Bl I*, line 86

Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves—EARL OF CHATHAM *Speech on the Indian Bill. November 1783*

Necessity is the mother of invention—OLD PROVERB

Necessity, mother of invention—WYCHERLEY. *Love in a Wood (Gripe)*, *Act III., Sc III.*

176 NECESSITY NEVER—NEVER MAKE A DEFENCE.

Necessity never made a good bargain.—B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanach*.

Necessity! thou mother of the world!—SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*, VI.

Nede has no pere;
Him behoves serve himself that has no swain
CHAUCER. *The Reeve's Tale*, line 4024.

Needs must when the devil drives—OLD PROVERB.

Alas, thou needs must go, the devil drives thee.—QUARLES *Emblems*, Bk. I, Em. XI, Ep. 11.

I must needs go, whom the devil drives—BEN JONSON. *Tale of a Tub (Turfe)*, Act III., Sc. V.

Needs there groan a world in anguish just to teach us sympathy.—R. BROWNING. *La Saisiaz*.

Ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear;
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.
SIR W. SCOTT. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Can IV., XXXV.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Polonius)*, Act I, Sc. III.

Neither cast your pearls before swine—ST. MATTHFW. Ch. VII., ver. 6

Neode hap no lawe—LANGLAND. *Piers the Plowman*, Passus XXIII.. line 10.

Nether fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring—JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, Bk. I, Ch. X.

Nether fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring—DRYDEN. *Epilogue* VII, *To the Duke of Gloucest.*

Never anger made good guard for itself—SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Mæcenas)*, Act IV., Sc. I.

(For) never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*
(Theseus), Act V, Sc. I.

Never borrow a horse you don't know of a friend!—R. H. BARHAM. *The Smuggler's Leap. Moral.*

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.

SHAKESPEARE. *Lore's Labour's Lost (Biron)*, Act IV., Sc. III.

Never gallop Pegasus to death.—POPE. *To Bolingbroke*, Bk. I., Ep. I, 14.

Never less alone than when alone.—ROGERS. *Human Life*.

Never make a defence or apology before you be accused.—CHARLES I. *Letter to Lord Wentworth*.

NEVER PUT OFF—NO BEAST SO FIERCE. 177

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.—LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to his Son, 5th February 1750.*

My advice is, never do to-morrow what you can do to-day
Procrastination is the thief of time—C DICKENS. *David Copperfield (Mr Micawber), Ch. XII.*

Never the lotus closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East wind that died for England's sake—
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English flag is stayed
RUDYARD KIPLING. *The English Flag*

Never yet was shape so dread,
But fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

T. MOORE *Lalla Rookh, VII.*

New honours, come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Banquo), Act I, Sc III*

New-made honour doth forget men's names—SHAKESPEARE. *King John (Bastard), Act I, Sc I.*

New opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason, but because they are not already common—LOCKE. *Essay on the Human Understanding, Dedicatory Epistle*

News, the manna of a day—GREEN. *The Spleen, line 169.*

Nice customs court'sy to great kings—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V. (King Henry), Act V, Sc II.*

Nicknames and whippings, when they are once laid on, no one has discovered how to take off—LANDOR *Imaginary Conversations, Peter Leopold and President Du Paty (Du Paty)*

Night is Love's hollyday—PHINEAS FLETCHER. *Britann's Ida, Can II, St 3.*

Night—the nurse of thoughts—HENRY VAUGHAN. *Daphnis (Menalcas), line 182.*

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo), Act III, Sc. V*

Nipt in the bud—HERBERT. *The Temple The Church. Employment*

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend, II.*

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III. (Lady Anne), Act I, Sc II*

178 NO BEAUTY'S LIKE—NO MAN CAN BE.

No beauty's like the beauty of the mind —JOSHUA COOKE (*attributed to*) *How a Man may choose a Good Wife from a Bad (Young Arthur)*, *Act V., Sc. III.*

No bolts for the dead —SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Posthumus)*, *Act V., Sc. IV.*

No cord nor cable can so forcibly draw, or hold so fast, as love can do with a twin'd thread.—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Pt. III., Sect. II., Mem. I., Subsec. II.*

No crime's so great as daring to excel —CHURCHILL. *Epistle to Hogarth*, *line 52.*

No fiend's so cruel as a reas'ning brute —POMFRET. *Cruelty and Lust*, *line 374.*

No foole to the old foole —JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, *Bk. II., Ch. II.*

No furniture so charming as books, even if you never open them or read a single word.—SYDNEY SMITH *Memoirs*, *Ch. IX.*

No great men are original —EMFRSON. *Shakespeare.*

No greater shame to man than inhumanitie.—SPENSER *Faerie Queene*, *Bk. VI., Can. I., St. 26.*

No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*, *Pt. II., Can. I., line 273.*

No is no negative in a woman's mouth.—SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia*, *Bk. III.*

No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

R. SOUTHWELL. *Times go by Turns.*

No labour, no bread,
No host, we be dead.

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, *Preface, Ch. VI.*

No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death

TENNYSON. *The Two Voices*

No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilst every man's his own interpreter.

DENHAM. *Progress of Human Learning*, *line 148.*

No love so true as love that dies untold —O. W. HOLMES. *The Mysterious Illness*

No man at one time can be wise and love.—HERRICK. *Hesperides*, *230.*

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.—GEORGE ELIOT *Adam Bede (Bartle Massey)*, *Bk. X., Ch. II.*

No man can be wiser than destiny—TENNYSON *A Dream of Fair Women.*

No man can serve two masters—ST. MATTHEW. *Ch VI*, ver. 24.

No man has learned anything rightly, until he know that every day is Doomsday—EMERSON. *Work and Days.*

No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures—BOSWELL *Life of Johnson* (*Dr Johnson*), *Fitzgerald's Ed*, Vol III, p. 94.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him There is always work
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil

J. R. LOWELL. *A Glance behind the Curtain.*

No man is born unto himself alone,
Who lives unto himself, he lives to none

QUARLES. *History of Queen Esther*, Sect I, Med I.

No man is matriculated to the art of life till he has been well tempted.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Romola (Pietro Cennini)*, Bk I, Ch IX

No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world—WASHINGTON IRVING *Sketch Book, The Wife.*

No man loveth his fetters, be they made of gold—JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, Bk I, Ch VIII.

No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns—SHAKESPEARE *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (*Page*), Act V., Sc II.

No man
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain woman

BYRON *Don Juan, Can XIII*, St. 3.

No man's a faithful judge in his own cause—MASSINGER *The Bashful Lover (Alonso)*, Act II, Sc VII.

No man's knowledge, here, can go beyond his experience.—LOCKE *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Bk II, Ch. I., Sect 19.

(For sure) no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.

POMFRET. *The Choice*, line 31.

(They are) no more like,
Than chalk is to cheese

UNKNOWN. *The Marriage of True Wit and Science*
(*Science*), Act V, Sc. I

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone

TENNYSON. *The Palace of Art.*

No one is so accursed by fate,
None so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own

LONGFELLOW *Endymion.*

No one likes to be disturbed at meals or love.—BYRON. *Don Juan*, *Can. I., St. LXXXIX*

No pleasure is comparable to standing on the vantage ground of truth.—BACON. *Of Truth*

No post the man
Ennobles ;—man the post !
BULWER LYTTON. *King Arthur*, *Bk. XII., XVIII.*

No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en ;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect
SHAKESPEARE *The Taming of the Shrew*
(*Tranio*), *Act I., Sc. I.*

No quality will get a man more friends than a disposition to admire the qualities of others —BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*, *Fitzgerald's Ed.*, *Vol. II*, p. 22.

No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years
TENNYSON. *The Princess*.

No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet
BYRON. *Childe Harold*, *Can. III., XXII.*

No society can surely be flourishing and happy, of which the far greater part of the members are poor and miserable.—ADAM SMITH. *The Wealth of Nations*, *Bk. I., Ch. VIII.*

(Yet stab at thee who will,)
No stab the soul can kill
SIR W. RALEIGH. *The Soul's Errand*.

No vizor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery
SHAKESPEARE *Pericles (Gower)*, *Act IV., Sc. IV.*

No wealth is like a quiet mind —OLD BALLAD. *My Mind a Kingdom is*

No woman would ever marry if she had not the chance of mortality
for a release —GAY. *The Beggar's Opera (Lockit)*, *Act II., Sc. II.*

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight
SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*, *Bk. VI., Can. VI., St. 1.*

(We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,
Thou art) noble and nude and antique.
SWINBURNE. *Dolores*.

Nobody can deny but that religion is a comfort to the distressed, a cordial to the sick, and sometimes a restraint on the wicked —LADY M. WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Letter to the Countess of Bute*, 23rd June 1754.

NONE ARE COMPLETELY—NOR FEED, FOR POMP. 181

None are completely wretched but the great
Superior woes, superior stations bring,
A peasant sleeps, while cares awake a king.

BROOME *Epistle to Mr Fenton.*

None are fair but who are kind.—THOMAS STANLEY *The Deposition.*

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them ;
such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets monev, for the purpose
of circulation —COLTON. *Lacom, XL*

None but a fool is always right ; and his right is the most unreasonable
wrong.—J. C HARE *Guessees at Truth, Vol II, p 214.*

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears

COWPER. *The Progress of Error.*

None but beggars live at ease —A W. *Song in Praise of a Beggar's
Life (from Darison's Rhapsody)*

None but the base in baseness do delight —DRAYTON. *Legend of
Robert, Duke of Normandy.*

None but the brave deserves the fair —DRYDEN *Alexander's Feast.*

None but those whose courage is unquestionable can afford to be
effeminate —BULWER LYTTON *Pelham, Ch XLIV, Maxim V.*

None can speak of a wound with skill, if he hath not a wound felt —
SIR P SIDNEY *Arcadia, Bk I. Domo and Zelmane (Zelmane)*

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound —SHAKESPEARE.
Romeo and Juliet (Romeo), Act II, Sc II

None so blind as those that will not see —M HENRY *Commentaries.
Jeremiah XX.*

There is none so blind as they that won't see —SWIFT. *Political
Conversation, Dia III.*

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair ;
But Love can hope, where Reason would despair

LYTTFLTON *Epigram.*

Nor doubt that golden chords
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
The soul to purer worlds.

WORDSWORTH *Ecclesiastical Sonnets, Pt I, XVIII.*

Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lines of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime
BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can I, III*

Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.

LANGHORNE *Hymn to Humanity, St. 4*

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar (Cassius)*, *Act I., Sc. III.*

Not a vanity is given in vain.—POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. II*, line 290.

Not a worm is cloven in vain •
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, LIV.*

Not all the water in the rough-rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II. (King Richard)*, *Act III., Sc. II.*

Not dead, but gone before.—ROGERS *Human Life*

Not lost, but gone before—M. HENRY. *Commentaries Matthew, Ch. 17.*

The buried are not lost, but gone before—E. ELLIOTT. *The Excursion.*

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

ANON. *From Smith's Edinboro' Harmony, 1829*

Not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII. (King)*, *Act V., Sc. I.*

Not for mortal tear

Doth Nature deviate from her calm career:
Nor is the Earth less laughing or less fair,
Though breaking hearts her gladness may not share

F. HEMANS. *The Abencerrage, Can. I., I.*

Not oaks alone are trees, nor roses flowers;
Much humble wealth makes rich this world of ours

LEIGH HUNT. *On Pomfret's Choice.*

Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty is the way to glory.

TENNYSON. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*

Not our logical, mensurative faculty, but our imaginative one is king over us.—CARLYLE *Sailor Resartus, Bk. III., Ch. III.*

Not so good to borrow, as be able to lend.—JOHN HeyWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. X.*

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown.—MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. line 83.*

Not to know me
Argues thyself unknowing of thyself
SOMERVILLE. *Hobbinol, Can. III., line 378.*

Not to put too fine a point upon it—C DICKENS *Bleak House* (*Mr. Snagsby*), Ch. XI.

Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is

COWPER *The Task*, Bk VI, line 50

Not well understood, as good not known?—MILTON. *Paradise Regained*, Bk. I., line 437.

Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare

LOWELL. *Vision of Sir Launfal*, Pt II, VIII.

Nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence but the folly of our pursuits.—GOLDSMITH. *The Good-Natured Man* (*Honeywood*), Act I, Sc. I.

Nothing can seem foul to those that win—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV*, Pt. I. (*King Henry*), Act V, Sc. I.

Nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal—SHAKESPEARE. *The Taming of the Shrew* (*Grumio*), Act I, Sc II

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy—SHAKESPEARE *Timon of Athens* (1st Senator), Act III., Sc V.

(For) nothing goes for sense or light,
That will not with old rules jump right

BUTLER. *Hudibras*, Pt I., Can III, line 135.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it, he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth* (*Malcolm*), Act I, Sc. IV.

Nothing in this world is single;

All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle

SHELLEY *Love's Philosophy*

Nothing is achieved before it be thoroughly attempted.—SIR P SIDNEY *Arcadia*, Bk II

Nothing is great but the inexhaustible wealth of nature—EMERSON. *Resources*

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart—JOHN HEYWOOD *Proverbs*, Bk. I., Ch IV.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that feeling gave,—
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.

T. MOORE *Boat Glee. Song from M. P
or the Blue Stocking*

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand—GEORGE ELIOT. *Silas Marner* (*Nancy*), Ch XVIII.

184 NOTHING IS SO RASH—NOW IS THE WINTER.

Nothing is so rash as fear ; and the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put off, whilst they are always sure to aggravate, the evils from which they would fly.—BURKE. *Letters on the Regicide Peace. I.*

Nothing is thought rare
Which is not new and follow'd ; yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again

J. FLETCHER. *The Noble Gentleman. Prologue.*

Nothing keeps in such awe as perfect beauty ;—now there is some thing consoling and encouraging in ugliness—SHERIDAN. *The Duenna (Isaac Mendoza), Act II, Sc. I.*

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk IX., line 232.*

Nothing rocks love as cop but death.—J. FLETCHER. *The Pilgrim (Pedro), Act V., Sc. IV.*

Nothing so good, but it may be abused.—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy, Part I, Sect. II., Mem. II., Subsect. VI.*

Nothing speaks our griefe so well
As to speak nothing

CRASHAW. *Upon the Death of a Gentleman, line 27.*

Nothing I thou elder brother e'en to shade—ROCHESTER. *Poem on Nothing.*

Nothing was born ;
Nothing will die ;
All things will change.

TENNYSON. *Nothing will Die.*

Nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, LIV.*

Nothing wins a man sooner than a good turn—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt. III, Sect. I., Mem. II., Subsect. I.*

Nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Lorenzo), Act V., Sc. I.*

Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth), Act III, Sc. II.*

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warter silent on the hill.

SIR W. SCOTT. *Marmion, Can. I., Introduction.*

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III. (Gloster), Act I., Sc. I.*

Now morn her rosy steps in th' Eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl

MILTON *Paradise Lost, Bk. V., line 1.*

Now up, now down, as boket in a well — CHAUCER *The Knight's Tale, line 1535.*

Like so many buckets in a well — BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*

Thus we're wound up alternately,
Like buckets in a well

HAYNES BAYLY. *My Husband Means Extremely Well, IV.*

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand !

SIR W SCOTT. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Can VI, II*

O Charity, divinely wise,
Thou meek-ey'd Daughter of the Skies !

HANNAH MORE *Ode to Charity.*

O cursed lust of gold ! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds ;
First starved in this, then damned in that to come

BLAIR. *The Grave, line 347.*

O Death in Life, the days that are no more — TENNYSON *The Princess, IV. 'Tears, Idle Tears,' last line*

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend — BURNS *Despondency.*

O England ! modelled to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart

SHAKESPEARE *Henry V. (Chorus), Act I., Sc. II.*

O faithless world, and thy most faithless part,
A woman's Heart,
The true Shop of variety, where sits
Nothing but fits
And fevers of desire, and pangs of love,
Which toys remove !

SIR HENRY WOTTON *A Poem written in his Youth.*

O father Abraham ! what these Christians are
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others !

SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice (Shylock), Act I., Sc. III.*

O for a horse with wings!—SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Imogen)*, *Act III., Sc. II.*

O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

TENNYSON. *Break, Break, Break!*

O God, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains.—SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Cassio)*, *Act II., Sc. III.*

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar (Messala)*,
Act V., Sc. III.

O heavy burden of a doubtfull minde!—QUARLES. *A Feast for Worms*, *Sect. 2.*

O human love! thou spirit given
On earth of all we hope in Heaven.

E A. POE *Tamerlane.*

O I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.*

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar (Antony)*,
Act III., Sc. II.

O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Kent)*, *Act V., Sc. III.*

O let my looks be then my eloquence
And dumb presages of my speaking breast.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet, XXIII.*

O life! how pleasant is thy morning—BURNS *To J. S.*

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious, youthful prime!

BURNS. *Despondency.*

O man,

Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name.

J. H. NEWMAN. *The Dream of Geronitus.*

O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser God had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would?

TENNYSON. *The Passing of Arthur.*

O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give,
 Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (*Friar Laurence*),
Act II, Sc. III.

O, my luve's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June

BURNS *A red, red rose*

O my prophetic soul ! mine uncle !—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (*Hamlet*),
Act I., Sc. V.

O opportunity, thy guilt is great !
 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;
 Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;
 Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season ;
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him

SHAKESPEARE *Rape of Lucrece*, 126.

O our lives' sweetness !
 That with the pain of death we'd hourly die
 Rather than die at once

SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (*Edgar*), *Act V., Sc. III.*

O pang all pangs above,
 Is kindness counterfeiting absent Love
 COLERIDGE *The pang more sharp than all.*

O powerful love ! that in some respects, makes a beast a man, in
 some other, a man a beast —SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor*
(Falstaff), *Act V., Sc. V.*

O purblind race of miserable men,
 How many among us at this very hour
 Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves,
 By taking true for false, or false for true !

TENNYSON. *Geraint and Enid.*

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
 And high and low mate ill ;
 But love has never known a law
 Beyond its own sweet will

WHITTIER. *Amy Wentworth*

O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name.
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet* (*Juliet*),
Act II., Sc. II.

O running stream of sparkling joy
 To be a soaring human boy !

C. DICKENS *Bleak House* (*Chadband*), *Ch. XIX.*

O shall the braggart shout
 For some blind glimpse of freedom, work itself
 Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to law,
 System and empire ?

TENNYSON. *Love and Duty.*

O small beginnings, we are great and strong,
 Based on a faithful heart and wearless brain !
 Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
 Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

LOWELL. *To W. L. Garrison.*

O summer friendship,
 Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in
 Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
 In th' autumn of adversity !

MASSINGER. *Maid of Honour.*

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Juliet),*
Act II, Sc. II.

O sweet womankind, how I love thee for that heavenly gift of lying—
 DRYDEN. *Sir Martin Mar-all, Act II, Sc. I.*

O sweetness of content ! seraphic joy !
 Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.

GRANVILLE. *To Mrs Higgins*

O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek !

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo),*
Act II, Sc. II.

O that men's ears should be
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens (Apemantus),*
Act I, Sc. II.

O that the vain remorse which must chastise
 Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn,
 As its keen sting is mortal to avenge

SHELLEY. *The Cenci (Giacomo), Act V, Sc. I.*

O that this too too-solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter !

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act I, Sc. II.*

O the cowardice of a guilty conscience.—SIR P. IDNEY. *Arcadia, Bl. II.*

O the curst fate of all conspiracies !
 They move on many springs : if one but fail,
 The restive machine stops

DRYDEN. *Don Sebastian (Benducar), Act IV., Sc. I.*

O the divinity of being rich !—RANDOLPH. *Hey for Honesty (Blepsidemus), Act II, Sc. VII.*

O then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you,
 Sho is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the forefinger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinner's legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams ;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone, the lash of film :
 Her waggoner, a small, grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the finger of a maid ;
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Mercutio)*, *Act I*, *Sc. IV*

O there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise,
 and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the
 accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so
 strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen
 had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so
 abominably—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet)*, *Act III*, *Sc. II*

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by,
 let us call thee devil—SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Cassio)*, *Act II*, *Sc. III*.

O ! 'tis excellent
 To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.

SHAKESPEARE *Measure for Measure (Isabella)*, *Act II*, *Sc. II*.

O wad some pow'r the giftie gle us
 To see ourselves as others see us !
 It wad frae monio a blunder free us,
 An' foolish notion
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'o us,
 And ev'n devotion

BURNS *To a Louse*

O, what a fall wes there, my countrymen !—SHAKESPEARE *Julius Caesar (Antony)*, *Act III*, *Sc. II*

O what a glory doth this world put on
 For him who with a fervent heart, goes forth
 Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
 On duties well performed, and days well spent !

LONGFELLOW. *Autumn*

O what a goodly outside falsehood hath !—SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice (Antonio)*, *Act I*, *Sc. III*

O what a heaven is love ! O what a hell !—MIDDLETON AND DEKKER
The Honest Whore, Pt. I. (Duke), *Act I*, *Sc. I.*

190 O WHAT A MIRACLE—OBEDIENCE IS

O what a miracle to man is man —YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night I.*, line 85.

O what a thing is man ! the wisest heart
A fool ! a fool that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool !

COLERIDGE *Remorse, Act II., Sc. II.*

O what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merry Wives of Windsor (Anne Page), Act III, Sc. IV.*

O what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do, not
knowing what they do !—SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado about Nothing (Claudio), Act IV., Sc. I.*

O what's a table richly spread
Without a woman at its head !

WARTON. *The Progress of Discontent*

O wherefore should ill ever flow from ill,
And pain still keener pain for ever breed ?

SHELLEY. *The Revolt of Islam, Can. V, St. 11.*

O wild west wind, thou breath of autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing

SHELLEY. *Ode to the West Wind, I.*

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !

SIR W. SCOTT. *Marmion, Can. VI., XXX.*

O woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
To temper man, we had been brutes without you
Angels were painted fair to look like you.

OTWAY. *Venice Preserved (Jaffier), Act I, Sc. I.*

O ! woman, woman ! whether lean or fat,
In face an angel, but in soul a cat !

PETER PINDAR. *The Lousiad, Can. II., line 445.*

O wretched impotence of human mind !
We, erring, still excuse for error find,
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind

PRIOR. *Solomon, Bk. I, line 721.*

O ye powers
That give heav'n countless eyes to view men's acts

SHAKESPEARE. *Pericles (Pericles), Act I., Sc. I.*

Oaths are but words, and words but wind —BUTLER *Hudibras, Pt II, Can II, line 107.*

Obedience is the bond of rule —TENNYSON. *Morte d'Arthur.*

Obedience is the courtesy due to kings —TENNYSON. *Launcelot and Elaine.*

Occasion's bald behind —OLD PROVERB —MASSINGER. *The Guardian (Durazzo)*, *Act IV., Sc I*

Who lets slip fortune, her shall never find ;
Occasion, once past by, is bald belund

COWLEY *Pyramus and Thisbe, XV.*

Vide—'Time wears all,' etc

O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free

BYRON *The Corsair, Can. I., 1.*

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget

POPE *Eloisa to Abelard, line 189.*

Of all beasts the man-beast is the worst,
To others, and himself, the cruellest foe

R. BAXTER *Hypocrisy*

Of all pain, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain

COWLEY *Anacreonics. Gold, line 3.*

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love,
Pity's the straightest

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER *The Knight of Malta (Mount Ferrat), Act I., Sc I*

Vide—'Pity is sworn'

Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
Of ev'ry ill, a woman is the worst

GRANVILLE *The British Enchantress (Amadis), Act II., Sc I.*

(For) of Fortuno's sharp aduersite
The worste kinde of infortuno is this,—
A man to have been in prosperite,
And it remember when it passed is

CHAUCER *Troilus and Cresseide, Bk III., line 1625.*

This is truth the poet * sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is rememb'ring happier things.

TENNYSON *Locksley Hall.*

Of harmes two the lesse is for to chese—CHAUCER *Troilus and Cresseide, Bk II., line 470*

Of two ills chose the least—JOHN HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch V*

In needful dangers ever chuse the least—CHAPMAN *All Fooles (Gostanzo), Act I., Sc I.*

That of two evils I have chose the least—PRIOR *To Mr. Harley*

'Twas always held, and ever will,
By sage mankind, disreeter
T' anticipate a lesser ill
Than undergo a greater.

SHENSTONE *Stanzas to the Memory of a Lady.*

* Dante *Inferno, Can. V., line 121.*

Of making many books there is no end ; and much study is a weariness of the flesh — **ECCLIESIESTES Ch XII, ver. 12**

Of mirth to make a trade may be a crime,
But tired sprites for mirth must have a time
SOUTHWELL. *To the Reader.*

Of other tyrants short the strife,
But Indolence is King for life
HANNAH MORE *Florio, Pt I.*

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits
SHAKESPEARE *All's Well that Ends Well (Helena), Act II., Sc. I.*

Oft has good nature been the fool's defence,
And honest meaning gilded want of sense
SHENSTONE. *Ode to a Lady.*

Oft have I wonder'd that on Irish ground
No poisonous reptiles ever yet were found :
Reveal'd the secret stands of Nature's work :
She saved her venom to create a Burke
WARREN HASTINGS. *Epyram on Burke.*

Oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
Of brooding virtue live, and Freedom's fairest deeds !
WARTON. *Ode on H. M. Birthday, 4th June 1788.*

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me

T. MOORE *Oft in the Still Night.*

Often change doth please a woman's mind —SIR T. WFATT *The Deserter Lover.*

Often the cockloft is empty in those which nature hath built stories high —**FULLER**. *Holy and Profane States, Bl. V, Ch. XVIII*

Often to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle is a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Bellarius)*. *Act III, Sc III.*

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Banquo), Act I., Sc. III.*

Oh, bed ! bed ! bed ! delicious bed !
That heaven upon earth to the weary head,
When lofty or low its condition !

T. HOOD. *Miss Kilmansegg.*

OH ! BETTER, THEN—OH ! NATURE'S NOBLEST. 193

Oh ! better, then, to die, and give
The grave its kindred dust,
Than live to see Time's bitter change
In those we love and trust

ELIZA COOK. *Time's Changes.*

Oh Day, if I squander a wavelet of theo,
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure

R BROWNING *Pippa Passes*

O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?—
ST PAUL. *Ep to the Corinthians, I, Ch XV, ver. 55.*

O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

POPE *The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat,
But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the
ends of the earth !

RUDYARD KIPLING *The Ballad of East and West.*

Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never loved a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die !

T MOORE *Lalla Rookh, V*

Oh for a forty parson power—BYRON. *Don Juan, Can X, St. 34.*

Oh God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood

BYRON. *The Prisoner of Chillon, VIII.*

Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

T HOOD *The Song of the Shirt.*

Oh ! how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding-ring !—
COLLEY CIBBER *The Double Gallant (Sir Solomon), Act I, Sc II.*

Oh how this spring of love resemblmeth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And, by-and-by, a cloud takes all away !

SHAKESPEARE *Two Gentlemen of Verona (Proteus), Act I, Sc III.*

Oh ! nature's noblest gift—my gray goose quill !
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men !

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

194 OH, NO! WE NEVER—OIL TO THE FIRE.

Oh, no! we never mention her.—HAYNES BAYLY.

Oh talk not to me of a name great in story,
The days of our youth are the days of our glory.

BYRON. *Stanzas written on the road between Florence and Pisa, I.*

Oh that eternal want of pence,
Which vexes public men

TENNYSON *Will Waterpoof's Lyrical Monologue.*

Oh! . . . that mine adversary had written a book — JOB.
Ch XXXI., ver. 35

The revised version runs:—

And that I had the indictment which mine adversary hath
written!

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!

BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. IV., CLXXVII.*

Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,

But as truly loves on to the close!

As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,

The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

T MOORE. *Irish Melodies* • Believe me, if all those
endearing young charms.

Oh! there is joy above the name of pleasure,
Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

COLERIDGE. *The Night Scene.*

Oh!

Thou then wouldest make mine enemy my judge!

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound (Jupiter), Act III., Sc. I.*

Oh, 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches!—FULLER.
Holy and Profane States: Holy State: Of Jesting.

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield;
Avoid it—virtue ebbs and wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye

BYRON *The Corsair, Can II. XV.*

Oh! what a crowded world one moment may contain!—F. HEMANS.
The Last Constantine, LIX

Oh, woman! woman! thou shouldst have few sins
Of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author
Of such a book of follies in a man,
That it would need the tears of all the angels
To blot the record out!

BULWER LYTTON. *The Lady of Lyons (Damas), Act V., Sc. I.*

Oil and water—woman and a secret—
Are hostile properties

BULWER LYTTON. *Richelieu (Baradas), Act I., Sc. 1.*
to the fire.—COWLEY. *The Incurable, IV.*

Old age, a second child, by nature curst
 With more and greater evils than the first,
 Weak, sickly, full of pains, in ev'ry breath ;
 Railing at life, and yet afraid of death

CHURCHILL *Gotham, Bk. I., line 215.*

Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
 To change true rules for odd inventions

SHAKESPEARE *The Taming of the Shrew (Bianca), Act III., Sc I*

Old friends are best—J SELDEN *Table Talk Friends*

I love everything that's old old friends, old times, old manners,
 old books, old wine—GOLDSMITH *She Stoops to Conquer (Hard-
 castle), Act I, Sc I*

Old houses mended,
 Cost little less than new before they're ended

COLLEY CIBBER *Prologue to the Double Gallant*

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster—SHAKESPEARE
Richard II. (Richard), Act I, Sc I.

Old love is little worth when new is more prefer'd—SPENSER. *Faerie
 Queene, Bk. VI, Can. IX, St. 40*

Old men are testy, and will have their way—SHELLEY *The Cenci
 (Orsino), Act I, Sc II*

Old Time the clock setter, that bald sexton time—SHAKESPEARE.
King John (Bastard), Act III, Sc I.

On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
 But write our benefits upon the wave

KING *The Art of Love, line 971.*

On ev'ry feature,
 She's wrote, the man.

BURNS *To J S*

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows ;
 In every rill a sweet instruction flows

YOUNG *Sat. I., line 249.*

On horror's head horrors accumulate—SHAKESPEARE *Othello
 (Othello), Act III, Sc III*

On their own merits modest men are dumb—G COLMAN THE
 YOUNGER. *Epilogue to Her-
 al-Law*

Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er

T. MOORE *Fare Thee Well, Thou Lovely One*

Once more who would not be a boy ?—BYRON. *Childe Harold,
 Can. II., XXIII*

Once to distrust is never to deserve—SAVAGE *The Volunteer Lau-
 reate, No 5*

One bosom to recline upon,
 One heart to be his only one,
 Are quite enough for love !

T MOORE. *To Fanny*

One brave deed makes no hero—WHITTIER *The Hero.*

One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the best to shine or rule
BYRON *Childe Harold, Can. III., XLIII.*

One Cæsar lives ; a thousand are forgot—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night VIII., line 201.*

One can be a soldier without dying, and a lover without sighing—
SIR E. ARNOLD. *Adzuma (Salamune), Act II., Sc. V.*

One can't tear out one's heart,
And show it, how sincere a thing it is !

R. BROWNING. *Strafford, Act I., Sc. II.*

One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.—DRYDEN
The Hind and the Panther, Pt. III., line 521.

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name

SIR W. SCOTT. *Old Mortality, Ch. XXVI.*

One cut from ven'son to the heart can speak
Stronger than ten quotations from the Greek ;
One fat Sir Loin possesses more sublime
Than all the airy castles built by rhyme

PETER PINDAR. *Boozzy and Pizzetti, Pt. II. (Sir John).*

One dram of joy must have a pound of care—SHAKESPEARE (attributed to) *Locrine (Locrine), Act IV., Sc. I.*

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. I. (Joan), Act III., Sc. III.*

One ear it heard, at the other out it went—CHAUCER *Troilus and Cressende, Bk. IV., line 435*

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish ;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning ;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish :
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Benvolio), Act I., Sc. II.*

Thus do extremest ills a joy possess,
And one woe makes another woe seem less

DRAYTON *England's Heroical Epistles. Queen Isabella to Mortimer.*

And no bond
In closer union knits two human hearts
Than fellowship in grief.

SOUTHEY. *Joan of Arc, Bk. I., line 346.*

The sad relief
That misery loves—the fellowship of grief.

J. MONTGOMERY. *The West Indies, Pt. III.*

One foot in the grave—BEAUVONT AND FLETCHER. *The Little French Lawyer (Dinant), Act I., Sc. I.*

One foul sentence doth more hurt than many foul examples—
BACON *Essay LVI*, of *Judicature*.

One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre

SHAKESPEARE *Winter's Tale (Hermione)*, *Act I, Sc. II*

One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen—
J. HOWELL *Familiar Letters*, *Bk. II.*, *Letter IV*, *To T. D., Esq.*

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair

POPE *Rape of the Lock*, *Bk. II*, *line 27*

Not ten yoke of oxen
Have the power to draw us
Like a woman's hair

LONGFELLOW. *The Saga of King Olaf*.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can

WORDSWORTH. *The Tables Turned*.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu,
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you

DODSLEY *The Parting Kiss*

One man is sufficient for revenge—BULWER LYTTTON *Rienzi (Rienzi)*,
Bk. I, *Ch. V*.

One man may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge.—
OLD PROVERB—LORD CHESTERFIELD *Letter to his Son*, 26th
July 1748

One may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry—
SIR P. SIDNEY. *An Apologie for Pocrie*

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet* (*Hamlet*), *Act I, Sc. V*

One minute gives invention to destroy,
What to rebuild, will a whole age employ.

CONGREVE *The Double Dealer (Maskwell)*, *Act I, Sc. VI*.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

T. HOOD *The Bridge of Sighs*

One morsel's as good as another when your mouth's ont o' taste—
GEORGE ELIOT *Adam Bede (Lisbeth Bede)*, *Bk. I*, *Ch. XI*.

One murder made a villain;
Millions a hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.

BEILBY PORTEUS. *Death*, line 155

One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.—GEORGE ELIOT.
Middlemarch, Bk. II., Ch. XVII

One religion is as true as another.—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*,
Pt. III., Sect. IV., Mem. II., Subsect. I.

One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips
Less exquisite than thine.

TENNYSON. *The Gardener's Daughter*.

One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is science, so narrow human wit.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*, Pt. I., line 60.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs.—POPE. *Essay on Man*, Ep. IV., line 255.

One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven.—TENNYSON.
Sea Dreams.

One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

DR. L. WATTS. *Songs for Children*, XXI.

One rotten sheep spoils the whole flock.—BLAKE. *King Edward the Third (Dagworth)*

One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above
the ridiculous makes the sublime again.—T. PAINE. *Age of Reason*,
Pt. II.

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again

BYRON. *Occasional Pieces. One Struggle More*.

One swallow prouereth not that summer is neare.—NORTHBROOKE.
Treatise against Dauncing

One swallow maketh not summer.—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*,
Bk. II., Ch. V.

One foul wind no more makes a winter, than one swallow
makes a summer.—C. DICKENS *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Ch. XLIII.

One to-day is worth two to-morrow.—B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's g'lorious art, and gives immortal fame

YOUNG. *Lore of Fame*, Sat. VII, line 55

One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.—SHAKESPEARE.
Troilus and Cressida (Ulysses), Act III., Sc. III.

One who, to all the heights of learning bred,
Read books and men, and practis'd what he read.

STEPNEY. *To the Earl of Carlisle*.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Queen)*, *Act IV, Sc VII*

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave—HERRICK. *Hes. perides*, 48

Woes cluster, rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel
YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night III*, line 63

One word alone is all that strikes the ear,
One short, pathetic, simple word, . . . 'Oh dear!'

BLOOMFIELD. *The Farmer's Boy, Autumn*, line 157.

Only human eyes can weep—MARVELL. *Eyes and Tears*, line 46.
Only in loue, they happy prooue,
Who loue what most deserues their loue

PH FLETCHER *Sicelides (Chorus)*, *Act III, Sc VI*.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust

SHIRLEY. *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*

Only they
Conquer love, that run away
COWLEY. *Conquest by Flight*

Only they
Know how to live, who live to die
WHYTE MELVILLE *Lost*

Only when genius is married to scienco can the highest results be produced—HERBERT SPENCER *Education, Ch I.*

Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt II (Rumour)*, *Induction*

(A plague of) opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin—SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida (Thersites)*, *Act III., Sc. III*

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind
BUTLER *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, line 269

Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making—MILTON.
Areopagitica

Opinion! which on crutches walks,
And sounds the words another talks
LLOYD. *The Poet*, line 55.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man

SHAKESPEARE *Pericles (Simonides)*, *Act II, Sc II.*

200 OPPOSITION MAY BECOME—OUR CREATURE.

Opposition may become sweet to a man when he has christened it persecution.—GEORGE ELIOT *Scenes of Clerical Life Jane's Repentance*

Oppression makes the wise man mad —R. BROWNING *Luria (Puccio), Act IV.*

Oppression, that sharp two-edged sword,
That others wounds, and wounds likewise his Lord
S. DANIEL *Civil War, Bk. VI., XIV.*

Or if one tolerable page appears
In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,
Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
And, raising present mirth, makes glad his future years
HORACE SMITH. *Rejected Addresses, Cui Bono?*

Order is Heaven's first law.—POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. IV, line 49.*

'Orthodoxy, my lord,' said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper, 'orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is another man's doxy'—PRIESTLEY. *Memoirs, Vol. I., p. 372*

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode

WALLER. *Miscellanies, XLIX.*

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still

FLETCHER. *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.*

Our best good here is Nature's bounds to know,
And those attempts to spare, which else would be in vain.

REV. J. NORRIS OF BEVERTON. *To Himself, St. 5.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come.

WORDSWORTH. *Ode V*

Our birth is nothing but our death begun.—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night V., line 717.*

Our cage
We make our choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Arriragus), Act III, Sc. III.*

Our content
Is our best having.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII (Old Lady), Act II, Sc. III.*

Our country ! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right ; but our country, right or wrong —STEPHEN DECATUR. *Toast given at Norfolk, April 1816*

Our country's welfare is our first concern,
And who promotes that best—best proves his duty.

HAVARD. *Regulus.*

Our creature comforts —M. HENRY. *Commentaries Psalm XXXVII.*

Our decrees
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justico by the nose

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure* (*Duke*), *Act I, Sc. IV.*

Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds.—
GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede, Bk. IV., Ch. XXIX.*

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Middlemarch, Ch. LXX.* head lines.

Our discontent is from comparison,
Were better states unseen, each man would like his own.

REV. JOHN NORRIS OF BEMERTON. *The Consolation, St. 2.*

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure* (*Lucio*), *Act I, Sc. IV.*

Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments,
And should give certain judgment what they see :
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgments find,
They can then check the eyes, and call them blind

MIDDLETON AND ROWLEY. *The Changeling*
(*Beatrice*), *Act I, Sc. I*

Our faith comes in moments; our vice is habitual.—EMERSON. *The Over-Soul*

Our foster-nurse of Nature is repose.—SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear* (*Doctor*), *Act IV, Sc. IV*

Our God and soldier we alike adore,
When at the brink of ruin, not before ;
After deliv'rance both alike requited,
Our God forgotten and our soldiers slighted.—QUARLES.

God and the Doctor we alike adore,
But only when in danger, not before ;
The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted

OWEN. *Epigrams*

Our grief, how swift ! our remedies, how slow !—PRIOR. *Solomon, Bk. II*, line 353.

Our hours in Love have wings ; in absence, crutches.—COLLEY CIBBER. *Xerxes* (*Tamira*), *Act IV, Sc. III*

Our ideals are framed, not according to the measure of our performances, but according to the measure of our thoughts—A. J. BALFOUR. *The Foundations of Belief, Pt. I., Ch. I, III.*

Our ingress into the world
Was naked and bare,
Our progress through the world
Is trouble and care,
Our egress from the world
Will be nobody knows where :
But if we do well here,

We shall do well there.—LONGFELLOW. *The Cobbler of Hagenau.*

Our life is but a dark and stormy night,
To which sense yields a weak and glimmering light,
While wandering man thinks he discerneth all
By that which makes him but mistake and fall.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY *To his mistress
for her true picture.*

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts,
And every blast brings forth a fear ;
And every fear, a death.

QUARLES. *Hieroglyph, III, 4.*

Our life is twofold : Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and Existence

BYRON. *The Dream, I.*

Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till Time shall strike a death.

QUARLES. *Hieroglyph, IX., 6.*

Our lives are universally shortened by our ignorance.—HERBERT SPENCER. *The Principles of Biology, Sect. 372.*

Our love is like our life :
There's no man blest in either till his end

SHAKERLEY MARMION. *A Fine Companion
(Aurelio), Act I., Sc. I.*

Our outward act is prompted from within,
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin.

PRIOR. *Henry and Emma, line 481.*

Our past lives build the present, which must mould
The lives to be

SIR E. ARNOLD. *Adzuma (Adachi), Act I., Sc. I.*

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill —WORDSWORTH. *Memorials
of a Tour on the Continent, Pt II. Desultory Stanzas.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
Gives as free scope ; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well
(Helena), Act I., Sc. I.*

Our revels are now ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind ! We are such stuff
As dreams are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep

SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest (Prospero), Act IV., Sc. I.*

Our sex still strikes an awe upon the brave,
And only cowards dare affront a woman

FARQUHAR *The Constant Couple (Angelica), Act V, Sc. I.*

Our style bewrays us—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy Democritus to the Reader*

Our supreme governors, the mob—HORACE WALPOLE *Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 7th Sept 1743*

Our thoughts are heard in heaven—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night II., line 95.*

Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build

LONGFELLOW. *The Builders.*

Our very hopes belied our fears,

Our fears our hopes belied—

We thought her dying when she slept,

And sleeping when she died

HOOD *The Death-Bed*

Our words have wings, but fly not where we would—GEORGE ELIOT.
The Spanish Gipsy (Fedelma)

Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural
lineaments—CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus, Bk. II, Ch VII.*

Out at elbow—SHAKESPEARE *Measure for Measure (Clown), Act II, Sc I*

It's a little awt at elbows—COLLEY CIBBER *The Provok'd Husband (Sir Francis), Act IV, Sc I*

Out, damned spot! out, I say—SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth), Act V, Sc I.*

Out! out . . . accursed spot!—SOUTHEY *All for Love, VI.*

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!—SHAKESPEARE.
Midsummer Night's Dream (Lysander), Act III, Sc. II.

(But as the flounder dooth,
Leape) out of the frying pan into the fyre

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk II, Ch V.*

(Time and place give best advice,
Out of season out of price

R. SOUTHWELL *St Peter's Complaint*

(Myself could else) out-frown false fortune's frown—SHAKESPEARE.
King Lear (Cordelia), Act V, Sc III.

Out-herods Herod—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III, Sc. II.*

(Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last.

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. I., Canto III, line 1367.*

204 OUT-WEEPS A HERMIT—PAST SORROWS.

Out-weeps a hermit, and out-prays a saint —DRYDEN. *Annus Mirabilis, CCLXI.*

Over the hills and far away.—GAY. *The Beggar's Opera, Act I., Sc. I.*

Overwork's only murderous idleness —RUDYARD KIPLING. *The Light that Failed (Dich.), Ch. VI.*

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him.—BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. I., St. 40*

Own riches gather'd trouble, fame a breath,
And life an ill whose only cure is death

PRIOR. *Epistle to Dr. Sherlock.*

Oxford ! the goddess-muse's native home,
Inspir'd like Athens, and adorn'd like Rome

TICKELL. *Oxford.*

(He has) paid dear, very dear, for his whistle —B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanack.*

Pain is no evil
Unless it conquers us.

C. KINGSLEY. *Saint Maura.*

Paint the gates of hell with Paradise,
And play the slave to gain the tyranny.

TENNYSON. *The Princess, IV.*

Painted fools
Are caught with silken shows

DRAYTON. *The Quest of Cynthia.*

Parents we can have but once ; and he promises himself too much
who enters life with the expectation of finding many friends.—DR. S.
JOHNSON. *Letter to J. Boswell, Esq., 4th Jan 1766.*

Particular lies may speak a general truth —GEORGE ELIOT. *The Spanish Gipsy (The Prior).*

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.—POPE. *Bowles' Life of Pope, Vol. VI., p 405*

Passing rich on forty pounds a year —GOLDSMITH *The Deserted Village, line 142*

Passing the love of women.—SAMUEL. *Bk II, Ch. I, ver 26*

Passion and prejudice govern the world ; only under the name of
reason —JOHN WESLEY. *Letter to Joseph Benson, 5th Oct 1770.*

Passion is the avalanche of the human heart—a single breath can dis-
solve it from its repose —BULWER LYTTON. *Falkland, Bk. II.*

(I am) past all comforts here, but prayers —SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII. (Katharine), Act IV, Sc. II.*

Past praying for.—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV., Pt. I. (Falstaff), Act II, Sc IV.*

Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them ;
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

JOHN WEBSTER. *The Duchess of Malfi (Duchess), Act III, Sc. II.*

Patience is sorrow's salve—CHURCHILL. *The Prophecy of Famine*, line 362

Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Cleopatra)*,
Act IV, Sc XV.

Patience is the virtue of an ass,
That trots beneath his burden, and is quiet

LANSDOWNE *Heroic Love*.

Patience on a monument—SHAKESPEARE *Twelfth Night (Viola)*,
Act II, Sc IV.

Vide—‘She never told her love’

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel—DR. JOHNSON

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

MILTON *Sonnet XIX*.

With peace and gentle virtue age would dwell,
Who have their triumphs like as hath Bellona fell

WFST *On the Abuse of Travelling*, X.

The arts of peace are great,
And no less glorious than those of war

BLAKE *King Edward III (Bishop)*

But the real and lasting victories are those of peace, and not
of war—EMERSON. *Worship*

Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind—COLLINS *Oriental Eclogues, Eclogue II*

(That it shall hold companionship in) peace
With honour, as in war

SHAKESPEARE *Coriolanus (Volumnia)*,
Act III, Sc II.

I bring you peace with honour—LORD BEACONSFIELD

Penny wise and pound foolish—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*.
Democritus to the Reader

Penury makes wit premature—R. BROWNING *The Ring and the Book*, V, line 167.

People are never so near playing the fool as when they think themselves wise—LADY M. WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Letter to Countess of Bute*, 1st March 1755.

People are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribands cheap—RUSKIN. *The Crown of Wild Olive, Trafalr*, 75

People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object can't help being a little narrow in their notions—FOOTE. *The Minor (Sir William Wealthy)*, Act I, Sc. I.

Perfect love casteth out fear.—ST. JOHN. *Ep I, Ch IV.*, ver 18.

Perfect love implies
Love in all capacities.

COWLEY *Platonic Love*

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright.

SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida (Ulysses)*,
Act III., Sc III.

Philosophers dwell in the moon, speculation and theory girdle the world about like a wall.—FORD *The Lover's Melancholy (Philosopher)*, *Act III., Sc III.*

(This same) philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an errant jade on a journey.—GOLDSMITH *The Good-Natured Man (Jarns)*, *Act I.*

Philosophy! the great and only heir
Of all the human knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin

COWLEY. *To the Royal Society.*

Philosophy! the lumber of the schools,

The roguery of alchemy:

And we the bubbled fools

Spend all our present stock in hopes of golden rules.

SWIFT. *Ode to Sir W. Temple, II.*

Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air, the gnomèd mine—
Unweave a rainbow.

KEATS. *Lamia, II.*

Physician, heal thyself.—ST. LUKE. *Ch IV*, ver. 23.

(As don two) pigges in a poke—CHAUCER. *The Reeve's Tale*, line 4276

Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night VI*, line 309.

Pikes are caught when little fish go by.—SOUTHWELL. *Scorn not the Least.*

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants—SHAKESPEARE. *The Taming of the Shrew (Baptista)*, *Act IV*, *Sc. IV.*

Pitchers have ears—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III (Queen)*, *Act II*, *Sc. IV.*

Pitchers have ears—BEN JONSON. *The Vision of Delight.*

Vide—‘ Small pitchers.’

Pitie renneth sone in gentil herte—CHAUCER. *The Knight's Tale*, line 1761. *The Merchant's Tale*, line 9860.

Pity and need
Make all flesh kin There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all

SIR E. ARNOLD. *The Light of Asia*, *Bl. VI.*

Pity is sworn servant unto love—S DANIEL. *The Queen's Arcadia (Silva)*, *Act III., Sc. I.*

‘I pity you’ (*Viola*)
‘That's a degree to love’ (*Olivia*)

SHAKESPEARE *Twelfth Night, Act III., Sc. I.*

Pity melts the mind to love—DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast, V.*

Can you pretend to love,
And have no pity? Love and that are twins
DRYDEN *Don Sebastian (Aloneyda), Act III., Sc. I.*

Pity's akin to love—SOUTHERN *Oroonoko (Oroonoko), Act II.*
Sc. I

Pity, the tenderest part of love—YALDEN *To Capt Cham-berlain*

Love's pale sister, Pity—SIR W. JONES *Hymn to Darga*

Love gains the shrine when pity opes the door.—BULWER
LYTTON *The New Timon, Pt III., I.*

And loving-kindness, that is pity's kin
And is most pitiless

SWINBURNE *A Ballad of Life.*

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly
SHAKESPEARE *Timon of Athens (Alcibiades), Act III., Sc. V.*

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man—TH MOSS *The Beggar.*

Plagued with an itching leprosy of wit—BEN JONSON. *Every Man out of his Humour, The Stage (Cordatus)*

Plain dealing is a jewel, and he that useth it shall die a beggar—
H PORTER *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon (Nicholas)*

Plain dealing is the best when all is done—HISTRIOMASTIX
(*Bellula*), *Act III., Sc. I*, line 160

Plain dealing is a jewel—D GARRICK *Bon Ton (Col Triv), Act II., Sc. II.*

Plain speech is better than much wit.—SWINBURNE. *Chastelard (Queen), Act II., Sc. I.*

Planets and the pale populace of heaven—R BROWNING *Balaus-
ton's Adventure.*

Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it

SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (Lear), Act IV., Sc. VI.*

208 PLAYS MAKE MANKIND—PLENTY MAKES ME.

Plays make mankind no better and no worse—BYRON. *Hints from Horace.*

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Iago), Act II, Sc. III.*

Pleasure delights in contrasts; it is from dissipation that we learn to enjoy solitude, and from solitude dissipation—BULWER LYTTON. *The Last Days of Pompeii (Glaucus), Bk. I, Ch. II.*

Pleasure is a sweet tickling of sense, with a present joy—STEPHEN GOSSON. *Ephemerides of Phialo*

Pleasure is oft a visitant; but pain
Clings cruelly to us, like the gnawing sloth
On the deer's tender haunches

KEATS. *Endymion*

Pleasure never comes sincere to man;
But lent by heaven upon hard usury.

DRYDEN AND LEE. *Edippus (Edippus), Act I., Sc. I.*

Pleasure, that comes unlooked for, is thrice welcome;
And, if it stir the heart, if aught be there,
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour
Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among
The things most precious! and the day it came
Is noted as a white day in our lives

ROGERS *Italy. An Interview.*

Pleasure that the most enchant us
Seems the soonest done,
What is life with all it grants us
But a hunting run?

WHYTE MELVILLE *A Lay of the Ransome Bloodhounds.*

Pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed

BURNS *Tam o' Shanter.*

Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever of hardness is
mother—SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Imogen), Act III, Sc. VI*

Plenty, as well as want, can separate friends—COWLEY. *Davidis, Bk. III, line 205.*

Plenty corrupts the melody.—TENNYSON. *The Blackbird*

Plenty is the child of peace—HISTRIONASTIX (Song), *Act I, Sc. I.*

Plenty makes me poore—SPENSER. *Sonnet XXXV.*

Plenty doth make me poor—S DANIEL. *The Queen's Arcadia (Dorinda), Act IV, Sc. II.*

With much we surfeit, plenty makes us poor—DRAYTON. *Legend of Matilda the Fair.*

And plenty makes us poor.—DRYDEN. *The Medal, line 126.*

(I would topple with ye
And) pluck a good crow

UNKNOWN *History of Jacob and Esau (Ragan)*,
Act II, Sc II (circa 1558)

Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain—M GREEN *The Spleen*,
line 503

Poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished the fire 't the flint
Shows not, 'till it be struck, our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.

SHAKESPEARE *Timon of Athens (Poet)*, *Act I, Sc. I.*

Poetry is the chuld of nature, which regulated and made beautiful
by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other compositions—
SHIRLEY. *Preface to Beaumont and Fletcher, Foho Ed.*, 1647

Poetry, the queen of arts—SPRAT. *Ode upon the Poems of Abraham Cowley*, *VIII.*

Poets, like angels, where they once appear
Hallow the place

HENRY VAUGHAN *To the River Noca*, *line 15.*

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot

WALLER. *On Roscommon's Translation of De Arte Poetica*

Poison itself is a remedy in some diseases, and there is nothing so
evil but what may be converted to purposes of good—KENELM DIGBY.
The Broad Stone of Honour Godefridus, *XII.*

Policy sits above conscience—SHAKESPEARE *Timon of Athens*
(*1st Stranger*), *Act III, Sc. II*

Politeness costs nothing, and gains everything—LADY M WORTLEY MONTAGU *Letters*.

(That) pompous misery of being great!—BROOME *On the Seat of War in Flanders*

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Iago)*, *Act III, Sc III.*

Poor flies will tickle Lyons being dead—HISTRIOMASTIX (*Mavortius*),
Act VI, Sc I, line 47

Poor little life that toddlos half an hour
Crown'd wth a flower or two, and there an ond

TENNYSON *Lucretius.*

Poor men, when Yule is cold,
Must be content to sit by little fires

TENNYSON *The Holy Grail.*

Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream, as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.

SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Posthumus)*, *Act V., Sc. IV.*

Poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more

SHAKESPEARE. *Rape of Lucrece*, 14.

Posterity pays every man his honour—BEN JONSON. *Sejanus (Cordus)*, *Act III., Sc. I.*

Posterity, that high court of appeal which is never tired of eulogizing its own justice and discernment—LORD MACAULAY. *Essay on Machiavelli*.

Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of her, or truckle to her. Poverty is good-natured enough if you meet her like a man.—THACKERAY. *Philip*, *Ch. XIX.*

Poverty is the Muse's patrimony—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Pt I., Sect. II., Mem. III., Subsect. XV.*

Poverty makes some humble, but more malignant.—BULWER LYTTON. *Eugene Aram (Eugene Aram)*, *Bk. I., Ch. VII.*

Poverty the reward of honest fools—COLLEY CIBBER. *Richard III.* (altered by). (*Richard*), *Act II., Sc. II.*

Poverty ! thou source of human art,
Thou great inspirer of the poet's song !

E. MOORE. *Hymn to Poverty*.

Power is the grim idol that the world adores—W. HAZLITT. *Political Essays* *On the Connexion between Toad-Eaters and Tyrants*

Practise what you preach—YOUNG *Love of Fame*, *Sat. III., line 48.*

Praise is the reflection of virtue—BACON. *Essay LIII., Of Praise.*

Praise the sea, but keep on the land—HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise—POPE. *Imitations of Horace*, *Bk. II., Ep. I., line 413.*

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise—From 'The Garland,' a Collection of Poems by Mr. Broadhurst, A.D. 1721.

Praising all alike is praising none.—GAY. *Epistle to a Lady.*

Pray Heaven for a human heart.—TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*

PRAYER ALL HIS BUSINESS—PRESENT JOYS. 211

Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise—PARNELL. *The Hermit*, line 6

Prayer ardent opens heav'n—YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night VIII*, line 721.

Prayer goeth on in sleep, as true
And pauseless as the pulses do

E B BROWNING *The Lay of the Brown Rosary, Second Part.*

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast

J. MONTGOMERY. *On Prayer.*

Prayer, man's rational prerogative—WORDSWORTH. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets, Pt II*, XXXIV.

Preach as we will in this wrong world of ours,
Man's fate and woman's are contending powers ;
Each strives to dupe the other in the game,—
Guilt to the victor—to the vanquish'd shame !

BULWER LYTTON. *The New Timon, Pt. II., II.*

Preach to the storm, and reason with despair,
But tell not Misery's son that life is fair

KIRKE WHITE *Lines on Reading the Preface to N Bloomfield's Poems*, 3

Preaching has become a bye-word for long and dull conversation of any kind, and whoever wishes to imply, in any piece of writing, the absence of everything agreeable and inviting, calls it a sermon—SYDNEY SMITH *Preface to Sermons*, 1801.

Precepts often heard and little regarded, lose by repetition the small influence they had—HERBERT SPENCER *The Study of Sociology*, Ch. XV.

Preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bl II*, line 255.

Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

M GREEN *The Spleen*, line 750.

Presence of mind and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success

DRYDEN. *Aurengzebe (Aurengzebe), Act II*, last lines.

Present joys are more to flesh and blood
Than a dull prospect of a distant good

DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther, Pt. III.*

Present joys are sweeter for past pain ;
To love and heav'n by suff'ring we attain.

GRANVILLE. *The British Enchantress (Orana), Act V., Sc. I.*

Press not a falling man too far—SHAKESPEARE *Henry VIII.*
(*Chamberlain*), *Act III, Sc. II*

Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.

DRYDEN. *Britannia Rediviva*, line 4

Vide—‘Fools who came.’

Prevention is better than cure—OLD PROVERB.

Prevention is the better cure,
So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.

N. COTTON. *Visions in Verse* *Health*.

Pride brings want, want makes rogues, rogues come to be hanged,
and the devil's alone the gainer—VANBURGH *Aesop*, *Pt. I. (Aesop)*,
Act IV, Sc. II.

Pride goeth before, and shame cometh after.—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*.
Bk. I, Ch. X

Pride goeth before destruction,
And an haughty spirit before a fall

PROVERBS *Ch. XVI*, ver 18.

The lowly heart doth win the love of all,
But pride at last is sure of shameful fall.

TURCEVILLE *To Piero of Pride*

Pryde will have a fall.—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, *Bk. I, Ch. X*.

Pride must have a fall.—SHAKESPEARE *Richard II. (Richard)*,
Act V, Sc. V.

Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way.

LONGFELLOW. *The Bell of Atri*.

Pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness

WORDSWORTH. *Poems Written in Youth*, VII.

Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars ;
But Pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night V.*, line 19.

Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt—B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.—POPE. *Essay on Criticism*,
Pt. II., line 4.

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God

BURNS. *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

PRINCES ARE LIKE—PURE, AS THE CHARITIES. 213

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest—BACON. *Essay XX, Of Empire*

Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose

SHELLEY *Hellas Mahmud.*

Princes in this case
Do hate the Traitor, tho' they love the Treason
S DANIEL *Tragedy of Cleopatra (Seleucus), Act IV, Sc I.*

This principle is old, but true as fate,
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate
MIDDLETON *The Honest Whore (Duke), Act IV, Sc IV.*

Procrastination is the thief of time—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night I, line 393*

Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue as by prince's son

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. I, line 638.*

Progress is
The law of life, man is not man as yet
R BROWNING *Paracelsus, V.*

Property assures what toil acquires—SAVAGE *Of Public Spirit, line 39.*

Property has its duties as well as its rights—MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.
Letter When Viceroy of Ireland

Prophecy, which dreams a lie,
That fools believe, and knaves apply.
M GREEN *The Grotto, line 90.*

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters
SHAKESPEARE *Winter's Tale (Camillo), Act V, Sc III.*

Protestations with men are like tears with women, forgot ere the cheek
be dry—MIDDLETON. *The Family of Love (Glister), Act I, Sc I*

Providence cares for every hungry mouth!—R BROWNING. *Fenish-tah's Fancies The Eagle*

Prudence is the virtue of the senses. It is the science of appearances.
It is the utmost action of the inward life—EMERSON *Prudence.*

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue—
TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.*

Pure, as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love;
And closer chords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife
LOGAN. *The Lovers (Henry).*

Purity is the feminine, Truth the masculine, of Honour —J. C HARE
Guesses at Truth, Vol I, p 256

(I'll) put a spoke among your wheels —BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.
The Mad Lover (Chilax), Act III., Sc VI

Put pain from out the World, what room were left
For thanks to God, for love to man ?

R BROWNING. *Ferishtah's Fancies* *Mihrab Shah*

Quackery gives birth to nothing . gives death to all things —CARLYLE.
Heroes, I.

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell —BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. III.*,
XLII.

Quoth the raven, ' Nevermore ' —E A POE. *The Raven*

Rank is a great beautifier —BULWER LYTTON. *Lady of Lyons (Melnotte)*, Act II, Sc I.

Rattle his bones over the stones !
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !

THOS NOEL *The Pauper's Ride*.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, and poor ;
Verse will seem prose, but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *Essay on Poetry*.

Read not my blemishes in the world's report —SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Antony)*, Act II, Sc III

Read their history in a nation's eyes —GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, ver. 16

Reading is seeing by proxy.—HERBERT SPENCER *The Study of Sociology*, Ch XV.

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.—SIR R. STEELE.
The Tatler, No. 147.

Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing
an exact man —LORD BACON. *Essay L, On Studies*

Reading without thinking may indeed make a rich common place,
but 'twill never make a clear head —REV. J. NORRIS OF BEMERTON.
Of the Advantages of Thinking

Realms are households which the great must guide —DRYDEN.
Annus Mirabilis, CXXXVIII.

Reason is the life of the law —SIR EDWARD COKE. *First Institute*.

Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the light —DRYDEN. *Religio Laici*, line 69.

Reason sets limits to the longest grief —DRAYTON. *Moses*, Bl. I.

Reason, the power
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp
Of wandering life, that winks and wakes by turns,
Fooling the follower, betwixt shade and shining

CONGREVE *The Mourning Bride (Osmyn)*, Act III, Sc I.

Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive;
The first is law, the last prerogative

DRYDEN *The Hind and the Panther, Pt. I, line 261.*

Reason's the rightful empress of the soul—POMFRET *Love Trumper over Reason*

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence

POPE *Essay on Man, Ep. IV., line 79.*

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to Eternal fame!

T. MOORE *Lalla Rookh, VI.*

Reckoners without their host must reckon twice—J. HEYWOOD.
Proverbs, Bk. I, Ch. V.

Red as a rose is she—COLERIDGE *Ancient Mariner, Pt. I.*

(Like a) red moon, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds

SHAKESPEARE *Venus and Adonis, 76.*

Religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicions

MARLOWE *The Jew of Malta (Barabbas), Act I, Sc. II.*

Religion is the elder sister of philosophy.—W. S. LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations David Hume and John Hume.*

Remembrance oft may start a tear.—BURNS *Verses written under Violent Grief.*

Remorse begets reform—COWPER. *The Task, Bk. V., line 618*

Render to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour—ST. PAUL. *Ephesians to the Romans, Ch. XIII, ver. 7.*

Renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly—
GEORGE ELIOT *The Mill on the Floss, Bk. IV, Ch. III*

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
The grave in which the past is laid

JOHN STERLING *The Penitent*

Repentance for past crimes is just and easy;
But sin no more's a task too hard for mortals.

VANBURGH *The Relapse (Worthy), Act V., Sc. IV.*

Repentance is a pitiful scoundrel, that never brought back a single yesterday—T. HOLCROFT. *The Road to Ruin (Harry Dornton), Act II, Sc. II*

Republic of letters—FIELDING *Tom Jones, Bk. XIV, Ch. I.*

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.—SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Iago), Act II, Sc. III.*

Reputation is what men and women think of us Character is what God and angels know of us.—T. PAINE

Reputation, reputation, reputation ! oh I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Cassio), Act II, Sc. III.*

Resignation tempers fear,
And piety is sweet to infant minds.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion, Bk. IV.*

Rest springs from strife, and dissonant chords beget
Divinest harmonies.

LEWIS MORRIS. *Songs of Two Worlds. Love's Suicide.*

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. IX, line 171.*

Revenge proves its own executioner.—FORD. *The Broken Heart (Bassanes), Act V., Sc. II*

Revolution, like jelly sufficiently boiled, needs only to be poured into shapes of constitution and consolidated therein—could it indeed contrive to cool.—CARLYLE. *French Revolution, Pt. I, Bk. VI, Ch. IV.*

(I received nor) rhyme nor reason.—SPENSER. *Lines on his Promised Pension.*

Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. I., Can. I*

Rich, beyond the dreams of avarice.—BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson (Johnson), Fitzgerald's Ed., Vol. II, p 462.*

Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In Heaven's best treasures, Peace and Health.

GRAY. *Ode on Vicissitude.*

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Ophelia), Act III., Sc. I.*

Rich preys make rich men thieves.—SHAKESPEARE *Venus and Adonis*, 131.

Rich with the spoils of Nature.—SIR T. BROWNE *Religio Medici, Pt. I., Sect. 13.*

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Richard's himself again !—COLLEY CIBBER. *Richard III. (altered by) (Richard), Act V., Sc. III.*

Riches are for spending ; and spending for honour and good actions.—BACON. *Essay XXVIII., Of Expense.*

RICHES ARE PARENTS—ROD IN PICKLE. 217

Riches are parents of eternal care—BLACKLOCK *The Plaintive Shepherd*, line 42

Riches can't always purchase happiness—SOUTHEY. *The Wedding Traveller*

Riches certainly make themselves wings,
Like an eagle that flieh toward heaven

PROVERBS Ch. XXIII, ver. 5.

Riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves,
sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more—BACON.
Essay XXXIV., Of Riches

Riches grow in Hell—MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. I*, line 690.

Riches to the wise
And good in public or in private life,
They are the means of virtue, and best serve
The noblest purposes, but in the use
Not in the bare possession lies the merit

WEST *Institution of the Garter*, line 461.

(It is commonly said, and more particularly by Lord Shaftesbury, that) ridicule is the best test of truth—LORD CHESTERFIELD *Letter to his Son, 6th February 1752*

(That aphorism vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which, however, we can find nowhere in his works that) ridicule is the test of truth.—CARLYLE *Voltaire Foreign Review*, 1829.

Ridicule is the stifler of all energy amongst those she controls—
BULWER LYTTON *Godolphin*, Ch. LI

Right as a trivet—BARHAM *Ingoldsby Legends. The Auto-da-fe.*

Rightly to be great,
Is—not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act IV., Sc. IV*

Rightly vowed, no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself—CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus, Bk. I, Ch. II*.

(I) rise with the lark—ANON. *The Maid of the Oaks, Act II., Sc. III.*

Rivers from bubbling springs
Have rise at first, and great from abject things
MIDDLETON *The Mayor of Queenborough (Hengst), Act II., Sc. III*

(To) robbe Peter to pay Poule—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. XI.*

Rob Peter and pay Paul—BURTON *Anatomy of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader*

(For him at least, I have a) rod in pickle—O. KEEFE. *Midas, Act II., Sc. I.*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
 Stops with the shore.

BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. IV., CLXXXIX.*

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lies in sweetest bud.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet, XXXV.*

Rough to common men,
 But honeying at the whisper of a lord.

TENNYSON. *The Princess.*

Royal deeds
 May make long destinies for multitudes.

GEORGE ELIOT. *The Spanish Gipsy (Zarca).*

Rub a galled horse, he will kick.—OLD PROVERB.

There is a common saying that when a horse is rubbed on the gall, he will kick—EP. LATIMER. *Sermon on St. Andrew's Day, 1552.*

Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves

THOMSON. *Ode. In the Masque of Alfred.*

Ruleth the roste alone—SKELTON. *Colyn Cloude.*

Then shalt thou rule the rost—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. V.*

Rules the rost—G. GASCOIGNE *The Steele Glas.*

That Passion rule the roast—SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia, Bk. II. Eclogues Reason and Passion.*

Rumour can ope the grave.—COWLEY. *The Wish, IX.*

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd.

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV., Pt. II. (Warwick), Act III., Sc. I.*

Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. II. (Rumour), Induction.*

Rustic herald of the Spring.—AKENSIDE. *Ode III., To the Cuckoo.*

Rusticity's ungainly form

May cloud the highest mind

BURNS. *Rusticity's Ungainly Form.*

(Till) sable night, mother of dread and fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
 And in her vaulted prison stows the day.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece, 17.*

Sad experience leaves no room for doubt—POPE *January and May*, line 630

Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society;
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathyz'd
SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*, 159.

Safer with multitudes to stray,
Than tread alone a fairer way:
To mingle with the erring throng,
Than boldly speak ten millions wrong
NUGENT. *Epistle to a Lady*.

(For) Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do
DR I WATTS. *Songs for Children*, XX.

Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
POPE *Moral Essays* Ep III,
Of the Use of Riches, line 351.

Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees
COWPER. *Hymn XXIX, Exhortation to Prayer*

Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts
DRYDEN AND MULGRAVE. *Essay on Satire*, line 11.

(Hence) Satire's power. 'tis her corrective part
To calm the wild disorders of the heart,
To point the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise
POPE *Essay on Satire*, Pt I, line 89.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in
their death they were not divided—SAUVEL. *Bk II*, Ch. I (*David*),
ver. 23.

(New change of terms and) scaffolding of words—PRIOR. *Solomon*,
Bk I, line 478.

Scepticism is slow suicide—EMERSON *Reliance*

Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper-chamber,
if he has common-sense on the ground-floor—O. W. HOLMES *The
Poet at the Breakfast Table*, V.

Science is organized knowledge—HERBERT SPENCER. *Education*,
Ch. II.

Science is the great antidote to the poison of enthusiasm and
superstition.—ADAM SMITH *The Wealth of Nations*, Bk. V., Pt III.,
Art III.

Science moves but slowly, slowly creeping on from point to point.
—TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*

Scorn at first, makes after-love the more—SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona (Valentine), Act III, Sc. I*

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree
Love is a present for a mighty King ;
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling ;
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use

HERBERT *The Temple The Church Porch.*

Scorn not the sonnet Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart

WORDSWORTH. *Scorn not the Sonnet*

(We have) scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it—SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act III., Sc II.*

Scotland—that knuckle-end of England, that land of Calvin, oat-cake
and sulphur—SYDNEY SMITH. *Memoirs, Ch. II*

Screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth), Act I, Sc VII.*

Sea of upturned faces—SIR W. SCOTT *Rob Roy, Ch XX*

(O) * Sea-green incorruptible—CARLYLE *French Revolution, Pt II., Bk IV.*

Search then the ruling passion ; there alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known,
The fool consistent, and the false sincere.

POPE *Moral Essays, Ep. I, Pt III, line 1.*

Seas have their source, and so have shallow springs ;
And love is love, in beggars as in kings

* A. W. *From Davison's Rhapsody.*

Second thoughts are best—OLD PROVERB

After wittes are euer blest—STEPHEN GOSSON. *The Schoole of Abuse To the Reader.*

Second thoughts are best—VANBURGH. *Aesop, Pt I. (Dore).*
Act I, Sc I.

For second thoughts you know are best—DODSLEY.

Security

Is mortal's chiefest enemy

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Hecate), Act III., Sc. V.*

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again :
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise

GRAY. *Ode on Vicissitude.*

* Robespierre

See this flow'r,
This short-liv'd beauty of an hour !
BROOME. *On a Flower.*

See what a grace was seated on this brow ;
Hyperion's ousl, the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III, Sc IV.*

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath —SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV., Pt. II. (Northumberland), Act I, Sc I.*

Seek honour first, and Pleasure lies behind —CHATTERTON. (Rowley.)
The Tournament, XXIII

Seeking the bubble reputation
Even at the cannon's mouth

SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Jaques), Act II, Sc VII*

Seldom comes glory till a man be dead —HERRICK *Hesperides,*
625

Self can cloud the brightest cause,
Or gild the worst.

T MOORE *The Sceptic*

Self is first in every cause —CHATTERTON. (Rowley Poems) *The World, II*

Self-defence is a virtue,
Sole bulwark of all right

BYRON *Sardanapalus (Beleses), Act II, Sc I.*

Self-defence is Nature's eldest law —DRYDEN *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. I, line 458.*

Self-harming jealousy —SHAKESPEARE *Comedy of Errors (Luciana), Act II, Sc I.*

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting

SHAKESPEARE *Henry V (Dauphin), Act II, Sc IV.*

Self-trust is the first secret of success —EMERSON *Success*

Selfishness, Love's cousin —KEATS *Isabella, XXXI.*

Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine
But live content, which is the calmest life .
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience.

MILTON *Paradise Lost, Bk. VI, line 459*

Serpents lie where flowers grow —OLD BALLAD *The Spanish Lady's Love*

Set a thief to catch a thief—OLD PROVERB.

For a thief is the best thief-catcher.—COLLEY CIBBER. *Love's Last Shift (Hilaria), Act III., Sc 1.*

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven

SIR W. JONES *Ode in Imitation of Alcaeus.*

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six.
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.

Translation of Innes, quoted by Sir Ed Coke.

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread

ANON.

Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead,
Who living had no roof to shroud his head

TH. HEYWOOD. *The Hierarches of the Blessed Angelles*

Nine cities claim him dead,
Thro' which the living Homer begg'd his bread!

BULWER LYTTON *Earlier Poems*
The Souls of Books, III.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle

TENNYSON. *The Golden Year.*

Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. I. (Falstaff), Act III., Sc III.*

These great rich men take their ease i' their inn.—MIDDLETON.
The World Tost at Tennis (Simplicity).

Shall I wasting in despair
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May.
If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?

G WITHER. *The Shepherd's Resolution.*

Shall mortal man be more just than God?
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

JOB Ch. IV., ver. 17.

Shall vain words have an end?—JOB. Ch. XVI., ver. 3.

Shallow men believe in luck, believe in circumstances . . . Strong men believe in cause and effect.—EMERSON. *Worship.*

Shame leaves us by degrees, not at first winning,
For Nature checks a new offence with loathing;
But use of sin doth make it seem as nothing

S DANIEL. *Complaint of Rosamond*, St 64.

Shame shall be the promotion of fools—PROVERBS. Ch. III., ver. 35.

Shame, the livery of offending mind,
The ugly shroud that overshadoweth blame

SOUTHWELL. *St Peter's Complaint*

She bears a duke's revenues on her back—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI.*, Pt II. (*Queen Margaret*), Act I, Sc III

She hugged th' offender, and forgave th' offence
Sex to the last

DRYDEN. *Cymon and Iphigenia*

She lookt as butter would not melt in her mouth—JOHN HEYWOOD. *Bk. I*, Ch X.

She ne'er lov'd who durst not venture all.—DRYDEN. *Awengzebe* (*Aurengzebe*), Act V.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek, she pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night* (*Viola*), Act II., Sc. IV.

She seemed a thing that could not feel

The touch of earthly years

WORDSWORTH. *Poems of the Imagination*, XI.

She shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear* (*Gentleman*),
Act IV, Sc III

She should be humble, who would please;
And she must suffer, who can love

PRIOR. *Chloe Jealous*, V.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies

BYRON. *She Walks in Beauty*.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

BYRON. *The Corsair*, Can I., III

She who scorns a man must die a maid—POPE. *Rape of the Lock*, Can V, line 28.

She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one.

GAY. *The Coquette, Mother and Daughter*, IV.

She will sing the savageness out of a bear!—SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Othello), Act IV, Sc. I.*

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI., Pt I (Suffolk), Act V, Sc. IV.*

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won

SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus (Demetrius), Act II, Sc. I.*

She's fair, whose beauty only makes her gay.—COWLEY. *Ode III., To his Mistress*

(But) ships are boards, sailors are but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves—I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of the waters, winds, and rocks—SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Shylock), Act I., Sc. III.*

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shewn, and a distant voice in the darkness
So, on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence.

LONGFELLOW. *Tales of a Wayside Inn Third Evening Theologian's Second Tale. Elisabeth, Pt IV.*

Shoes ever overthrow that are too large,
And hugest canons burst with overcharge.

G. CHAPMAN. *Byron's Tragedie (Esper), Act IV, Sc. I.*

Short summers lightly have a forward spring—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III. (Gloster), Act III, Sc. I.*

Short swallow flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, XLVIII.*

(The wench has) shot him between wind and water.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Philaster (Dion), Act IV, Sc. I.*

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute

TENNYSON. 'You will ask me why, tho' ill at ease.'

Should stern justice blot a grievance,
Out o' Nature's mighty sum,
First of a', may plead forbearance,
Female innocence o'ercome

HOGG. *Robin and Nanny.*

Shy she was, and I thought her cold—TENNYSON. *Edward Gray.*
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never

SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado about Nothing (Song), Act II., Sc. III.*

Sighed, and looked unutterable things—THOMSON. *The Seasons, Summer*, line 1188.

Sighs, those false alarms of grief—HENRY VAUGHAN. *Fuila*, line 11.

Silence gives consent—FULLER *Wise Sentences*—GOLDSMITH. *The Good-Natured Man (Croaker)*, Act II, Sc. I.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty,
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity

SIR W. RALEIGH. *The Silent Love*, ver. 6.

Ah! 'tis the silent Rhetorick of a Look,
That works the League betwixt the states of Hearts
S. DANIEL *The Queen's Arcadia (Mirthillus)*,
Act V, Sc II.

Silence best speaks the mind—PH. FLETCHER. *Piscatorie Eclogues*, V, St. 13.

Ev'n silence may be eloquent in love—CONGREVE. *The Old Bachelor (Bellmond)*, Act II, Sc. IX.

A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity—GOLDSMITH *The Good-Natured Man (Miss Richland)*, Act II, Sc. I.

Oh silence is
Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss!

L. E. L. 'Rosalie

Love hath no need of words—BULWER LYTTON. *Richelieu (De Mauprat)*, Act I, Sc. II

Love wants not speech, from silenco speech it builds,
Kindness like light speaks in the air it gilds
BULWER LYTTON *King Arthur*, Bl. IX., LII.

Silence in woman is like speech in man—BEN JONSON. *The Silent Woman (Daw)*, Act II, Sc. II

Silence is deep as Eternity, speech is shallow as Time—CARLYLE. *Sir Walter Scott London and Westminster Review*, 1838.

Silence is the gratitude of true affection—SHERIDAN. *Pizarro (Cora)*, Act II, Sc. I.

Silence is the soul of war;
Delib'rate counsel must prepare
The mighty work which valour must complete
PRIOR *Ode in Imitation of Horace*, Bl. III, Ode II.

Silence more musical than any song—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI *Rest A Sonnet*

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels
LONGFELLOW *Evangeline*, III

Simple duty hath no place for fear.—WHITTIER *Abraham Davenport*, last line.

Simple woman
Is weak in intellect, as well as frame,
And judges often from the partial voice
That soothes her wishes most

SMOLLETT. *The Regicide (Stuart)*, *Act I*, *Sc. VI*

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—
O. W. HOLMES. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*, *VI*.

Sin is too dull to see beyond himself —TENNYSON. *Queen Mary*, *Act V.*, *Sc. II.*

Sin let loose, speaks punishment at hand.—COWPER. *Expostulation*, *line 160*

Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner —BYRON. *Don Juan*, *Can. VIII.*, *St. 99*.

Since every Jack became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

SHAKESPEARE *Richard III.* (*Gloster*),
Act I, *Sc. III.*

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part —M. DRAYTON. *Ideas*. *LXI.*

Single-blessedness. —SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (*Theseus*), *Act I*, *Sc. I.*

(For) slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed, where 't gets possession

SHAKESPEARE *Comedy of Errors* (*Balthazar*),
Act III., *Sc. I.*

Slander, meanest spawn of Hell—
And woman's slander is the worst.

TENNYSON. *The Letters*.

(No, 'tis) Slander ;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All comers of the world : Kings, Queens, and States,
Maids, Matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Pisano)*, *Act III*, *Sc. IV.*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God

POPE. *Essay on Man*, *Ep. IV*, *line 331*.

Slaves cannot breathe in England.—COWPER. *The Task*, *Bk. II.*, *line 40*

Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please

SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene*,
Bk. I, *Can. IX*, *St. 40*.

Sleep, death's ally —SOUTHWELL. *St. Peter's Complaint*

Shake off this drowsy sleep, death's counterfeit —SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Macduff)*, *Act II*, *Sc. III.*

SLEEP DWELL UPON—SLEEP, O GENTLE SLEEP. 227

(O) sleep, thou ape of death—SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Iachimo), Act II, Sc II.*

Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to Death.

S. DANIEL

Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to death.

FLETCHER. *Valentian Song, Act V., Sc II.*

Since sleep and death are call'd
The twins of nature

G CHAPMAN *Cæsar and Pompey (Cato), Act IV.*

But when death,
Sleep's natural brother, comes.

G CHAPMAN. *Cæsar and Pompey (Cato), Act V.*

Sleep, Death's brother—BUTLER *Cat and Puss*

Death's half-brother, sleep

DRYDEN. *Virgil's Aeneas, Bk II.*

Sleep and death, two twins of wing'd race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace

POPE *Homer's Iliad, Bk XVI, line 831.*

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep !

SHELLEY *Queen Mab.*

Sleep, Death's twin brother.

TENNYSON *In Memoriam, LXVIII.*

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !—

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo), Act II, Sc II*

Sleep is sweet to the labouring man—BUNYAN *Pilgrim's Progress (Hopeful), Pt I*

Sleep no more !

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act II, Sc. II.*

Vade—' Come, sleep '

Sleep, Nurse of our life, care's best reposcer,
Nature's high'st rapture, and the vision giver.

LORD HERBERT OF CHIRSBURY *To his Mistress, for her True Picture.*

(O) sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?—
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude :
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances, and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt. II. (King Henry), Act III, Sc. I.*

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
 Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
 Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
 Sole comforter of minds with grief oppress

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN *Sonnet.*

Sleep's but a short death, death's but a longer sleep.—PH. FLETCHER.
Apollyonists, Can. I., St. 6.

Slight the care
 There is for grief in which we have no share.

L. E. L.—*The Golden Violet. The Rose.*

Slighted love is sair to bide—BURNS *Duncan Gray*

Slow and steady wins the race—LLOYD *Fables. The Hare and the Tortoise*

Slow-consuming age—GRAY. *Ode on Eton College, 9.*

Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd .
 But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
 Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold ;
 Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
 The groom retails the favours of his lord

DR. S. JOHNSON. *London, line 177.*

Slumber is more sweet than toil.—TENNYSON. *The Lotos Eaters.*

Small curs are not regarded, when they grin ;
 But great men tremble when the lion roars

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI, Pt. II. (Queen Margaret), Act III, Sc. I.*

Small debts are like small shot ; they are rattling on every side, and
 can scarcely be escaped without a wound : great debts are like cannon :
 of loud noise, but little danger.—DR. S. JOHNSON. *Letter to Jos. Simpson,
 Esq.*

Small griefs find tongues : full casks are ever found
To give (if any, yet) but little sound

HERRICK *Hesperides*, 38

Small leisure have the poor for grief—WHITTIER *The Witch's Daughter*.

Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*, 93.

Small occasions in the path of life
Lie thickly sown, while great are rarely scatter'd

JOANNA BAILLIE *Basil (Vallomere)*, Act I, Sc. II.

Small pitchers have wyde ears—J. HEYWOOD *Proverbs*, Bl. II., Ch. V.

Vide—‘Pitchers have ears’

Small service is true service while it lasts—WORDSWORTH *To a Child*

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Gaunt)*, Act II, Sc. I

Small things make base men proud—SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Pt II. (Suffolk)*, Act IV, Sc. I

(Do you not) smell a rat?—BEN JONSON *Tale of a Tub (Metaphor)*, Act IV., Sc. III

I smell a rat—BUTLER *Hudibras*, Pt I, Can I, line 821.

I smell a rat—PRIOR. *Alma*, Can III, line 128

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV, Pt II (Suffolk)*, Act III, Sc. I

Smooth waters run deep—SCOTCH PROVERB

Smoothing the rugged brow of night—MILTON *Il Penseroso*.

(Here Skegg lies) snug
As a bug in a rug

B. FRANKLIN. *Letter to Miss Georgina Shipley*, September 1772.

So doth the greater glory dim the less ;
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters

SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice (Portia)*, Act V., Sc. I.

So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd !

BYRON *The Giaour*.

So fits the world's uncertain span !
Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,
Gives mortal monuments a date
Beyond the power of Time and Fate

SCOTT. *Roleby*. Can VI. I.

So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night (Duke)*, Act I., Sc. I.

So many are
The sufferings which no human aid can reach,
It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
To heal the few we can.

COLERIDGE. *Zapolya, Pt. II.*

So many heads, so many wits.—J. HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk. I.*
Ch III.

As the saynge is, so many heades, so many wyttes —QUEEN ELIZABETH. *Godly Meditacyon of the Christen Soule.*

So various is the human mind ;
Such are the frailties of mankind !
What at a distance charm'd our eyes,
Upon attainment—droops—and dies

J. CUNNINGHAM *Hymen.*

So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others' ruin may increase their store !

DRYDEN. *Annus Mirabilis, CCL.*

So was here joly whistle well ywette.—CHAUCER. *The Reve's Tale,*
line 4153.

Society in poverty is better than solitude in wealth.—PEACOCK.
Melincourt (Mr. Forrester), Ch XII.

Ah ! better to love in the lowliest cot
Than pine in a palace, alone

WHYTE MELVILLE *Chasticlar.*

Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater.—EMERSON. *Self-Reliance.*

Society is a masked ball, where every one hides his real character, and reveals it by hiding.—EMERSON. *Worship.*

Society is barbarous, until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs.—EMERSON *Wealth.*

Society is no comfort
To one not sociable

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Imogen), Act IV., Sc. II.*

Society is now one polish'd horde,
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. VIII., St 95*

Society is the true sphere of human virtue —ELIZ CARTER. *Rambler.*
No 44

(Thus it has been said does) Society naturally divide itself into four classes :—Noblemen, gentlemen, gigmen, and men —CARLYLE. *Essay on Samuel Johnson*

Society than solitude is worse,
And man to man is still the greatest curse.

MRS BARBAULD. *Ovid to his Wife.*

Soft pity enters at an iron gate —SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece, 85*

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song—WALLER. *To Mr. Creech*

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking

SIR W. SCOTT *The Lady of the Lake,*
Can I, XXXI.

Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause supreme,
All just, all wise, who bids what still is best
In cloud or sunshine, whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend

MALLETT *Amyntor and Thcodora, Can I, line 95.*

Solid pudding against empty praise—POPE *The Dunciad, Bl. I., line 54*

Solitude at length grows tiresome—STERNE *Letter to Miss L.*

Solitude is the best nurse of wisdom—STERNE. *Letter LXXXII.*

Solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return

MILTON *Paradise Lost, Bk. IX, line 476*

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em—SHAKESPEARE *Twelfth Night (Malvolio, Letter), Act II, Sc V.*

Some booke are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—BACON *Essay L, Of Studies*

Some ease it is hid sorrows to declare—FRANCIS DAVISON *Sonnet V. A Complaint.*

(Be cheerful, wipe thine oyes)
Some falls are means the happier to arise
SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Lucius), Act IV, Sc II*

Some falsehood mingles with all truth—LONGFELLOW *The Golden Legend, IV.*

Some grief shews much of love,
But much of grief shews still some want of wit
SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Lady Capulet), Act III, Sc. V.*

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none.
And some condemned for a fault alone

SHAKESPEARE *Measure for Measure (Escalus), Act II, Sc I*

Some sense of dnty, something of a faith,
Some reveronce for the laws ourselves have made,
Some patient force to change them when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against the crowd

TENNYSON. *The Princess Conclusion.*

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood :

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,

Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

How many a rustic Milton has passed by,
Stifling the speechless longings of his heart
In unremitting drudgery and care !

How many a vulgar Cato has compelled
His energies, no longer tameless then,
To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail !

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab, V.*

Something attempted, something done,

Has earned a night's repose.

LONGFELLOW. *The Village Blacksmith*

(For) something in the envy of the small

Still loves the vast Democracy of Death !

LYTTON. *Earlier Poems. The Bones of Raphael.*

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Marcellus), Act I., Sc. IV*

Soon or late Love is his own avenger—BYRON. *Don Juan, Can IV, St. 73.*

(For) sooner may one day the sea lie still,

Than once restrain a woman of her will.

W. HAUGHTON *Englishmen for my Money (Anthony), Act V., Sc. I.*

Sooner or later, all things pass away,

And are no more :—The beggar and the king,

With equal steps, tread forward to their end

SOUTHERN. *The Fatal Marriage (Isabella), Act II., Sc. II.*

Sorrow and joy, in love, alternate reign ;

Sweet is the bliss, distracting is the pain.

EDMUND SMITH. *Phædra and Hippolitus (Theseus), Act III.*

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.—
LONGFELLOW. *Evangeline, Part the Second, I.*

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon tide night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil ;

And for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares :

So that, between their titles, and low name,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SHAKESPEARE *Richard III (Brackenbury), Act I., Sc. IV.*

Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders

SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus (Marcus), Act II., Sc. V.*

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion—DR S JOHNSON. *The Rambler*, No 47.

Sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe

LANGHORNE *Hymn to Humanity*, St 2

("Tis held that) sorrow makes us wise—TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*, CVIII.

Sorrow

More akin to earthly things,
Only strains the sad heart's fibres,
Joy, bright stranger, breaks the strings

ADELAIDE PROCTER. *Homeward Bound*

Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self—KEATS *Hyperion*, Bk. I.

Sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like the mirth fate turns to sudden sadness

SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida*
(*Troilus*), Act I, Sc I

Sorrow, the way to death—KEATS *Endymion*, I.

Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state!
BLAIR *The Grave*, line 154.

Sotte's bolt is sone shote—HENDYNG *Proverbs*

A fool's bolt is soono shot—JOHN HEYWOOD *Proverbs*, Bk. II, Sc III

A fool's bolt is soon shot—SHAKESPEARE *Henry V.* (Duke of Orlans), Act III, Sc VII

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free

T MOORE *Sacred Songs Sound the Loud Timbrel*

Sounds that charm our ears,
Are but one dressing that rich science wears.
COWLEY *Davideis*, Bk I, line 465.

Sovereign mistress of true melancholy.—SHAKESPEARE. *Anthony and Cleopatra* (*Enobarbus*), Act IV, Sc IX

Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn—SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost* (*Biron*), Act IV, Sc III.

Speak not in the hearing of a fool;
For he will despise the wisdom of thy words
PROVERBS Ch XXIII., ver. 9.

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice—
RUSKIN. *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. *The Lamp of Truth*, I.

234 SPEECH IS OF TIME—STERN OPPRESSION'S.

Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.—CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*, *Bl. III., Ch. III.*

Speech, thought's canal ! speech, thought's criterion, too !
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or dross ;
When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night II*, line 469.

Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends
The smallest simple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure*
(*Duke*), *Act I, Sc I.*

Spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

POPE *Essay on Man, Ep I*, line 293.

(And they) spoiled the Egyptians.—EXODUS. *Ch XII., ver. 36.*

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides,
Come, and trap it as you go
On the light fantastic toe

MILTON. *L'Allegro.*

Spread yourself upon his bosom publicly, whose heart you would eat
in private—BEN JONSON. *Every Man Out of his Humour (Carlo Buffone)*,
Act II., Sc. II.

Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
Laden with glory and light you come ;
With the leaf, the bloom, and the butterfly's wing,
Making our earth a fairy home

ELIZA COOK. *Spring.*

Spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but Spring.

T. MOORE *Juvenile Poems. To —.*

Squint-eyed Slander.—BEATTIE *The Judgment of Paris.*

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth)*,
Act III, Sc IV.

Star to star vibrates light ; may soul to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her own ?

TENNYSON. *Aylmer's Field.*

... Stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens—LONGFELLOW.
Evangeline, Part the Second, III.

Steeped to the lips in memory.—LONGFELLOW. *The Goblet of Life.*

Stern oppression's iron grip.—BURNS. *A Winter Night.*

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling

BUTLER *Hudibras, Pt. III, Can. I*, line 687.

Still last to come where thou art wanted most.—WORDSWORTH.
Sonnet to Sleep, XIII.

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find

GOLDSMITH *The Traveller*, line 435.

Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

HOOD *The Song of the Shirt*.

Stolen waters are sweet,
And bread eaten in secret is pleasant

PROVERBS. *Ch. IX, ver. 17.*

‘Much sweeter,’ she saith, ‘more acceptable
Is drinke, when it is stollen priuely,
Than when it is taken in forme auawable :
Bread hidden and gotten jeopardously,
Must needs be sweet, and semblably,
Uenison stolne is aye the sweeter,
The ferther the narrower fet the better’

LYDGATE *The Remedy of Love*.

Sweet are stoln waters—PH. FLETCHER *Can. III. St. 18.*

Stolen kisses are always sweeter—LEIGH HUNT. *The Indicator*.

Stolen glances, sweeter for the theft—BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. I. St. 74.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage

LOVELACE *To Althaea From Prison*.

That which the world miscalls a jail
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty,
Locks, bars, and solitude, together set,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorit.

LORD ARTHUR CAPEL. *Written in Confinement*.

(For) stony limits cannot keep love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet*
(*Romeo*), *Act II, Sc. II.*

Stood never man so sure
On woman's word, but wisdom would mistrust it to endure
EARL OF SURREY. *A Warning to the Lover*.

Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square

T. HOOD. *A Plain Direction, V., 1.*

Strange! all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

POPE. *Epigram on Handel and Bononcini.*

Strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds—SHAKESPEARE *Cymeline (Iachimo), Act I., Sc. IV*

Strength is born
In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts;
Not amidst joy.

FELICIA HEMANS. *The Siege of Valencia. Ximena.*

Strike for your altars and your fires!
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land.

HALLECK. *Marco Bozzaris*

Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion. The Wanderer, Bl. I.*

(She was) struck all of a heap.—BICKERSTAFF. *The Maid of the Mill (Giles), Act II., Sc. I.*

Struck blind with beauty!
Shot with a woman's smile

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Knight of Malta (Mountferrat), Act II., Sc. III.*

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save bare authority from others' books!

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost (Biron), Act I., Sc. I.*

Study is the bane of boyhood, the alment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age.—W. S. LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations. Pericles and Aspasia.*

Style is the dress of thoughts.—LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to his Godson, 24th November 1749*

Style is the image of character—GIBBON. *Memoirs of my Life, p. 1.*
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress—DRYDEN. *Annus Mirabilis, CCXLII.*

Success, a sort of suicide,
Is ruin'd by success

YOUNG. *Resignation, Pt. II.*

Success the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit.

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. I., Can. I., line 879.*

Such blessings Nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores.
In distant wilds, by human eye unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race

YOUNG. *Lore of Fame, Sat. V, line 227.*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of Ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air
 GRAY *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Many a flower by man unseen
 Gladdens lone recesses ;
 Many a nameless brook makes green
 Haunts its beauty blesses
 BERNARD BARTON.

Such distance is between high words and deeds !
 In proof, the greatest vaunter seldom speeds
 SOUTHWELL *St Peter's Complaint.*

Talkers are no great doers—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.*
 (1st Murderer), *Act I, Sc. III.*

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such, a woman oweth to her husband
 SHAKESPEARE *The Taming of the Shrew*
 (*Katharina*), *Act V, Sc II*

Such ever was love's way to rise, it stoops — R. BROWNING.
A Death in the Desert

Such is the use and noble end of friendship,
 To bear a part in every storm of fate,
 And, by dividing, make the lighter weight
 B HIGGINS *The Generous Conqueror*

Such, Polly ! are your sex—part truth, part fiction ;
 Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction
 SAVAGE *Verses to a Young Lady.*

Such souls
 Whose sudden visitations dare the world,
 Vanish like lightning ; but they leave behind
 A voice that in the distance far away
 Wakens the slumbering ages
 SIR H TAYLOR *Philip van Artevelde, Pt. I.*
 (*Artevelde*), *Act I, Sc VII*

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof—ST MATTHEW *Ch. VI.*
ver. 34.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action —SHAKESPEARE.
Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III, Sc II.

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.
 —SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Nerissa), Act I, Sc II.*

Superstition is the religion of feeble minds —BURKE. *Reflections on the Revolution in France*

Surely they leap best in their providence forward who fetch their
 rise furthest backward in their experience —FULLER *Holy and Profane
 States: Holy State: The Good General*

(As) surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure (Claudio)*,
Act I., Sc III.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI, Pt. III. (Gloster)*. *Act V*,
Sc VI—COLLEY CIBBER *Richard III*. (altered
by) *(Richard) Act I, Sc I.*

Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue.—OTWAY. *Venice Preserved (Pierre)*, *Act III, Sc I*

Sweet April showers do spring May flowers—TUSSER. *500 Points, XXXIX.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Duke S)*,
Act II, Sc. I.

Sweet as love,
Or the remembrance of a generous deed.

WORDSWORTH *The Prelude, Book the Sixth.*

(Your) sweet faces make good fellows fools
And traitors

TENNYSON. *Geraint and Enid.*

Sweet girl-graduates—TENNYSON *The Princess. Prologue.*

Sweet is pleasure after pain—DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast, III.*

Sweet is revenge—especially to women—BYRON. *Don Juan, Can I.*
St. 124

Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,
The bees collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude

GRAY. *Ode for Music, V.*

Sweet is the love that comes alone with willingness—SPENSER.
Faerie Queene, Bk IV, Can V, St 25.

Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity

TENNYSON. *Isabel.*

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II (Scroop)*, *Act III, Sc. II.*

Sweet love is food for fortune's tooth—SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida (Troilus)*, *Act IV, Sc V.*

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge—SHAKESPEARE. *Titus Andronicus (Tamora)*, *Act I, Sc. I.*

Sweet tastes have sour closes ;
And he repents on thorns that sleeps in beds of roses

QUARLES. *Emblems, Bk I, No. 7.*

SWEETS TO THE—TALKING AND ELOQUENCE. 239

Sweets to the sweet; farewell!—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Queen)*, *Act V, Sc I*

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid—TICKELL

Sweets to the sweet! a long adieu!—BOWLES *The Spirit of Discovery, Bk. IV, line 408*

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.—SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet, VIII*

Swift Instinct leaps, slow Reason feebly climbs.—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night VII. line 82*

Syllables govern the world.—SELDEN. *Table Talk. Power.*

—Take away the sword—

States can be saved without it.

BULWER LYTTON. *Richeleu (Richelieu), Act II. Sc II.*

(Old Mr Lowndes, the famous Secretary of the Treasury in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and George the First, used to say), Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves—
LORD CHICSTERFIELD *Letter to his Son, 6th November 1747. Also, Letter to his Son. 5th February 1750*

Take her up tenderly,

Lift her with care;

Fashion'd so slenderly,

Young and so fair!

T HOOD. *The Bridge of Sighs.*

Take the wings from the image of Love, and the god disappears from the form!—BULWER LYTTON. *A Strange Story, Ch XV.*

Take time by the forelock—OLD PROVERB

I'll take occasion by the forelock—MASSINGER. *The Unnatural Combat (Monteville), Act V, Sc I*

Take what is, trust what may be,
That's life's true lesson,—eh?

R. BROWNING *Ferishtah's Fancies, Prologue.*

Talent alone cannot make a writer. There must be a man behind the book—EMERSON. *Goethe*

Talent convinces; Genius but excites—BULWER LYTTON. *Earlier Poems Talent and Genius*

Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is—J. R. LOWELL. *Among my Books 1st Series Rousseau and the Sentimentalists*

Talkers are no great doers—SHAKESPEARE *Richard III (1st Murderer), Act I., Sc III.*

Vide—Such distance is between.

Talking and eloquence are not the same; to speak, and to speak well, are two things—BEN JONSON. *Discoveries*

240 TASTE IS NOT ONLY—TERROR IS THE MOST.

Taste is not only a part and an index of morality: it is the ONLY morality.—RUSKIN. *The Crown of Wild Olive, II. Traffic*, 54.

Taste, like an artificial canal, winds through a beautiful country, but its borders are confined, and its term limited. Knowledge navigates the ocean, and is perpetually on voyages of discovery.—I. DISRAELI *Curiosities of Literature. Characteristics of Bayle*.

Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid;—thou female tongue-running, smile-soothing, heart-opening, wink-tapping cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moment of my life, let me fall prostrate.—COLLEY CIBBER. *The Lady's Last Stake, Act I., Sc. I.*

Teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson, how to die.
BEILBY PORTEUS. *Death, line 316.*

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world would listen then, as I am listening now.
SHELLEY. *To a Skylark, XXI.*

Teachers men honour, learners they allure;
But learners teaching, of contempt are sure.
CRABBE. *The Learned Boy*

Tears are a most worthless token
When hearts they would have soothed are broken!
L E. L. *The Painter's Love*

Tears are the noble language of the eye,
And when true love of words is destitute
The eyes by tears speak, while the tongue is mute.
HERRICK. *Hesperides, 150.*

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon.—SAMUEL. *Bk. II., Ch. I., ver. 20.*

(Oh, while you live), tell truth, and shame the devil.—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV, Pt. I. (Hotspur), Act III., Sc. I.*

(Yet I shall) temper so
Justice with mercy.
MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. X, line 77.*

Temperance is the nurse of chastity.—WYCHERLEY. *Love in a Wood (Gripe), Act III., Sc. III.*

(Nor learn that) tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.—BYRON *Childe Harold, Can. III., St. 38.*

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.—POPE. *Essay on Criticism, Pt. I., line 6*

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Aged trees do break with bending.
SOUTHWELL. *Loss in Delay.*

Terror is the most common source of cruelty.—ALISON. *History of Europe, Ch. XIV.*

(Evermore) thanks, tho' exchequer of the poor ;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty.

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II (Bolingbroke), Act II., Sc. III.*

That all men would be cowards, if they dare,
Some men have had the courage to declare

CRAEBBE *Tale I, line 1.*

(On) that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love

WORDSWORTH. *Poems of the Imagination, XXVI.*

(An old prouerbe sayd is in English,)
That bird or foule is full dishonest
What that he be, and hold full churlish,
That vseth to defoule his owne nest.

THOS OCCLIVE *The Letter of Cupid.*

That bliss no wealth can bribe, no pow'r bestow,
That bliss of angels, love by love repaid

MALLETT *Amyntas and Theodora, Can I, line 367.*

That death's unnatural that kills for loving — SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Desdemona), Act V, Sc II.*

That eaglo's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high

WALLER. *To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing*

So the struck eagle stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart

BYRON *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart !

T. MOORE *Corruption.*

That evil is half cur'd whose cause we know — CHURCHILL. *Gotham. Bk III., line 632*

That foul bird of rapino whose whole prey
Is man's good name

TENNYSON. *Merlin and Vivien.*

That great dust-heap called 'history' — AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.
Obiter Dictria Carlyle.

That happiness ye seek is not below ;
Earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe "

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN *Song*

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure (Angelo), Act II, Sc III.*

And that which in mean men would seem a fault,
As leaning to ambition or such like,
Is in a king but well beseeming him.

ANON. *The Play of Stuckley (Alva)*, line 1573.

Ambition, in a private man a vice,
Is, in a prince, a virtue

MASSINGER. *The Bashful Lover (Alonzo)*, Act I, Sc. II.

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

WORDSWORTH. *Poems of the Imagination, XII.*

That is a good book which is opened with expectation, and closed with profit.—ALCOTT. *Table Talk, Bk. I. Learning-Book.*

That is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.

TENNYSON. *To J. S.*

That island queen who sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind.

TENNYSON. *Buonaparte.*

That jewell'd mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull
Smelling of musk and insolence.

TENNYSON. *Maud, VII, 6.*

That land's enslaved whose sov'ran mind
Collides the conscience of mankind.

SYDNEY DOBELL. *A Shower in War Time.*

That little world, the human mind.—ROGERS. *Ode to Superstition.*

That man is sure to lose

That fouls his hands with dirty foes :

For where no honour's to be gain'd,

"Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. II., Can. II*, line 849.

That man may last but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives ;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank—
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

THOMAS GIBBONS. *Where Jesus dwelt.*

That man that hath a tongue I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona (Valentine), Act III., Sc. I.*

That monstrous tuberosity of civilised life, the capital of England—
CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus, Bk. III., Ch. VI.*

That old hereditary bore,
The steward.

ROGERS. *Italy. A Character*, line 13.

That only disadvantage of honest hearts, credulity.—SIR P. SIDNEY.
Arcadia, Bk. II.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon.

SHELLEY. *The Cloud, IV.*

THAT PORTENTOUS—THAT WHICH WE. 243

That portentous phrase—‘I told you so’—BYRON. *Don Juan, Can XIV, St 50.*

That prime ill, a talking wife —PRIOR *Alma, Can II, line 364.*

That prophet ill sustains his holy call,
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all
T. MOORE *Lalla Rookh, I.*

That raro appendage to a King ;
A friend that never played the slave
ELIZA COOK *Melara.*

That same man that rennith away,
Mae againe fight another daie
NICHOLAS UDALL.

He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.
SIR JOHN MENNIS. *Musarum Deliciae.*

For those that run away and fly,
Take place at least of th’ enemy.
BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt I, Can III, line 609.*

For those that fly may fight again
Which he can never do that’s slain
BUTLER *Hudibras, Pt III, Can III, line 243.*

For those that save themselves and fly
Go halves at least i’ th’ victory
BUTLER *Hudibras, Pt III, Can III, line 269.*

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day ;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

The Art of Poetry on a new Plan Ed by O. Goldsmith.

That sovereign bliss, a wife —MALLETT. *Cupid and Hymen.*

That talkative maiden, Rumour.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Felix Holt.*

That unrest which man miscalls delight —SHELLEY. *Adonais.*

That way madness lies —SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (Lear), Act III., Sc IV.*

That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free.

SHAKESPEARE *Measure for Measure (Duke), Act III., Sc. II.*

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II.*
(*Duchess of Gloster, Act I, Sc II.*)

That which was glory in the mother of God
Had been, for instance, damnable in Eve.

R. BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book.*

That which we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack’d and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us

SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing*
(*Friar, Act IV, Sc. I.*)

That very thing so many Christians want—Humility. HOOD. *Ode to Rae Wilson*

That's a bad sort of eddication as make folks unreasonable.—
GEORGE ELIOT *Scenes of Clerical Life. Amos Barton (Mr. Hackit)*

The absent Danger greater still appears,
Less fears he who is near the thing he fears.

S. DANIEL. *Tragedy of Cleopatra (Rodon), Act IV, Sc I.*

The accident of an accident—LORD THURLOW. *Speech in reply to Lord Grafton.*

The accusing spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever—STERNE. *Tristram Shandy, Ch XLIX.*

(But) the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever.—BURKE. *Reflections on the French Revolution.*

The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life :

Try to be Shakespeare, leave the rest to fate !

R. BROWNING. *Bishop Blougram's Apology.*

The all of things is an infinite conjugation of the verb—'To Do.'—
CARLYLE. *French Revolution, Bk. III, Ch. I.*

The almighty dollar—that great object of universal devotion throughout our land!—WASHINGTON IRVING. *The Creole Village*

The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war!—ERASMUS DARWIN. *The Loves of the Plants, Can. III, line 298*

The appetite of the labouring man laboureth for him—PROVERBS.
Ch. XVI, ver. 26.

The apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II. (Bolingbroke), Act I, Sc III.*

The April's in her eyes : it is Love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Antony), Act III, Sc II*

The Ariosto of the North*—BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. IV, St 40.*

—The arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. I. (Hotspur), Act V., Sc. II.*

The attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring.

GRAY. *Ode to the Spring.*

The author himself is the best judge of his own performance.—GIBBON.
Memoirs of My Life and Writings.

* Sir W. Scott.

The bad man's cunning still prepares the way
For its own outwitting

COLERIDGE. *Zapolya, Sc. I.*

The bad man's death is horror, but the just
Keeps something of his glory in the dust.

HABINGTON. *Elegie, VIII.*

The beast
With many heads butts me away

SHAKESPEARE *Coriolanus (Coriolanus), Act IV, Sc I*

The beginning of compunction is the beginning of a new life.—GEORGE
ELIOT *Felix Holt, Ch XIII*

The belly is an insatiable creditor, but man worse—SIR T. OVERBURY.
Characters. Creditors

The best elixir is a friend—SOMERVILLE *The Hip*

The best fire doesn't flare up the steadiest—GEORGE ELIOT *Adam
Bede (Adam Bede), Bk. IV, Ch. XXV.*

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men

Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promis'd joy!

BURRS *To a Mouse*

The best may slip, and the most cautious fall,
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all

POMFRET *Love Triumphant over Reason, line 145*

The best of men have ever loved repose—THOMSON *The Castle of
Indolence, I, line 17.*

The best strength of a man is shown in his intellectual work, as that of
a woman in her daily deed and character—RUSKIN *Sesame and
Lilacs Preface to 12th Ed*

The better day the better deed—MIDDLETON. *The Phœnix, Act III,
Sc. I*

The better the day, the better the deed—WALKER'S *Pro
mologia Circa, 1672*

The better part of valour is discretion—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV.,
Pt I (Falstaff), Act V, Sc. IV.*

It showed discretion, the best part of valour—BEAUMONT
AND FLETCHER *King and No King (1st Sword-man), Act IV.,
Sc III*

Even in a hero's heart
Discretion is the better part

CHURCHILL. *The Ghost, Pt I, line 232*

The better wit is, the more dangerous is it—LANDOR. *Imaginary
Conversations Middleton and Magdala*

The bitter goes before the sweet. Yea, and for as much as it doth, it
makes the sweet the sweeter—BUNYAN. *Pilgrim's Progress (Timorous),
Pt II*

The blast that blows hardest is soon overblown—SWOLLETT. *Song*

The blaze of a reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the
socket.—DR S. JOHNSON *Letter, 1st May 1780 To Mrs. Thrale.*

The blight of low desires—darkening their own
To thine own likeness

TENNYSON *Aylmer's Field*

The blind hysterics of the Celt —TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, VIII.*

The blind wild beast of force —TENNYSON. *The Princess.*

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt I (Hotspur), Act I, Sc. III.*

The bloom of a Rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day.

J. CUNNINGHAM *The Rose and the Butterfly.*

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour

The paths of glory lead but to the grave

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*

The book of female logic is blotted all over with tears, and Justice
in their courts is for ever in a passion —THACKERAY. *The Virginians,*
Ch. IV.

The borrower runs in his own debt.—EMERSON. *Compensation.*

The bounds once over-gone that hold men in,
They never stay, but on from bad to worse
Wrongs do not leave off there where they begin,
But still beget new mischiefs in their course.

S. DANIEL. *Civil War, Bk. IV., I.*

The brain may devise laws for the blood ; but a hot temper leaps o'er
a cold decree !—SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice (Portia),*
Act I, Sc. II.

The brave

Die never. Being deathless, they but change
Their country's arms for more, their country's heart.

P. J. BAILEY. *Festus (Festus), V.*

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational ;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

JOANNA BAILLIE *Basil, Act III, Sc. I.*

The brave man's courage, and the student's love,
Are but as tools his secret ends to work,
Who hath the skill to use them.

JOANNA BAILLIE *Basil (Duke), Act II, Sc. III.*

The brave only know how to forgive —STERNE. *Sermon XII.*

The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR. *The Song of the Camp.*

The breath

Of accusation kills an innocent name,
And leaves for lame acquittal the poor life,
Which is a mask without it

SHELLEY. *The Cenci (Beatrice), Act IV., Sc. IV.*

THE BREATHLESS SILENCE—THE CINCINNATUS. 247

The breathless silence, which to love
Is all that eloquence can be

L E L—*The Lost Pleiad.*

The busy lark, the messenger of day—CHAUCER. *The Knight's Tale*, line 1493

(Let Hercules himself do what he may,)
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (*Hamlet*), Act V, Sc I

Dogs, ye have had your day—POPE. *Homer's Odyssey*,
Bk XXII, line 41.

Every dog must have his day.—SWIFT *Whig and Tory*

The cause of Freedom is the cause of God—BOWLES. *To Edmund Burke*

The chapter of knowledge is a very short one, but the chapter of accidents is a very long one—LORD CHESTERFIELD. *Letter to Solomon Dayrolles*, 16th February 1753

The character of a people depends more on its drinks than on its food.—BULWER LYTTON *The Parisians* (*Savarin*), Bk VI, Ch I

The charm of friendship is liberty, and he that would destroy the one destroys, without designing it, the better half of the other.—E. GIBBON. *Letter to Mr Porteaus*, 1753

The cheat at play may use the wealth he's won,
But is not honour'd for the mischief done;
The cheat in love may use each villain art,
And boast the deed that breaks the victim's heart.

CRABBE. *The Borough* Letter XX.

The cheerful man's a king—BICKERSTAFF *Love in a Village* (*Hawthorn, sings*), Act I, Sc III

The chief glory of every people arises from its authors—DR. S. JOHNSON *Preface to his Dictionary*

The childhood shews the man,
As morning shews the day

MILTON *Paradise Regained*, Bk IV, line 220

The child is father of the man—WORDSWORTH *Poems referring to Childhood*, I

The child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath

E B BROWNING. *The Cry of the Children*.

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very much akin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
Both empty are within.

SWIFT *Extempore Verses*

(But) the churchmen fain would kill their church,
As the churches have killed their Christ.

TENNYSON. *Maud* V., II.

The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of Washington;
To make man blush there was but one!

BYRON *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, XIX.

The circumlocution office—C DICKENS *Little Dorrit, Ch. X.*

The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies—STEELE *Spectator, No. 75.*

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Horatio), Act I, Sc. I.*

The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

SHAKESPEARE *Venus and Adonis, St. 70.*

(I stood beside the grave of him who blazed)

The comet of a season

BYRON *Occasional Pieces Churchill's Grave.*

The conduct of our lives is the only proof of the sincerity of our hearts
—BISHOP T. WILSON *Maxims, No. 367.*

The conscience is the most elastic material in the world. To-day you
cannot stretch it over a mole-hill, to-morrow it hides a mountain—
BULWER LYTTTON. *Ernest Maltravers, Bk. I, Ch. VII*

The conscious water blush'd its God to see—R CRASHAW. *Epygrammata Sacra, XCVI.*

Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit

Other versions often appearing are:—

The conscious water saw its god and blushed.

The shy nymph saw her god and blush'd.

For the chaste nymph hath seen her god and blush'd

The cord breaketh at the last by the weakest pull—OLD SPANISH PROVERB Quoted by BACON *Essay XV, Of Seditions and Troubles*

The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp—COLTON. *Lacon, V.*

The course of true love never did run smooth—SHAKESPEARE *Mid-summer Night's Dream (Lysander), Act I, Sc. I*

The coward's weapon, poysen—PH. FLETCHER *Sicelides (Pas), Act V., Sc. III*

‘The crane,’ I said, ‘may chatter of the crane,
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I
An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere.’

TENNYSON. *The Princess, III.*

The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn; and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man—EMERSON. *History*

The critic eye, that microscope of wit—POPE. *The Dunciad, Bk. IV.* Line 233.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay,
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.

Gnats are unnoticed wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye

SHAKESPEARE *Rape of Lucrece, 144.*

The crow thinketh her owne birds fairest in the wood —JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. II, Ch. IV.*

Yet the crow thinkes her black birds of all others the fairest —
LUPTON. *All for Money*

The curtains of yesterday drop down, the curtains of to-morrow roll up; but yesterday and to-morrow both are —CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus, Bk. III, Ch. VIII*

The deadliest foe to love is custom —BULWER LYTTON. *Devereux, Bk. III, Ch. V.*

The deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, which hearkeneth not to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely —PSALMS. *LVIII., ver. 4*

As deaf as an adder —OLD PROVERB.

In so profound abvsm I throw all care
Of other's voices, that my addcr's sense
To critio and flatterer stopped are

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet CXII.*

The deep religion of a thankful heart,
Which rests instinctively in Heaven's law
With a full peace, that never can depart
From its own steadfastness

LOWELL *Irene.*

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afor
From the sphere of our sorrow

SHELLEY. *To —.*

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose —SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice (Antonio), Act I, Sc. III*

As devils, to serve their purpose, Scripture quote —CHURCHILL.
The Apology, line 313

The devil cannot tie a woman's tongue —UNKNOWN. *Grim, the Colher of Croydon (Castiliano), Act II, Sc. I.*

(And) the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility

COLERIDGE *The Devil's Walk*

The devil has a care of his footmen —MIDDLETON. *A Trick to Catch the Old One (Witgood), Act I, Sc. IV*

The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. XV, St. 13*

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act II, Sc. II*

The devil is diligent at his plough.—Bp. LATIMER *Sermon of the Plough.*

The Devil, that old stager, at his trick
Of general utility, who leads
Downward, perhaps, but fiddles all the way!

R BROWNING. *Red Cotton Night Cap Country, II.*

The devil's sooner raised than laid.—GARRICK. *Prologue to the School for Scandal.*

The dew of thy youth is of the womb of the morning.—PSALMS. CX., ver. 3.

Her birth was of the womb of morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous prime.

SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene, Bk. III., Can. VI.*

The dignity of the commandment is according to the dignity of the commanded.—BACON *The Advancement of Learning, Bk. I.*

The diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. II.*, line 209.

The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind.

LONGFELLOW. *The Building of the Ship.*

The dirty nurse, experience—TENNYSON. *The Last Tournament.*

The dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Bassanio), Act III., Sc. II.*

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. VIII., St. 3*

The dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits—SHAKESPEARE.
As You Like It (Colin), Act I., Sc. II.

The ear trieth words,
As the palate tasteth meat.

JOB Ch. XXXIV., ver. 3.

The easiest person to deceive is one's own self.—BULWER LYTTON.
The Discowned (Glendower), Ch. XLII.

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents—LORD STOWELL.
(*Vide Campbell's Lives of Lord Chancellors*)

The elephant is never won with Anger,
Nor must that man who would reclaim a lion
Take him by the teeth.

EARL OF ROCHESTER. **Valentiman (Ecclius), Act I., Sc. I.*

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—OLD PROVERB—
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V. (Boy), Act IV., Sc. V.*

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida (Hector), Act IV., Sc. V.*

The last act crowns the play.—QUARLES. *Emblems, Bk. I. Epigram, 15.*

'Tis the last act which crowns the play—N. COTTON. *Visions in Verse. Death.*

* This play was only corrected by the Earl of Rochester; the whole authorship is unknown, though some of the scenes were by J Fletcher

THE END MUST—THE FAULT UNKNOWN. 251

The end must justify the means—PRIOR. *Hans Carvel*, line 67.
The English winter—ending in July
To recommence in August

BYRON. *Don Juan*, Can. XIII, St 42

The essence of humour, sensibility, warm tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence—CARLYLE *Essay on Richter*.

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar* (*Antony*), Act III, Sc. II.

The eye is traitor to the heart.—SIR T. WYATT. *That the Eye bewrayeth, etc.*

The face of every one
That passes by me is a mystery !

WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude*. Book Seventh

The fairest fruits attract the flies—E. MOORE *Fable*, III.

The fairest mark is easiest hit—BUTLER *Hudibras*, Pt II, Can I., line 664.

The falling out of faithfull friends is the renuying of love—R. EDWARDS *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*.

Let the falling out of friends be a renewing of affection—LYLY. *Euphues*

The falling out of lovers is the renewing of love—BURTON. *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt III, Sect II

The fame of success remains, when the motives of attempt are forgotten.—RUSKIN. *The Stones of Venice*, Ch. I. *The Quarry*, Sect 8.

The fame that a man wins himself is best ;
That he may call his own. Honours put to him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
And are as soon ta'en off ; for in the warmth
The heat comes from the body, not the weeds :
So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds

MIDDLETON *The Mayor of Queenborough* (*Hengist*), Act II, Sc. III.

The fat is in the fire—J. HEYWOOD *Proverbs*, Bk. I, Ch III.

The fat's i' th' fire—HISTRIONASTIX (*Gut*), Act I, Sc. I

All the fat's in the fire—SMOLLETT *The Reprisal* (*Brush*), Act I., Sc VIII

The fatal gift of beauty.—BYRON. *Childe Harold*, Can IV, St 42.

The fatal victor of mankind,
Swoln Luxury !—pale Ruin stalks behind !

POPE *Essay on Satire*, line 393

The Fates are just ; they give us but our own ;
Nemesis ripens what our hands have sown

WHITTIER. *To a Southern Statesman*

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge—JEREMIAH Ch XXXI, ver. 29.

The fault unknown is as a thought unacted :
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*, 76.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To hant the wretch in order

BURNS. *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge—PROVERBS.
Ch. I., ver. 7.

The Feast is good, untill the reck'ning come—QUARLES *A Feast for Wormes*, Sect. 6, Med. 6.

(There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl)
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

POPE. *Imitations of Horace*, Bk. II., Sat. I., line 131.

The finest edge is made blunt with a whetstone.—LYLY. *Euphues.*

The fire seven times tried this :
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss
Some there be that shadows kiss :
Some have but a shadow's bliss :
There be fools alive I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head :
So be gone, sir : you are sped.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*
(Prince of Arragon reads *Inscription in Silver Casket*), Act II., Sc. IV.

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV*, Pt. II. (Northumberland), Act I., Sc. I.

The first condition of human goodness is something to love ; the
second, something to reverence.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Scenes of Clerical
Life. Janet's Repentance.*

The first physicians by debauch were made ;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade

DRYDEN. *Epistle XIV.*, To John Dryden.

The first vertue, sone if thou wilt lere,
Is to restraine, and kepen wel thy tongue.

CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales. Maunciple's Tale*, line 226.

The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unless the deed go with it.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Macbeth)*, Act IV., Sc. I.

The flower she touch'd on dipt and rose,
And turn'd to look at her.

TENNYSON. *The Talking Oak.*

The food of hope
Is meditated action ; robbed of this
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also ; for we live by hope
And by desire ; we see by the glad light
And breathe the sweet air of futurity.

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*, Bk. IX.

The fool doth think that he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to
be a fool—SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Touchstone)*, Act V., Sc. I.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.—PSALM. Ch. XIV.,
ver. 1.

The fool inherits, but the wise must get.—CARTWRIGHT. *The Ordinary (Slicer)*, *Act III.*, *Sc. VI.*

The form, the form alone is eloquent !

A nobler yearning never broke her rest
Than but to dance and sing, be gaily drest,
And win all eyes with all accomplishment.

TENNYSON. *Early Sonnets, VIII.*

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*
(*Theseus*), *Act V.*, *Sc. I.*

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb —SHAKESPEARE.
Henry VI., *Pt. II.* (*Suffolk*), *Act III.*, *Sc. I.*

The fraction of life can be increased in value, not so much by increasing
your numerator, as by lessening your denominator —CARLYLE. *Sartor
Resartus*, *Bk. II.*, *Ch. IX*

The friend of him who has no friend—
Religion !

J. MONTGOMERY. *The Pillow.*

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried.
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatched, unfledged comrade

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Polonius)*, *Act I.*, *Sc. III.*

The fruits of the earth have their growth in corruption —C DICKENS.
American Notes, *Ch. III.*

The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,
In the end does prove the nearest home

BUTLER. *Hudibras*, *Pt. II.*, *Can. I.*, line 227.

The game is up.—SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Belarius)*, *Act III.*
Sc. III., *last line*.

The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.

TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

(True is, that whilome that good poet sayd,)
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne ;
For a man by nothing is so well bewray'd.
As by his manners.

SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene, Bk. VI*, *Can. III.*, *St. 1.*

Manners makyth man.—*Motto of William of Wykeham*

Manners alone beam dignity on all —WHITEHEAD. *Manners, a Satire*, line 76

Since all allow that manners make the man —WHITEHEAD.
Manners, a Satire, line 82

It is not learning, it is not virtue, about which people inquire
in society. It's manners.—THACKERAY. *Sketches and Travels
in London. On Tailoring*

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Ophelia), Act III., Sc. I.*

The glory of young men is their strength;
And the beauty of old men is the hoary head.

PROVERBS *Ch. XX., ver. 29.*

The God of Love is blinde as stone—CHAUCER *The Romaunt of the Rose, line 3702.*

For loue is blinde, and maie not see—GOWER. *Confessio Amantis, Bk. I.*

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies they themselves commit.

SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice (Jessica), Act II., Sc. VI.*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind

SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream (Helena), Act I., Sc. I.*

Merciless love, whom nature hath denied
The use of eyes

J. FLETCHER. *The Chances, Act II., Sc. II.*

Cupid is a blind gunner.—FARQUHAR. *Love and a Bottle (Brush), Act I., Sc. I.*

Love is blind.—BEN JONSON. *The Poetaster, Act IV., Sc. II.*

Love is always blind.—POPE *January and May.*

(Swear by thy gracious self,
Which is) the God of my idolatry.

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Juliet), Act II., Sc. II.*

The god of our idolatry.—COWPER. *The Task, Bk. VI.*

But Mrs Thrale! she—she is the goddess of my idolatry!
—FANNY BURNEY. *Letter to Miss S. Burney. 5th July 1778*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Edgar), Act V., Sc. III.*

The good are made better by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still

ROGERS. *Jacqueline, St. 3.*

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.

WORDSWORTH *The Excursion, Bk. I.*

The good needs fear no law;
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.

MASSINGER. *The Old Law (Evander), Act V., Sc. I., last lines*

The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot—CONGREVE. *To Lord Halifax, line 39*

The grand Perhaps!—R. BROWNING. *Bishop Blougram's Apology.*

The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, CXI.*

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend, V.*

The graveyard may be the cloak-room to Heaven; but we must admit that it is a very ugly and offensive vestibule in itself, however fair may be the life to which it leads—R. L. STEVENSON. *Sketches, III. The Wreath of Immortelles.*

The great beacon-light God sets in all,
The conscience of each bosom

R. BROWNING *Strafford, Act IV, Sc II*

The great business of life is, to be, to do, to do without, and to depart.—JOHN MORLEY. *Address on Aphorisms Before the Edinburgh Philo. Inst November 1887.*

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature

BURNS. *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

The great end of life is not knowledge, but action.—HUXLEY. *Technical Education*

The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude—EMERSON *Self-Reliance*

The great mind knows the power of gentleness,
Only tries force because persuasion fails

R. BROWNING *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*

The great painter, as the great author, embodies what is possible to man, it is true, but what is not common to mankind—BULWER LYTTON. *Zanoni, Bk II, Ch IX*

The great unwashed—Attributed to LORD BROUGHAM.

The great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God

TENNYSON *In Memoriam, LIV.*

The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Scarus), Act III, Sc X*

The greater the truth, the greater the libel—LORD MANSFIELD

The greatest are misthought
For things that others do

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra
(Cleopatra), Act V, Sc II.*

The greatest attribute of heaven is mercy:
And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity

J. FLETCHER.* *The Lover's Progress (Insander), Act III, Sc. III.*

* This play was left imperfect by Fletcher, and finished by another poet—probably Massinger or Shirley

256 THE GREATEST CLERKS—THE GREY MARE.

The greatest clerks be not the wisest men—CHAUCER. *The Miller's Tale.*

The greatest clerks be not the wisest men—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. II., Ch. V.*

The greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure—RUSKIN. *Sesame and Lilies, Lect. I., 3.*

The greatest enemy to man is man—BURTON. *The Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt. I., Sect. I., Mem. I., Subsect. I.*

The greatest happiness of the greatest number.—DR. PRIESTLEY.

It is the greatest good to the greatest number which is the measure of right or wrong.—BENTHAM

That truth once known, all else is worthless lumber;
The greatest pleasure of the greatest number

BULWER LYTTON. *King Arthur, Bl. VIII, LXX.*

The greatest king is he who is the king
Of greatest subjects

G. WEST. *Institution of the Garter, line 302.*

The greatest men
May ask a foolish question now and then.

PETER PINDAR. *The Apple Dumpling and the King.*

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none—CARLYLE. *Heroes and Hero-Worship, Ch. II.*

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Friar Laurence), Act II., Sc. III.*

The grey-haired saint may fail at last,
The surest guide a wanderer prove;
Death only binds us fast
To the bright shore of love.

KEBLE *The Christian Year, 8th Sunday after Trinity.*

The grey mare
Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills
From tile to scullery, and her small good man
Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of Hell
Mix with his hearth

TENNYSON. *The Princess.*

The grey mare is the better horse—JOHN HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bl. II., Ch. IX.*

Break her betimes, and bring her under by force,
Or else the grey mare will be the better horse

UNKNOWN *The Marriage of Wit and Science (Will), Act II., Sc. I.*

When the grey mare's the better horse—BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. II., Canto II., line 698.*

Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course,
And the grey mare will prove the better horse

PRIOR. *Epilogue to Lucius.*

The ground that gave them first has them again :

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain

SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Bellarius)*,
Act IV., Sc. II.

The grub that is slighted to-day

As a suitor presuming and bold,

May perhaps be received in a different way,

When soaring on pinions of gold

HAYNES BAYLY. *The Loves of the Butterflies*, VI

The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food.—BURNS *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense —SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet)*, Act V, Sc. I.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.—GEORGE ELIOT. *The Mill on the Floss*, Bk. VI., Ch. III.

The harder match'd, the greater victory.—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI. Pt. III. (King Edward)*, Act V, Sc. I.

The hasty man never wanteth woe —J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, Bk. I, Ch. II.

The hasty man never wanteth woe, they say.—CHAPMAN *Eastward Ho*, Act V, Sc. I.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made

GOLDSMITH. *The Deserted Village*, line 13.

The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain

LYTTELTON. *Song written in 1753*, III.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.—
JEREMIAH Ch XVII., ver. 9

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

T MOORE. *O think not my Spirit.*

The Heart—the Heart that's truly blest

Is never all its own,

No ray of glory lights the breast

That beats for self alone.

ELIZA COOK *The Heart.*

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII. (Wolsey)*, Act III., Sc. I.

The hearts that dare are quick to feel ;
The hands that wound are soft to heal

BAYARD TAYLOR. *Soldiers of Greece*, St. 1.

The heavenly rhetoric of thine eye —SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost (Longaville)*, Act IV., Sc. III.

The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour : keep unshak'd
That temple of thy mind.

SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (2nd Lord)*, Act II, Sc. I.

258 THE HIGHEST PRICE—THE JUSTICE.

The highest price we can pay for anything is to ask it.—LANDOR.
Imaginary Conversations. Eschines and Phorion.

The hind that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well*
(*Helena*), *Act I*, *Sc. I.*

The hoary head is a crown of glory.—PROVERBS. *Ch XVI*, ver 31.
(And claims) the homage of a tear.—BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. II.*,
XXIV.

The honest man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth.

J. PHILLIPS. *Cider, Bk. I.*, line 730.

(Yet the old proverb I would have them know,)
The horse may starve the whilst the grass doth grow.

JOHN TAYLOR. *A Kicksey-Winsey, Pt. IV.*, last line.

The house is never built for less than the builder counted on—CHAS.
READE. *The Cloister and the Hearth (Catherine)*, *Ch. I.*

The idle singer of an empty day—WILLIAM MORRIS *The Earthly
Paradise. Apology.*

The idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood, and, alas !
Now the most blessed memory of mine age

TENNYSON. *The Gardener's Daughter.*

(At first) the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms

SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Jaques)*, *Act II*, *Sc. VII.*

The intellect is finite; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

LONGFELLOW. *The Spanish Student, Act I.*, *Sc. I*

(No, Sir;) the Irish are a FAIR PEOPLE —they never speak well of one
another.—BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson (Dr. Johnson)*, *Fitzgerald's Ed.*,
Vol. I, p. 521.

The itch that knows no cure
But daily paper-friction.

R. BROWNING. *The Two Poets of Croisic, LXXVI.*

(But) the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honour feels—
TENNYSON *Locksley Hall.*

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to justice,
That justice seizes.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure (Angelo)*,
Act II, *Sc. I.*

(And then) the justice
In fair round belly with good capon lined.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Jaques)*,
Act II, *Sc. VII.*

(By breathing in content)

The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely life

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion. The Wanderer, Bk. I.*

The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Went up a hill, and so came down again.

R. TARLTON *From the Pigges Corantoe.*

The king that is not free is not a king —G. WEST *Institution of the Garter, line 1156.*

The kisses of an enemy are profuse —PROVERBS. *Ch. XXVII., ver. 6.*

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing from beneath ; the one informed by the light of nature, and the other inspired by divine revelation.—BACON. *The Advancement of Learning, Bk. II.*

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

POPE *Essay on Man, Ep. I., line 81*

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms *—GOLDSMITH *The Traveller, line 295.*

The latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt. I. (Falstaff), Act IV, Sc. II.*

The law is a ass—a idiot.—DICKENS *Oliver Twist (Bumble), Ch. LI*
The law is blind, and speaks in general terms ;
She cannot pity where occasion serves

T MAY *The Heir (Euphues), Act IV.*

The law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not —DANIEL
Ch. VI., ver. 8

The lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances

TENNYSON *Aylmer's Field*

The law's made to take care o' raskills —GEORGE ELIOT. *The Mill on the Floss (Mr Tulliver), Bk. III., Ch. IV.*

The lawyer is a gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it to himself —LORD BROUGHAM

The lean and slipper'd pantaloons,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Jaques), Act II, Sc. VII.*

The learned pate

Ducks to the golden fool • all is oblique

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens (Timon), Act IV., Sc. III.*

* Britain

The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life—ST. PAUL. *Epistle to Corinthians, II, Ch III, ver 6*

The light that never was on sea or land—WORDSWORTH. *Elegiac Pieces, VI.*

The lilies and languors of virtue,
The roses and raptures of vice.

SWINBURNE *Faustina.*

(And musing on) the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds

TENNYSON. *Sea Dreams.*

The little sweet doth kill much bitterness—KEATS *Isabella, XIII*

The living Now.—WORDSWORTH *Memorials of a Tour in Italy, X.*

The long lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again

LONGFELLOW. *The Fire of Drift-Wood.*

The longest sorrow finds at last relief—W. ROWLEY. *A Woman Never Vexed (Wife), Act IV, Sc I*

See how time makes all grief decay—ADELAIDE PROCTER.
Life in Death, I.

The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.—JOB *Ch I, ver 21*

The loss of heaven's the greatest pain in hell—SIR S TUKE *The Adventures of Five Hours (Don Octavio), Act V.*

The loss of wealth seldom lessens a man's morality—J. G. HOLMAN. *The Volary of Wealth (Drooply), Act I, Sc I*

The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—GOLDSMITH *The Deserter Village, line 122*

The love of history seems inseparable from human nature because it seems inseparable from self-love—LORD BOLINGBROKE *On the Study of History. Letter I*

The love of liberty is the love of others, the love of power is the love of ourselves—W HAZLITT. *Political Essays On the Connection between Toad Eaters and Tyrants*

The love of money is the root of all evil—TIMOTHY. *Ep I, Ch VI., ver 10.*

(And then) the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Jaques), Act II, Sc VII.*

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact

SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream (Theseus), Act V., Sc. I.*

The lust of blood

That makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome

TENNYSON *Lucretius*

The luxury of woe—T. MOORE. *Juvenile Poems Anacreontic.*

The magic of a face—THOS. CAREW. *Epitaph on Lady S.—*

The magic of first love is our ignorance that it can ever end—LORD BEACONSFIELD. *Henrietta Temple, Bl IV, Ch I.*

The magic of the tongue is the most dangerous of all spells.—BULWER
LYTTON *Eugene Aram*, Bk. I., Ch. VII.

The maister leseth time to lere
When the disciple woll not here.

CHAUCER *The Romaunt of the Rose*, line 2149

The malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick—SHERIDAN.
The School for Scandal (Lady Sneerwell), Act I., Sc. I.

The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is

BURNS. *Lovely Davies*

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*,
Night VII., line 496.

The man that has no friend at court,
Must make the laws confine his sport ;
But he that has, by dint of flaws,
May make his sport confine the laws

CHATTERTON. *The Revenge (Bacchus)*, Act II., Sc. III.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus ;
Let no such man be trusted—mark the music

SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice*
(Lorenzo), Act V., Sc. I

The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, strata
gems, and spoils ; but his whole life is already a treason and a
stratagem—CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*, Bk. I., Ch. V.

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.

TOBIN *The Honeymoon*, Act II., Sc. I.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.

YOUNG *The Love of Fame*, line 171.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independent state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix or change his fate.

PRIOR. *The Old Gentry*, V.

The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder [and
worship], were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried
the whole Mécanique Céleste and Hegel Philosophy, and the Epitome
of all Laboratories and Observatories, with their results, in his single
head,—is but a pair of spectacles, behind which there is no Eye. Let
those who have eyes look through him, then he may be useful—CARLYLE.
Sartor Resartus, Bk. I., Ch. X

The man who consecrates his hours
By virtuous effort and an honest aim,—
At once he draws the stings of life and death

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*, Night II., line 123.

The man who does all he can, in a low station, is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one—
STEELE. *Spectator*, No. 248.

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato,—the only good belonging to him is under ground.—
SIR T. OVERTURY.

The man who smokes, thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan.—
LYTTON. *Night and Morning*, Ch. VI.

The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer, too, than he that drives

PRIOR. *Alma, Can. III.*, line 137.

The many chambered school
Where superstition weaves her airy dreams.
WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*, Bl. IV.

The many fail: the one succeeds—TENNYSON. *The Day Dream*.

The many make the household,
But only one the home.

LOWELL. *The Dead House*

The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave.—ADDISON. *The Campaign*.

The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH. *Ode XI.*

The memory of the just is blessed;
But the name of the wicked shall rot

PROVERBS. *Ch. X*, ver. 7.

The memory of the just survives in Heaven—WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion*, Bl. VII.

The men of our time are not to be converted or perverted by quartos.—MACAULAY. *Essay on Milton*

The men who learn endurance, are they who call the whole world brother—DICKENS. *Barnaby Rudge (Haredale)*, Ch. LXXIX.

The mere conquests of the sword are temporary; their wounds are but in the flesh, and it is the pride of the generous to forgive and forget them: but the slanders of the pen pierce to the heart.—WASHINGTON IRVING. *Rip Van Winkle*.

Vide—‘There's no wound.’

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
The greatest scandal waits on greatest state

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*, 144.

The mighty dead.—POPE.

The milk of human kindness—SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth)*, Act I., Sc. V.

The mind hath no horizon,
It looks beyond the eye, and seeks for mind
In all it sees, or all it sees o'erruing.

J. MONTGOMERY. *The Pelican Island, Can. I.*

The mind is its own place, and in itself,
Can make a heav'n of hell, and hell of heav'n.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. I.*, line 254.

The mind's the standard of the man—WATTS *False Greatness*

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.—BURNS. *Tam O'Shanter*.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure (Claudio)*,
Act III, Sc I.

(Or thinke, that) the moone is made of greene cheese—J. HEYWOOD.
Proverbs, Bk. II, Ch. VII.

The more haste the lesse speede—J. HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bl. I., Ch. II.*

The more haste, ever the worse speed—CHURCHILL. *The Ghost, Bk. IV*, line 1162

The more that the nede is hie,
The more it nedeth to be slie
To him whiche hath the nede on honde

GOWER. *Confessio Amantis, Bk. VIII*

The more the merrier.—J. FLETCHER. *The Pilgrims (Juletta), Act I., Sc. I.*

The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb;
No spot on earth but has supplied a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave

YOUNG. *The Last Day, II*, line 87.

The most wonderful and the strongest things in the world, you know,
are just the things which no one can see—CHAS. KINGSLEY. *The Water Babies, Ch. II.*

The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands—BACON. *Essay XL. On Fortune*

Each person is the founder
Of his own fortune, good or bad

FLETCHER AND MASSINGER. *Love's Pilgrimage*
(*Incubo*), *Act I, Sc I*

Every man is the maker of his own fortune.—STEELE *The Tatter, No. 52*

The nakedness of austere truth—WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion, The Wanderer, Bk. I.*

The nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.—GOLDSMITH. *The Vicar of Wakefield, Ch. IV.*; also *She Stoops to Conquer, Act I., Sc I.*

The nature of bad news infects the teller.—SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Mess.), Act I, Sc II*

The nearer the church, the further from God.—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. IX*

The never idle workshop of Nature.—MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Elegiac Poems. Epilogue.*

The next way home's the farthest way about—QUARLES. *Emblems, Bk. IV., Pt. II., Ep. 2.*

The night is long that never finds the day—SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Malcolm), Act IV., Sc. III.*

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Portia), Act V., Sc. I.*

The Niobe of Nations.*—BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. IV., LIV.*

The nobility of labour,—the long pedigree of toil—LONGFELLOW. *Nürnberg.*

The noblest mind the best contentment has—SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene, Bl. I., Can. I., St. 35.*

The northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre

SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene, Bl. I., Can. II., St. 1.*

The offender never pardons.—HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

Forgiveness to the injur'd does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

DRYDEN. *The Conquest of Granada, Pt. II. (Zulema), Act I., Sc. II.*

The officer who forgets that he is a gentleman does more harm to the moral influence of this country than ten men of blameless life can do good.—LORD STANLEY. *To the Addiscombe Students.*

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.

TENNYSON. *Morte d'Arthur.*

The one remains, the many change and pass,
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
Life like a dome of many-coloured glass
Stains the white radiance of Eternity
Until Death tramples it to fragments.

SHELLEY. *Adonais, LII.*

The only merit of a man is his sense ; but doubtless the greatest value of a woman is her beauty—COLLEY CIBBER. *The Careless Husband (Lady Betty Modish), Act II., Sc. I.*

The only pang my bosom dare not brave,
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine

BYRON. *The Corsair, Can. I., XIV.*

The only present love demands is love—GAY. *The Espousal*
The passions, prejudices, interests,
That sway the meanest being, the weak touch

That moves the finest nerve,
And in one human brain
Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link
In the great chain of nature

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab, II*

* Rome

The path of duty leads to happiness.—SOUTHEY. *The Dream*, line 65.
 The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*, 130.

The pencil's mute omnipotence.—T. MOORE. *Lalla Rookh*, II.
 The pension of a prince's praise is great.—DRYDEN. *Threnodes Augustalis*

The people arose as one man.—JUDGES Ch. XX, ver. 8.

The people of England are never so happy as when you tell them
 they are ruined.—MURPHY. *The Upholsterer (Pamphlet)*, Act II., Sc. I.
 The phantom of a wish that once could move,
 A ghost of Passion that no smiles restore

TENNYSON. *Early Sonnets*, VIII.

The piebald miscellany, man.—TENNYSON. *The Princess*.

The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,

Are higher rank than a' that

BURNS. *For a' that and a' that*.

The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet)*, Act II., Sc. II.

The poor make no new friends ;

But oh, they love the better still

The few our Father sends

LADY DUFFERIN *Lament of the Irish Emigrant*.

The poorest beggar when he's dead and gone,

Is rich as he that sits upon a throne.

RANDOLPH *Necessary Observations, 36th Precept*.

For who's a prince or beggar in the grave ?—OTWAY. *Windsor Castle*.

The poorest service is repaid with thanks.—SHAKESPEARE. *The Taming of the Shrew (Petruchio)*, Act IV., Sc. III.

The possession of great physical strength is no mean assistance to a straightforward life.—AUGUSTINE BIRRELL *Obiter Dicta Pope*.

The pot which goes often to the water, comes home crack'd at last.—J. HOWELL. *Familiar Letters*, Bk. I, Sect. I, Letter VI.

The praises of an enemy are always suspicious.—ALISON. *History of Europe*, Ch XXXV

The price of wisdom is above rubies.—JOB. Ch. XXVIII, ver. 18

The priest continues what the nurse began,

And thus the child imposes on the man.

DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther*. Pt. III., line 391.

(The proverb old is come to passe,)
 The priest when he begins his masse,
 Forgets that ever clarke he was ;

He knowth not his estate.

OLD BALLAD. *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid*.

The primrose path of dalliance.—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Ophelia)*, Act I., Sc. III.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.—SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Edgar), Act III., Sc. IV.*—SUCKLING. *The Goblin.*

The progress of truth is slow, but its ultimate triumph is secure.—T. L. PEACOCK. *Melincourt (Fax), Ch. XXIV.*

The proof of gold is fire ; the proof of a woman, gold ; the proof of a man, a woman.—B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanack.*

The prosperity of fools shall destroy them —PROVERBS. Ch. I., ver. 32.

The proud are always most provoked by pride —COWPER. *Conversation.*

The proud love no spectator to their emotions —BULWER LYTTON. *The Discouraged, Ch. XXV.*

The providence of Heav'n
Has some peculiar blessing giv'n
To each allotted state below.

AKENSIDE. *Ode on the Winter Solstice.*

Heaven's all-subduing will
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempr'th ev'ry state below.

AKENSIDE. *Ode II.*

The prudent man may direct a state ; but it is the enthusiast who regenerates it, or ruins.—BULWER LYTTON. *Rienzi, Bk. I., Ch. VIII.*

The public is a bad guesser, 'stiff in opinion,' and almost 'always in the wrong.'—DE QUINCEY. *Essays, Protestantism.*

The public ! why, the public's nothing better than a great baby.—CHALMERS. *Letters.*

The public is just a great baby.—Quoted by RUSKIN. *Sesame and Lilies, Sect. I., 40.*

The puny schoolboy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away ;
But who forgives the senior's careless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse ?

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

The pure soul
Shall mount on native wings, disdaining little sport,
And cut a path into the heaven of glory,
Leaving a track of light for men to wonder at.

BLAKE. *King Edward the Third (Prince).*

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation : that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life : both grow in one ;
Take honour from me and my life is done.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Norfolk), Act I., Sc.*

The quaint* old cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

BYRON. *Don Juan. Can XIII., St. 106.*

* Isaak Walton.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd,
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown :
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above the sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likkest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

SHAKESPEARE *The Merchant of Venice (Portia), Act IV., Sc. I.*

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
 Become them with one half so good a grace,
 As mercy does

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure (Isabella),
 Act II., Sc. II.*

Mercy's indeed the attribute of heaven —OTWAY. *Windsor Castle.*

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.—ECOLESIAS-TES. *Ch. IX., ver. 11.*

The rain it raineth every day.—SHAKESPEARE *Twelfth Night (Clown sings), Act V., Sc. I.*

The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

BURNS *For a' that and a' that*

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages —SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

The remedie is worse than the disease —BACON. *Essay XV., On Sedition*

The remedy is worse than the disease —DRYDEN. *Juvenal, Sat. XVI.*

The rest is silence —SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act V., Sc. II.*

The retort courteous ; the quip modest, the reply churlish ; the reproof valiant ; the counter-check quarrelsome ; the lie with circumstance ; the lie direct.—SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Touchstone), Act V., Sc. IV.*

The rich and the poor meet together :
 The Lord is the maker of them all

PROVERBS. *Ch. XXII., ver. 2.*

The right divine of kings to govern wrong —POPE *Dunciad, Bk. IV., line 183*

The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.—SHERIDAN. *Speech in the House of Commons, in reply to Mr. Dundas.*

The ripest fruit first falls—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Richard) Act I., Sc. I.*

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Duke), Act I., Sc. III.*

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,

And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,

And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears

SIR W. SCOTT. *The Lady of the Lake, Can. IV., I.*

The rotten pales of prejudice—TENNYSON *The Princess, II.*

The Rupert of debate.—BULWER LYFTON. *The New Timon, Pt. I.*
S. 6

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

POPE. *Moral Essays, Ep. III., line 153.*

The rude inelegance of poverty
Reigns here alone.

BLOOMFIELD. *The Farmer's Boy, Autumn, line 82.*

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath—ST. MARK. *Ch. II., ver. 27.*

The sacred academy of man's life,
Is holy wedlock in a happy wife.

QUARLES. *History of Queen Esther, Sect. III., Med. 3.*

The same ambition can destroy or save,
And make a patriot as it makes a knave !

POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. II., line 201.*

The same heart beats in every human breast.—MATTHEW ARNOLD
The Buried Life, line 23.

The same water that drives the mill, decayeth it—STEPHEN GOSSON
The Schoole of Abuse.

The Schoolmaster is abroad ! and I trust more to him, armed with his primer, than I do to the soldier in full military array, for upholding and extending the liberties of his country.—LORD BROUGHAM. *Speech in the House of Commons, 29th Jan. 1828.*

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth earth's wide region round,
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
Or like a cradled creature lies

BARRY CORNWALL. *The Sea.*

The seed ye sow, another reaps ;
The wealth ye find, another keeps ;
The robe ye weave, another wears ;
The arms ye forge, another bears

SHELLEY. *To the Men of England.*

THE SELF-EDUCATED—THE SMALLEST WORM. 269

The self-educated are marked by stubborn peculiarities.—ISAAC DISRAELI. *Literary Character, Ch. VI.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure (Isabella), Act III., Sc. I.*

The sickly food
Of popular applause.

WORDSWORTH. *The Borderers (Oswald), Act IV.*

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love—SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Rosalind), Act III., Sc. V.*

The sight of you is good for sore eyes.—SWIFT. *Polite Conversation, Dia. I.*

The simplest pleasures must welcome be
When a friendly hand prepares them.

HAYNES BAYLY *They may talk of scenes that are bright and fair.*

The sin that practice burns into the blood
Will brand us after, of whose fold we be

TENNYSON. *Merlin and Vivien.*

The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom

TENNYSON *England and America.*

(I am escaped with) the skin of my teeth—JOB Ch. XIX., ver. 20.

The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant enjoys

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V. (King Henry), Act IV. Sc. I.*

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet whether he eat little or much ;
but the fulness of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.—ECCOLESIASTES.
Ch V, ver. 12

The sleeping and the dead,
Are but as pictures

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth), Act II., Sc. II.*

The smallest effort is not lost ;
Each wavelet on the ocean toss'd
Aids in the ebb tide or the flow ;
Each rain-drop makes some flow'ret blow,
Each struggle lessens human woe

CH MACKAY. *The Old and the New, 44.*

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI., Pt. III. (Clifford), Act II., Sc. II.*

Poor worms being trampled on
Turn tail, as bidding battle to the feet
Of their oppressors

RANDOLPH *The Muses' Looking-glass (Colax),*
Act III., Sc. III.

The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the cottage-hearth,
As from the haughtiest palace

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion, Bl. IV.*

The smoothest course of nature has its pains,
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night I, line 278.*

The snowy banded, dilettante,
Delicate handed priest.

TENNYSON. *Maud, VIII.*

The society exists for the benefit of its members : not the members
for the benefit of the society —HERBERT SPENCER *The Principles of
Sociology, Sect 222*

The sun of the female is the shadow of the male —SHAKESPEARE.
Henry IV., Pt. II. (Falstaff), Act III., Sc. II.

The sooty yoke of kitchen vassalage —TENNYSON. *Gareth and
Lynette.*

The sound is honey, but the sense is gall —UNKNOWN. *Soliman and
Persed (Soliman), Act IV.*

The soul o' the purpose, ere 'tis shaped as act,
Takes flesh i' the world, and clothes itself a king,
But when the act comes, stands for what 'tis worth

R. BROWNING *Luria (Luria), Act III.*

The soul of a high intent, be it known,
Can die no more than any soul
Which God keeps by Him under the throne.

E. B. BROWNING. *Napoleon III., in Italy.*

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till worked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

ROGERS. *Human Life.*

The soul, that sample of divinity,
That glorious ray of heavenly light. The soul,
That awful throne of thought, that sacred seat
Of contemplation. The soul, that noble source
Of wisdom, that fountain of comfort, that spring of joy,
That happy token of Eternal life

VANBURGH. *Aesop, Pt. I. (Hortensia), Act I., Sc. I.*

The soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's
hand has braced it ; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the
honour of manhood fails.—RUSKIN. *Sesame and Lilies, Sect II., 65.*

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they've none at all ;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They've but one faculty, the will

BUTLER. *Miscellaneous Thoughts.*

The spacious times of great Elizabeth —TENNYSON. *A Dream of
Fair Women, ver. 2, line 3.*

The speeches of one that is desperate are as the wind —JOB. *Ch. VI.,
ver. 26*

The spirit burning but unbent,
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent!

BYRON. *The Corsair, Can. II., X.*

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak—ST. MATTHEW
Ch. XXVI., ver. 41.

The spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile,
For one short moment, wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine!

M. ARNOLD. *Poems Heine's Grave.*

The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night II., line 180*

The sports of children satisfy the child—GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*
line 153.

The spotless ether of a maiden life—WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion,*
Bk. VI.

The starry Galileo, with his woes—BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. IV.,*
LIV.

The stars that have most glory, have no rest—S. DANIEL. *Civil*
War, Bk. VIII., CIV.

The stars to me an everlasting book,
In that eternal register, the sky

DRAYTON. *Legend of Robert, Duke of Normandy.*

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land

FELICIA HEMANS. *The Homes of England.*

The still, sad music of humanity—WORDSWORTH. *Poems of the*
Imagination, XXVI.

The still sow eats up all the drafte—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I.,*
Ch. X.

"Tis old but true, still swine eat all the drafte—SHAKESPEARE.
The Merry Wives of Windsor (Mrs Page), Act IV., Sc. II.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V. (Bishop of Ely),*
Act I., Sc. I.

The street musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul

LONGFELLOW. *The Birds of Killingworth.*

(If thou and Nature can so gently part,)
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*
(Cleopatra), Act V., Sc. II.

272 THE STRONGEST CASTLE—THE THRALL.

The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

SHAKESPEARE *The Passionate Pilgrim, XVII.*

The subtlest tempter hath the smoothest style,
Sirens sing sweetest when they would betray.

DRAYTON. *Legend of Matilda the Fair.*

The sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned astray is sunshine still.

T. MOORE. *Lalla Rookh The Fire-Worshippers.*

The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken

LONGFELLOW. *The Herons of Elmwood.*

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill,
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.

CHURCHILL. *Night, line 69*

The survival of the fittest.—HERBERT SPENCER. *Principles of Biology, Vol. I, Ch. XII.*

The sweet simplicity of the three per cents.—LORD BEACONSFIELD. *Endymion.*

The sweetest fruit may often pall the taste,
While sloes and brambles yield a safe repast.

BLACKLOCK. *The Plaintire Shepherd, line 47.*

The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Friar Laurence), Act II., Sc. VI.*

The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Posthumus), Act II, Sc. IV.*

The swinish multitude.—BURKE. *On the French Revolution*

The task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Green), Act II, Sc. II.*

The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.—SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Enobarbus), Act I, Sc. II.*

The tell-tale cuckoo: spring's his confidant,
And he lets out her April purposes

R. BROWNING. *Pippa Passes (Lungi).*

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?—SHAKESPEARE *Measure for Measure (Angelo), Act II., Sc. II.*

The tents of the robber prosper.—JOB. *Ch. XII, ver 6*

The thought of life that ne'er shall cease
Has something in it like despair

LONGFELLOW. *The Golden Legend, I.*

The thousand paths that slope the way to crime.—BYRON. *Lara, Cap. I., II.*

The thrall in person may be free in soul.—TENNYSON. *Gareth and Lynelle.*

The three great elements of modern civilisation, gunpowder, printing, and the Protestant religion —CARLYLE *Essay on the State of German Literature*.

The three nook'd world —SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Caesar)*, Act IV, Sc. VI

The tide tarrieth no man —JOHN HEYWOOD *Proverbs*, Bk. I., Ch. III.

The time is out of joint.—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet)*, Act I., Sc. V.

And as the times are out of joint.—CHURCHILL. *The Ghost*, Bk. IV, line 1300.

(Oh, gentlemen) the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV*, Pt. I. (*Hotspur*), Act V, Sc. II.

The time runs fastest, where is least regard ;
The stone that's long in falling, falleth hard.

QUARLES. *A Feast for Wormes*, Sect VI, Med. 6.

The timid are always cruel —GIBRON. *Decline of the Roman Empire*, Ch. XVIII, last sentence.

The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream
When sweetest ; and the vermin voices here
May buzz so loud—we scorn them—but they sting

TENNYSON. *Lancelot and Elaine*.

The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell —BYRON. *Don Juan*, Cen. V., St. 49.

The toils of law [what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade]

THOMSON. *The Seasons*, Winter, line 384.

The tomb of thy dead self
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee

SHELLEY. *The Sunset*.

(But) the tongue can no man tame —ST. JAMES *Epistle*, Ch. III., ver. 8.

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony ;
Where words are scarce they're seldom spent in vain ;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Gaunt)*, Act II., Sc. I.

The tools to him that can handle them.—CARLYLE. *Sir W. Scott London and Westminster Review*, 1838.

The trav'ller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way ;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure ;
But woman no redemption knows ;
The wounds of honour never close !

E MOORE *Fable XV.*

The tree is known by his fruit.—ST. MATTHEW. *Ch. XII.*, ver. 33.—
ST. LUKE. *Ch. VI.*, ver. 44.

The tree of knowledge blasted by dispute,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruit.

DENHAM. *The Progress of Learning*, line 43.

The tree of knowledge in your garden grows,
Not single, but at every humble door.

O. W. HOLMES *Wind Clouds and Star Drifts*, VIII.

The tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.

T. MOORE. *Irish Melodies, The Prince's Day*.

The true essentials of a feast are only fun and feed.—O. W. HOLMES
Nux post Cœnatica.

The true Sovereign is the Wise Man —CARLYLE. *Essay, On the Death of Goethe*.

The true standard of equality is seated in the mind · those who think nobly are noble.—BICKERSTAFF. *The Maid of the Mill (Lord Ainsworth)*, Act II., Sc. I.

The true touchstone of desert—success —BYRON. *Marino Faliero (Doge)*, Act I., Sc. II.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.—GOLDSMITH. *The Bee*, No. III.

The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belong to them —BURKE. *To the Comte d'Artois*

The truest eloquence is that which holds too mute for applause —BULWER LYTTON. *The Parisians (Graham Vane)*, Bk. IX., Ch. IV.

The truly generous is the truly wise ;
And he, who loves not others, lives unblest

HUME *Douglas (Lady Randolph)*, Act III.

The trustless wings of false desire —SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1.

The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly, is to fill the world with fools —HERBERT SPENCER. *Essays, State Tamperings with Money and Banks*.

The unfenced regions of society.—WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude*, Bk. VII.

The universal cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws
POPE *Essay on Man*, Ep. III., line 1.

The Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all

POPE *Essay on Man*, Ep. IV., line 35.

The universal nature, too strong for the petty nature of the bard, sits on his neck and writes through his hand —EMERSON. *History*.

The universe is but one vast symbol of God.—CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*, Bk. III., Ch. III

The unyok'd humour of your idleness.—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV., Pt. I. (Prince Henry), Act I., Sc. II.*

The vanquish'd have no friends—SOUTHEY. *Joan of Arc, Bk. III., line 465.*

The vasty hall of death—MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Requiescat.*

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

SHAKESPEARE *The Comedy of Errors (Abbess), Act V., Sc. I.*

The very air rests thick and heavily
Where murder hath been done

JOANNA BAILLIE *Orra (Orra), Act III., Sc. II.*

The very best of vineyards is the cellar—BYRON. *Don Juan, Canto XIII., St. 76.*

(For) the very knave
Who digs the grave,
The man who spreads the pall,
And he who tolls the funeral bell,
The elm shall have them all!

T. HOOD. *The Elm Tree, Pt. III.*

(I am) the very pink of courtesy.—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Mercutio), Act II., Sc. IV.*

The very pink of perfection—GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer (Miss Neville), Act I., Sc. I.*

The Pink of Perfection—HAYNES BAYLY. *The Loves of the Butterflies, III.*

The very truth hath a colour from the disposition of the utterer.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Felix Holt (Rufus Lyon), Ch. XLIV.*

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his business, and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to power

CHURCHILL. *Gotham, line 117.*

The vile are only vain, the great are proud—BYRON. *Marino Faliero (Angolana), Act II., Sc. I.*

The vilest infamy is not too deep for the Seraph Virtue to descend and illumine its abyss.—BULWER LYTTTON. *The Disowned (Clarence Lynden), Ch. XIV.*

The virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel—GOLDSMITH. *The Vicar of Wakefield, Ch. V.*

The virtues of society are the vices of the saint—EMERSON. *Circles.*

The virtuous man is free, though bound in chains;
Though poor, content; though banished, yet no stranger;
Though sick, in health of mind, secure in danger,
And o'er himself, the world, and fortune reigns
‘A. W.’ *Cuddy's Emblem, The Christian Stoick.*

The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.—
GENESIS. Ch. XXVII., ver. 22.

The vulgar falls, and none laments his fate,
Sorrow has hardly leisure for the great.

ROWE. *Lucan's Pharsalia*, Bk. IV.

The waste of plenty is the resource of scarcity.—T. L. PEACOCK.
Melnincourt (Fax), Ch. XXIV.

The way to God is by ourselves—PHINEAS FLETCHER. *The Purple Island*, To the Reader.

The way to Hell's a seeming Heav'n.—QUARLES. *Emblemes*, Bk. II., Em. XI.

The weakest arm is strong enough that strikes
With the sword of justice.

JOHN WEBSTER. *The Duchess of Malfi*
(*Bosola*), Act V., Sc. II.

The weakest goes to the wall.—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet* (Gregory), Act I., Sc. I.

The weak must to the wall—MIDDLETON. *The Family of Love* (*Mistress Purge*), Act V., Sc. III.

The weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice*
(*Antonio*), Act IV., Sc. I.

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation.—SHAKESPEARE. *Othello* (*Brabantio*), Act I., Sc. II.

The weariest and most loath'd worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure* (*Claudio*),
Act III., Sc. I.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our
virtues would be proud, if our faults whip'd them not; and our crimes
would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—SHAKESPEARE.
All's Well that Ends Well (*First Lord*), Act IV., Sc. III.

(Then) the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It* (*Jaques*),
Act II., Sc. VII.

(And thus) the whirligig of time brings in his revenges—SHAKESPEARE.
Twelfth Night (*Clown*), Act V., Sc. I.

The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness,
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that nature has conferr'd.

BUTLER. *The Lady's Answer to Hudibras*

The why is as plain as way to parish church.—SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It (Jaques), Act II, Sc. VII.*

The wicked flee when no man pursueth,
But the righteous are bold as a lion.

PROVERBS *Ch. XXXIII, ver. 1.*

The will of man is by his reason sway'd—SHAKESPEARE. *A Mid-summer Night's Dream (Lysander), Act II, Sc. III.*

The wing'd day
Can ne'er be chained by man's endeavour :
That life and time shall fade away,
While heaven and virtue bloom for ever !

T MOORE. *To a Boy with a Watch.*

The woes of wedlock with the joys, we mix ;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.

GARTH. *Prologue to Cato.*

The Wolfe from the door
To ward and kepe,
From their ghostly shepe
And their spiritual lammes.

SKELETON. *Cohn Clout, line 130.*

The woman is so hard
Upon the man.

TENNYSON. *The Princess.*

The woodcock's early visit and abode
Of long continuance in our temp'rate clime,
Foretell a lib'r'al harvest.

J. PHILLIPS. *Cider, Bk. II, line 177.*

The woods have many ears—MUNDAY AND CHETTLE. *Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon (Prior), Act I, Sc. II.*

Vide—‘Walls have ears’

The words of a whisperer are as dainty morsels —PROVERBS. *Ch. XXVI., ver. 22.*

The words of freedom are seductive to all ; its evils are known only to the actual sufferers —ALISON. *History of Europe, Ch. A.*

The world befits a busy brain.—BYRON. *Occasional Pieces, Epistle to a Friend, 11th October 1811.*

The world but feels the present's spell,
The poet feels the past as well,
Whatever men have done, might do,
Whatever thought, might think it too

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Bacchanalia, II., last lines.*

The world exists for the education of each man.—EMERSON. *History.*

The world globes itself in a drop of dew.—EMERSON. *Compensation.*

The world has little to bestow
Where two fond hearts in equal love are joined

MRS BARBAULD. *Delia.*

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflec-
tion of his own face.—W. M. THACKERAY. *Vanity Fair, Ch. II.*

The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.—EMERSON. *Resources*.

The world is an old woman, and mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin ; whereby, being often cheated, she will thenceforth trust nothing but the common copper.—CARLYLE. *Savior Resartus*, Bl. II., Ch. IV.

The world is good in the lump.—G. COLMAN, JUN. *Torrent*, Act I., Sc. II.

The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III* (*Gloster*), Act I., Sc. III.

The world is made up for the most part of Fools and Knaves —DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. *To Mr. Clifford, on his Humane Reason*.

The world is nat'rally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*, Pt. III., Can. II., line 805.

The world ! it is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every tree.

T. HOOD. *Ode to Melancholy*.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men —SIR H. TAYLOR *Philip von Artevelde*, Pt. I. (*Artevelde*), Act I., Sc. V.

The world's a masquerade,
And he whose wisdom is to pay it court
Should mask his own unpopular penetration
And seem to think its several meanings real.

SIR H. TAYLOR. *Philip von Artevelde*, Pt. II.
(*Sir Fleurant*), Act I., Sc. II.

The world's a scene of changes, and to be
Constant, in Nature were inconstancy.

COWLEY. *Inconstancy*

The world's a wood, in which all lose their way,
Though by a different path each go astray.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

The world's an inn, and death the journey's end —DRYDEN. *Palamon and Arcite*, Bl. III., line 888

The world's turned upside down, from bad to worse,
Quite out of frame, the cart before the horse.

JOHN TAYLOR. *Mad Fashions*

The world was sad—the garden was a wild ;
And man, the hermit, sighed—till Woman smiled

CAMPBELL. *The Pleasures of Hope*, Pt. II., line 37.

The worst men give oft the best advice —P. J. BAILEY. *Festus*.

The wretch who digs the mine for bread,
Or ploughs, that others may be fed,
Feels less fatigued than that decreed
To him who cannot think or read

HANNAH MORE. *Florio*, Pt. I.

The wrong sow by th' eare — J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. II., Ch. IX.*

Wrong sow by the ear, i' faith — BEN JONSON *Every Man in his Humour (Downright), Act II, Sc. I* — BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. II., Can II, line 580* — COLMAN *The Heir at Law, Act I, Sc. I.*

Them as ha' never had a cushion don't miss it — GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede (Mrs. Poyser), Bk. VI, Ch. XLIX.*

Then, after his brief range of blameless days,
The toll of funeral in an angel ear
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage bell
TENNYSON. *The Death of the Duke of Clarence.*

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may go marry,
For having lost but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.
HERRICK. *Hesperides, 208.*

(Not Cassio kill'd !) then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh
SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Othello), Act V, Sc. II.*

Then none were for the party ;
Then all were for the state ;
Then the great man help'd the poor
And the poor man loved the great
MACAULAY *Lays of Ancient Rome, (Horatius), XXXII.*

Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest bard's esteem
BURNS *To John McMurdo*

Then teach me, Heav'n ! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my soul that wretched lust of praise ,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown .
Oh ! grant me honest Fame, or grant me none !
POPE *The Temple of Fame, last lines.*

Then, when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire
BEN JONSON *The Poetaster (Omd), Act I, Sc. I.*

There are deeds
Which have no form, sufferings which have no tongue
SHELLEY. *The Cenci (Beatrice), Act III., Sc. I.*

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.
SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act I, Sc. V.*

There are no looks like those which dwell
On long-remembered things, which soon
Must take our first and last farewell
L E L. *The Improvisatrice*

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
 Sink in the trail.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Brutus)*, *Act IV., Sc. II.*

There are quarrels in which even Satan bringing help were not unwelcome.—CARLYLE. *French Revolution*, *Bk. III., Ch. V., Pt. I.*

There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue.—GOLDSMITH. *The Good-Natured Man (Sir W. Honeywood)*, *Act I., Sc. I.*

There are some meannesses which are too mean even for man—woman, lovely woman alone, can venture to commit them.—THACKERAY. *A Shabby Genteel Story*, *Ch. III.*

There are some moments in our fate
 That stamp the colour of our days,
 As, till then, life had not been felt.

L E L *The Improvisatrice.*

(Don't you know, as the French say), there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen !—SYDNEY SMITH. *Memoirs.*

There are three wants which never can be satisfied : that of the rich, who want something more ; that of the sick, who want something different ; and that of the traveller, who says 'Anywhere but here.'—EMERSON. *Considerations by the Way.*

There are times
 When simplest things put on a sombre cast.

KEATS. *Otho the Great*, *Act IV., Sc. I.*

There are worse losses than the loss of youth.—JEAN INGELOW. *The Star's Monument.*

There are worse occupations in this world than feeling a woman's pulse.—STERNE. *Sentimental Journey.*

There are worse pangs than those of want.—BULWER LYFTON. *Eugene Aram (Eugene Aram)*, *Bk. I., Ch. VIII.*

There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself : and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Cloten)*, *Act III., Sc. I.*

There be some sports are painful ; but their labour
 Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest (Ferdinand)*,
Act III. Sc. I.

There breathes no being but has some pretence
 To that fine instinct called poetic sense

O. W. HOLMES *Poetry*

There burns the quenohless Poetry—Mankind!—BULWER LYTTON.
The New Timon, Pt. II, I.

There is a budding morrow in midnight—KEATS. *Sonnet to Homer.*

There is a day of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night:
 And grief may hide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light

BRYANT *Blessed are they that mourn.*

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother—PROVERBS.
Ch XVIII., ver. 24.

A brother does not always make a friend.—JEREMY TAYLOR.
A Discourse on the Offices of Friendship.

There is a harmony

In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which thro' the summer is not heard nor seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been!

SHELLEY. *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.*

There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd,
 The wh^{ch} observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a fear aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intreasured.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV, Pt. II. (Warwick),*
Act III, Sc. I.

There is a kindly mood of melancholy

That wings the soul, and points her to the skies

DYER *The Ruins of Rome, line 346.*

There is a mercy which is weakness, and even treason against the
 common good—GEORGE ELIOT *Romola, Bk. III., Ch. LIX.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar

BYRON. *Childe Harold, Canto IV, CLXXVIII.*

There is a Proverb, and a prayer withal,
 That we not to three strange places fall:
 From Hull, from Halifax, from Hell, 'tis thus,
 From all these three, good Lord deliver us.

JOHN TAYLOR. *A very merry-wherry-ferry voyage.*

There is a remedy for every wrong and a satisfaction for every soul—
 EMERSON. *Immortality*

There is a tear for all who die,
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
 But nations swell the funeral cry,
 And triumph weeps above the brave

BYRON *On the Death of Sir P. Parker.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Brutus)*, *Act IV., Sc. III.*

There is but one law for all, namely the law which governs all law,
the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of
Nature and of Nations.—BURKE. *The Impeachment of Warren Hastings*.

There is death in the pot.—BOOK OF KINGS. *Bk. II., Ch. IV.*, ver. 40.

There's death in the cup—sae beware !

Nay, more—there is danger in touching ;

But wha can avoid the fell snare ?

The man and his wine's sae bewitching

BURNS *There's Death in the Cup.*

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.
—BURKE. *The Present State of the Nation*

There is in man a higher than love of happiness.—CARLYLE.
Sartor Resartus, *Bk. II., Ch. IX.*

There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many
a fair pearl laid up in the bosom of the sea, that never was seen, nor
never shall be—BISHOP HALL. *Contemplations*, *Bk. IV.* *The Veil
of Moses*.

There is no anguish like an error of which we feel ashamed.—BULWER
LYTTON. *Ernest Maltravers (Valerie)*, *Bk. II., Ch. III.*

There is no courage but in innocence ;
No constancy but in an honest cause.

SOUTHERN. *The Fate of Capua.*

There is no darkness but ignorance.—SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*
(Clown), *Act IV., Sc. II.*

There is no death ! what seems so is transition :

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life Elysian

Whose portal we call death.

LONGFELLOW. *Resignation.*

There is no den in the whole world to hide a rogue,
Commit a crime and the earth is made of glass.

EMERSON. *Compensation.*

(For) there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some lines of truth :
Nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some wholesome use —
M. TUPPER. *Proverbial Philosophy, Of Truth in Things False*, 3.

There is no error to be named, which has not had its professors ; and
a man shall never want crooked paths to walk in, if he thinks that he is
in the right way, wherever he has the footsteps of others to follow —
LOCKE. *Essay on the Human Understanding*, *Bk. IV., Ch. XX*, *Sect. 17.*

There is no felicity upon earth, which carries not its counterpoise of
misfortunes ; no happiness which mounts so high, which is not depressed
by some calamity.—JEREMY TAYLOR. *Contemplation of the State of
Man*, *Bk. I., Ch. II.*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

LONGFELLOW. *Resignation.*

There is no hiding Love from Lover's eyes —CROWN. *The Destruction of Jerusalem, Pt. I. (Queen Berenice), Act IV, Sc. I.*

There is no love but at first sight —LORD BEACONSFIELD. *Henrietta Temple, Bk. II, Ch. III*

There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely evil.—SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia, Bk. I.*

There is a method in man's wickedness :
It grows up by degrees.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.
A King and no King, Act V., Sc. IV.

There is no music in Nature, neither melody nor harmony. Music is the creation of man —H R HAWEIS *Music and Morals, Bk. I, 1.*

There is no new thing under the sun —ECCLESIASTES *Ch. I, ver. 9.*

There is nothing new under the sun.—MACAULAY. *Essay on the Diary of Mad. D'Arblay.*

There is no one like a sister,
In calm or stormy weather,
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. *Goblin Market.*

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked —ISAIAH. *Ch. XLVIII, ver. 22.*

There is no piety but amongst the poor —RANDOLPH. *On the Content he enjoys in the Muses*

Religion always sides with poverty —HERBERT. *The Church Militant.*

There is no state in Europe where the least wise have not governed the most wise —LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations, Rousseau and Malesherbes.*

There is no striving with a forward girl,
Nor pushing on a fool

JOANNA BAILLIE *Orra (Hughobert), Act I, Sc. III.*

There is no true potency, remember, but that of help ; nor true ambition, but ambition to save —RUSKIN. *The Crown of Wild Olive, War, 112*

There is no truer truth obtainable
By man than comes of music

R. BROWNING *Parleyngs with Certain People,*
Charles Avison, 6.

284 THERE IS NO UNION—THERE IS SOME SOUL.

There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.

J. MONTGOMERY. *Friends.*

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Bassanio),*
Act III., Sc. II.

There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow.—DR. JOHNSON
Letter to Mrs Thrale, 12th April 1781

There is not one among my gentlewomen,
Were fit to wear your slipper, for a glove.

TENNYSON. *Geraint and Enid.*

There is nothing in this world constant but inconstancy.—SWIFT.
Essay, upon the Faculties of the Mind

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know
little.—BACON. *Essay XXXI., of Suspicion.*

There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch.—ADDISON.
The Drummer (Vellum), Act V., Sc. I.

There is nothing on earth so lowly, but duty giveth it importance;
No station so degrading, but it is ennobled by obedience.

M. TUPPER. *Proverbial Philosophy, Of Subjection*, 155.

There is nothing, Sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by
studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little
misery and as much happiness as possible.—BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson*
(Dr. Johnson), Fitzgerald's Ed., Vol. I., p. 267.

There is nothing so powerful as truth—and often nothing so strange.
—DANIEL WEBSTER. *Argument on the Murder of Captain White.*

There is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains
and labour—ADDISON. *The Taller, No. 97.*

There is often less in
The poet's wit than in the player's dressing.

SWIFT. *Epilogue to a Play.*

There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an
inlet to the same, and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to
the right of reason is made freeman of the whole estate—EMERSON.
History.

There is one road
To peace, and that is truth, which follow ye!
Love sometimes leads astray to misery

SHELLEY. *Julian and Maddalo.*

There is properly no history, only biography—EMERSON. *History.*

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night,

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Shylock),*
Act II., Sc. V.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V. (King), Act IV., Sc. I.*

THERE IS TRUTH—THERE'S A FURTHER. 285

There is truth in falsehood, falsehood in truth.—R. BROWNING.
A Soul's Tragedy, Act II.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds

TENNYSON *In Memoriam, XCVI.*

There never lived a mortal man, who bent
His appetite beyond his natural sphere,
But starved and died

KEATS. *Endymion, IV.*

There never was a good war or a bad peace—B. FRANKLIN. *Letter to Quincy, 11th September 1773*

There smiles no Paradise on earth so fair
But guilt will raise avenging phantoms there

F. HEMANS *The Abencerrage, Can I, 1.*

There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate

POPE. *The Wife of Bath, line 98.*

There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest

JOB *Ch III, ver 17.*

There where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest

SOUTHEY. *Joan of Arc, Bk II, line 285.*

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at
rest.—TENNYSON. *The May Queen, last line*

The wicked cease from troubling there,
And the weary be at rest

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. *A Testimony.*

There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

HOOD. *The Dream of Eugene Aram.*

There was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass—
SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Fool), Act III., Sc II.*

There was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the toothache patiently

SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado about Nothing*
(Leonato), *Act V., Sc I.*

There were giants in the earth in those days—GENESIS. *Ch VI.,*
ver. 4.

There were no heroes, were there no martyrs!—BULWER LYTTON.
The Last of the Barons (Adam Warner), Bk I., Ch V

There's a dignity in labour

Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!

CHAS. SWAIN. *What is noble?*

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act V., Sc II.*

There's a further good conceivable
Beyond the utmost earth can realise

R BROWNING *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.*

There's a gude time coming.—SIR W. SCOTT. *Rob Roy*, Ch. XXXII.

There's a joy,
To the fond votaries of fame unknown,
To hear the still small voice of conscience speak
In whisp'ring plaudit to the silent soul.

HANNAH MORE. *David and Goliath (Jesse)*, Pt. I.

There's a new tribunal now
Higher than God's—the educated man's!

R. BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book*,
X, line 1977.

There's a pleasure sure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know.

FARQUHAR. *The Recruiting Officer (Silvia)*, Act I., Sc. II.

There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know.

DRYDEN. *The Spanish Friar*, Act II., Sc. I.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which none but poets know.

COWPER. *The Task*, Bk. II, line 283.

There's a strange secret sweet self-sacrifice
In any desecration of one's soul
To a worthy end.

R. BROWNING. *Mr. Sludge the Medium*.

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

DRIBBIN. *Poor Jack*.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.—SHAKESPEARE.
Antony and Cleopatra (Antony), Act I., Sc. I.

There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war.

BUTLER. *Hudibras*, Pt. III., Can. I., line 189.

There's daggers in men's smiles.—SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Donalbain)*, Act II., Sc. III.

There's many a man alive, that hath outlived
The love o' th' people ; yea, i' the self-same state
Stands many a father with his child.

FLETCHER AND SHAKESPEARE. *The Two Noble Kinsmen (Palamon)*, Act V., Sc. VI.

There's many a one would drive the sun,
Only to set the world on fire.

ELIZA COOK. *Stanzas to the Young*.

There's naught no doubt so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion.

BYRON. *Don Juan*, Can. II., St. 34.

There's naught
That's more unsteadfast than a woman's thought.

JOHN COOK. *The City Gallant (Spendifall)*.

There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (King)*, Act I., Sc. IV.

THERE'S NO BETTER—THERE'S NOTHING. 287

There's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand—SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI, Pt II* (George Bevis), *Act IV., Sc II.*

There's no erring twice in love and war.—POMFRET. *Love Triumphani over Reason*, line 88.

There's no game
So desperate, that the wisest of the wise
Will not take freely up for love of power,
Or love of fame, or merely love of play.

SIR H. TAYLOR. *Philip von Artevelde, Pt. I.* (Ackerman),
Act I., Sc III.

There's no love lost between us—GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer* (Tony Lumpkin), *Act IV., Sc. IV.*

There's no slipping up-hill again, and no standing still when once you've begun to slip down—GEORGE ELIOT *Adam Bede* (*Adam Bede*), *Bk. I., Ch. IV.*

There's no wound deeper than a pen can give,
It makes men living dead, and dead men live

J. TAYLOR. *A Kicksey-Winsey, Pt 7.*

There's not a breath
Will mingle kindly with the meadow air,
Till it has panted round, and stolen a share
Of passion from the heart!

KEATS *Endymion, IV.*

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.—BYRON.
Occasional Pieces, Stanzas for Music

There's not a man
That lives, who hath not known his god-like hours,
And feels not what an empire we inherit
As natural beings in the strength of nature

WORDSWORTH *The Prelude, Bk. III.*

There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy

HOOD. *Ode to Melancholy.*

There's not that work
Of careful nature or of cunning art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin

(Attributed to) SHAKESPEARE. *Sir John Oldcastle (Cobham),*
Act V., Sc IV.

There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream

T. MOORE *Irish Melodies, Love's Young Dream.*

There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate

LONGFELLOW. *The Spanish Student, Act II., Sc. V.*

There's nothing level in our oursed natures,
But direct villainy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens (Timon), Act IV.,*
Sc. III

There's place and means for every man alive—SHAKESPEARE *All's Well that Ends Well (Parolles)*, *Act IV*, *Sc. III*.

There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and loath'd.—MIDDLETON AND ROWLEY. *The Changeling (Asmoro)*, *Act I*, *Sc. I*.

There's small choice in rotten apples—SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of the Shrew (Hortensio)*, *Act I*, *Sc. I*.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (King)*, *Act IV*, *Sc. V*.

Thereby hangs a tale—SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Clown)*, *Act III*, *Sc. I*.

Therefore behoveth him a ful long spone
That shall ete with a fend.

CHAUCER. *Squire's Tale*, line 10916.

He must have a long spoone, that shall eat with the devill—
J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, *Bk. II*, *Ch. V*.

Who dips with the devil, he had need have a long spoon—
UNKNOWN. *Appius and Virginia (Haphazard)*, (circa 1563).

I had need of a long spoon, now I go to eat with the devil.—
UNKNOWN. *Grim, the Collier of Croydon (Grim)*, *Act V*, *Sc. I*.

He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil—
SHAKESPEARE. *The Comedy of Errors (Dromio)*, *Act IV*, *Sc. III*.

These are the English arts, these we profess,
To be the same in misery and success ;
To teach oppressors laws, assist the good,
Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud.

HALIFAX. *The Man of Honour*.

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,
Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
Their meetings made December June,
There every parting was to die.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, XCVII*.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sang ballads from a cart.

DRYDEN *Prologue to Sophonisba*.

They also serve who only stand and wait—MILTON. *Sonnet XIX*.

They are but beggars that can count their worth—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Juliet)*, *Act II*, *Sc. VI*.

They are most firmly good who best know why.—SIR T. OVERBURY. *A Wife*, line 180.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—
SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia*, *Bk. I*.

They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time.—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet)*, *Act II*, *Sc. II*.

They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,
To which the spark gives heat and stronger glowing.

SHAKESPEARE *Pericles (Pericles)*, *Act I, Sc. II.*

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind —
HOSEA *Ch VIII*, ver 7.

They love least, that let men know their love —SHAKESPEARE *Two Gentlemen of Verona (Lucetta)*, *Act I, Sc. II.*

They never fail who die
In a great cause : the block may soak their gore ;
Their heads may sodden in the sun , their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad.

BYRON. *Marino Falieri (Israel Bertuccio)*, *Act II., Sc. II.*

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright —BURNS.
The Cottar's Saturday Night

They never taste who always drink ;
They always talk who never think

PRIOR. *Upon a passage in Scaligeriana*

They only babble who practise not reflection.—SHERIDAN. *Pizarro (Elvira)*, *Act I., Sc. I.*

They only fall, that strive to move,
Or lose that care to keep

OWEN MEREDITH. *The Wanderer, Bk III, St 6*

They only have lived long, who have lived virtuously —SHERIDAN.
Pizarro (Alonso), *Act IV, Sc I.*

They're only truly great who are truly good —CHAPMAN. *Revenge for Honour (Tarsia)*, *Act V*

And to be noble we'll be good —*Old Ballad of Winifreda.*

'Tis only noble to be good —TENNYSON. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

Vide—‘To be happy,’ etc

They reck no laws, that meditate revenge —T KYD. *The Spanish Tragedy (Viceroy)*, *Act I*

They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death —SHAKESPEARE *The Merry Wives of Windsor (Falstaff)*. *Act V., Sc I.*

They stumble that run fast.—SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Friar Laurence)*, *Act II, Sc. III*

They, sweet soul, that most impute a crime
Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,
Wanting the mental range.

TENNYSON *Merlin and Vivien*

They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger —JEREMIAH. *Lamentations, Ch IV*, ver. 9.

They that dwell on fortune's call
No sooner rise, but subject are to fall

T. LODGE. *The Wounds of Civil War (Marius)*, *Act IV.*

They that fear the adder's sting will not come
Near his hissing.

CHAPMAN.

They that yet never learn'd to live and die
Will scarcely teach it others feelingly.

R. BAXTER. *Love breathing Thanks and Praise, Pt II.*

They well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Richard), Act III., Sc III.*

They who await
No gifts from chance have conquered fate.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Resignation*

They who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.

BRYANT. *The Yellow Violet.*

They who have much to lose have much to fear —BURKE. *On the Policy of the Allies.*

They who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

GAY. *Fables, Pt I., XXXIV.*

They who possess the prince possess the laws —DRYDEN *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt I., line 476.*

They who strive
With Fortune, win or weary her at last

BYRON. *Werner (Josephine), Act I., Sc. I*

They whom truth and wisdom lead
Can gather honey from a weed.

COWPER. *The Pineapple and the Bee, line 35.*

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the woods
In Vallombrosa.

MILTON *Paradise Lost, Bk. I, line 302*

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure (Angelo), Act II., Sc. II.*

Th' important business of your life is love —LYTTELTON. *Advice to a Lady*

Vide—'Man's Love,' etc.

Thine heart should feel, what thou may'st hourly see,
That duty's basis is humanity.

BLOOMFIELD. *The Farmer's Boy, Winter, line 106.*

Things ill-got had ever bad success —SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI., Pt. III. (King Henry), Act II., Sc. II.*

Things may be useful, though obscure,
The pace that's slow is often sure :
When empty pageantries we prize,
We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
The golden mean can best bestow
Safety for unsubstantial show.

WARTON. *The Phaedon, and the one-horse Chair.*

Things past belong to memory alone ;
Things future are the property of hope

HOME *Agis (Lysander), Act II.*

Things past recovery
Are hardly cured with exclamations.

MARLOWE *The Jew of Malta (Barabbas), Act I, Sc II.*

Things rashly undertaken end as ill,
But great acts thrive when reason guides the will

FLETCHER. *The Fair Maid of the Inn (Duke), Act I., Sc II*

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.—SHAKESPEARE.
Richard II. (Gaunt), Act I, Sc III.

Things will work to ends the slaves o' the world
Do never dream of

WORDSWORTH. *The Borderers (Oswald), Act II.*

Think naught a trifles, though it small appear;
Small sands make mountains, moments make the year,
And trifles life

YOUNG. *Love of Fame, Sat VI, line 208.*

(But) thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company

POPE *Essay on Man, Ep. I, line 111.*

This barren verbiage, current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.

TENNYSON. *The Princess, II.*

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night! As sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo), Act II, Sc. II.*

This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Caesar), Act I, Sc IV.*

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

MRS BARBAULD *A Summer Evening Meditation.*

This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides

TENNYSON *The Princess, Conclusion*

This frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,
Without the captain's knowledge

TENNYSON *Aylmer's Field*

This is micing mallecho; it means mischief—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III, Sc II.*

This is proper to the clown,
Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purpled, still the clown.

TENNYSON. *The Princess, IV.*

This little life is all we must endure,
 The grave's most holy place is ever sure,
 We fall asleep, and never wake again ;
 Nothing of us but the mouldering flesh,
 Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh

In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.

JAMES THOMSON *The City of Dreadful Night, XIV.*

This restless world
 Is full of chances, which by habit's power
 To learn to bear is easier than to shun

ARMSTRONG *The Art of Preserving Health, Bk. II*, line 465.

This 'tis to be a monarch, when alone
 He can command all, but is awed by none

MASSINGER. *The Roman Actor (Cæsar), Act I., Sc. IV.*

This Triton of the minnows !—SHAKESPEARE. *Coriolanus (Coriolanus), Act III., Sc. I.*

This was the most unkindest cut of all—SHAKESPEARE *Julius Cæsar (Antony), Act III., Sc. II*

This was the noblest Roman of them all ;

His life was gentle ; and the elements
 So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar (Antony), Act V., Sc. V.*

This world has angels all too few,
 And Heaven is overflowing !

COLERIDGE *To a Young Lady.*

This world is a rough road, and those who mean to tread it many years must not think of beginning their journey in buff soles—MRS. THRALE. *Letter to Fanny Burney.*

(Pythagoras said, that) this world was like a stage,
 Whereon many play their parts : the lookers-on the sage
 Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn
 The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discern.

R. EDWARDS *Damon and Pithias (Damon).*

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players

SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Jaques), Act II., Sc. VII.*

The world's a stage, each mortal acts thereon—QUARLES.
History of Queen Esther, Sect. 4, Med. 10.

Tho' happy men the present goods possess,
 Th' unhappy have their share in future hopes no less.

COWLEY. *First Nemean Ode of Pindar, V.*

(For) tho' the possession be th' undoubted view,
 To seize is far less pleasure than pursue

GARTH. *Claremont, line 228.*

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
 Deep seated in our mystic frame,
 We yield all blessing to the name
 Of Him that made them current coin.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, XXXVI.*

Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise—POPE. *Essay on Criticism, Ep. III, line 24.*

Those eyes which burn through smiles that fade in tears,
Like stars half-quenched in mists of silver dew.

SHELLEY *Prometheus Unbound (Asia), Act II, Sc. I.*

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd.
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd

POPE *Essay on Criticism, Ep. I., line 88.*

Those that think must govern those that toil—GOLDSMITH *The Traveller, line 311.*

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Cassius), Act I., Sc. III.*

Those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day,
For ever nobler ends

TENNYSON *In Memoriam, CXVIII.*

Those who believe a thing make others believe most—LANDOR.
Imaginary Conversations, Peter Leopold and President Du Paty.

Those who have endeavoured to teach to die well, have taught few
to die willingly—DR JOHNSON *Letter to Mr. Jos. Baretti, 10th June 1761.*

(And) those who live as models for the mass,
Are singly of more value than them all

R. BROWNING. *Intra (Tiburzio), Act V.*

Those who make their dress a principal part of themselves, will, in
general, become of no more value than their dress—W. HAZLITT.
Political Essays, On the Clerical Character.

(For) those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind

DRYDEN *The Hind and the Panther, Pt. III., line 1094*

Those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VIII (Buckingham), Act II, Sc. I.*

Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy;
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in

SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Duke S), Act II, Sc. VII*

Thou that goest upon Middlesex juries, and wilt make haste to give
up thy verdict because thou wilt not lose thy dinner!—MIDDLETON.
A Trick to Catch the Old One (Dampit), Act IV, Sc. V.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine

POPE *The Rape of the Lock, Can. III, line 21.*

Thou who stealest fire
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present

TENNYSON. *Ode to Memory*

Though absent, present in desires they be ;
Our soul much further than our eyes can see.

M. DRAYTON. *The Baron's Wars, Bl. III, XX.*

Though lost to sight, to memory dear —UNKNOWN.

Vide—'Distance sometimes,' etc

Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile

BISHOP HEBER. *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*

Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart—is lonely still

BYRON. *Hours of Idleness* *I would I were a Careless Child.*

Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the
surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—SHAKESPEARE.
All's Well that Ends Well (Clown), Act I, Sc. III.

Though language forms the preacher,
'Tis 'good works' make the man

ELIZA COOK. *Good Works*

Though last, not least —SPENSER. *Colin Clout, line 444*

Though last, not least in love, yours —SHAKESPEARE *Julius Caesar (Antony), Act III, Sc. I.*

Although our last and least —SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (Lear), Act I., Sc I.*

Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all

SHAKESPEARE *The Taming of the Shrew (Petruchio), Act II, Sc. I.*

Though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his
counsellor.—SHAKESPEARE *The Merry Wives of Windsor (Mrs Page
reads), Act II., Sc. I.*

Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books

SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece, 179*

Though Patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod —SHAKESPEARE.
Henry V. (Nym), Act II, Sc I.

Though patients die, the doctor's paid :
Licens'd to kill, he gains a place
For what another mounts the gallows

BROOKE *Poverty and Poetry.*

Though the fox he follows may be tamed,
A mere fox-follower never is reclaimed

COWPER *Conversation.*

Though this be madness, yet there's method in 't—SHAKESPEARE.
Hamlet (Polonius), Act II., Sc II.

Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe

SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Imogen), Act III, Sc. IV.*

Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil—BYRON *Hours of Idleness, To Eliza*

Thought is deeper than all speech ;
Feeling deeper than all thought ,
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught

C P CRANCH.

Thought is the soul of act—R BROWNING. *Sordello, Bk. V.*

Thoughts are but dreams, till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is cleared with absolution

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*, 51

Thoughts are but wandering spirits that depend for their vitality
upon the magnetic currents of feeling—H. R HAWEIS *Music and
Morals, Bk I, II*

Thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil like bales unopened to the sun

YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night II*, line 466

(But) thought's the slave of life, and lifetime's fool,
And time that takes survey of all the world
Must have a stop

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt I*
(*Hotspur*), *Act V, Sc. IV*

(For) thre may kepe a counsel—if twain be awaie—CHAUCER *The
Ten Commandments of Love*, 49

Three may keepe counsayle, if two be away—J. HEYWOOD
Proverbs, Bk II, Ch V

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away—SHAKESPEARE
Titus Andronicus (Aaron), Act IV., Sc II.

Three things a wise man will not trust,
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith

SOUTHEY. *Madoc in Aethan, Pt XXIII*, line 51.

(And strangers tell of) three times skimm'd sky-blue—BLOOMFIELD.
The Farmer's Boy, Spring, line 254

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

TENNYSON *In Memoriam, XXXII*

Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king—PHINEAS FLETCHER.
Apollyonists, Ccn III, St 10

‘Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd.’ 1st Witch

‘Thrice , and once the hedge-pig whined’ 2nd Witch

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth, Act IV, Sc I.*

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day :
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall.*

Through all the drama—whether damn'd or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.

SHERIDAN. *Epilogue to the Rivals*, line 5.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices disappear ;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtling breaks ;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Lear)*, Act IV., Sc. VI.

Through thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,
In hope her to attain by hooke or crooke.

SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene*, Bk. III., Can. I., St. 17.

Through thick and thinnne—CHAUCER. *The Reeve's Tale*,
line 4064

Through utter weakness pitably dear,
As tender infants are ; and yet how great !
For all things serve them.

WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude*, Bl. VIII.

Throw mekill discomforting,
Men fallis off into despayring.

BARBOUR. *The Bruce*, Bl. III., line 193

Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it —SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Macbeth)*, Act V., Sc. III.

Th' unhappy man who once has traileid a pen,
Lives not to please himself, but other men.

DRYDEN. *Prologue to Cæsar Borgua*

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III. (Richmond)*, Act V., Sc. II.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V. (King Henry)*, Act IV., Sc. I.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom Fool to bed.

ROWE. *On a Fine Woman who had a Dull Husband*, IV.

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges —SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night (Clown)*, Act V., Sc. I.

Thus we play the fool with the time ; and the spirits of the wise sit
in the clouds and mock us —SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV, Pt. II. (Prince Henry)*, Act II., Sc. II.

Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisscs ilk a thing it meets.

BURNS. *I do confess thou art sae fair.*

Thy love afar is spite at home —EMERSON. *Self-Reliance*.

Thy wife is a constellation of virtues ; she's the moon, and thou art the man in the moon —CONGREVE. *Love in Love, Act II., Sc. VI.*

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought. —SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV. Pt II. (King Henry) Act IV., Sc. IV.*

Tigers have courage and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare
WALLER. *Epistle to my Lord Protector*

Till Cant cease, nothing else can begin —CARLYLE. *The French Revolution, Pt II., Bk. III., Ch. VII*

Till we are built like angels, with hammer and chisel and pen,
We will work for ourself and a woman, for ever and ever, Amen.
RUDYARD KIPLING. *An Imperial Rescript.*

Time and wind stay no man's pleasure.—R. SOUTHWELL. *St. Peter's Complaint*

Time and tide stay no man's pleasure —R. SOUTHWELL.
Loss in Delay

But tide and time for no man stay.—SOMERVILLE. *The Scented Miser*

(For) time at last sets all things even—

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

BYRON. *Mazeppa, VIII.*

Time
Can tarry for no man

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Scornful Lady (Savil), Act V., Sc. III*

Vide—'Tide and tume,' etc.

Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.—POPE. *Pastorals Winter, line 88.*

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the vanities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnet LX.*

Time from the brow doth wipe out every stain.—NASH. *Summer's Last Will, Sol.*

Time goes on crutches, till love have his rites —SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado about Nothing (Claudio), Act II., Sc. I.*

Time hath a taming hand !—J. H. NEWMAN. *Persecution, last line*

Time hath found
In desp'rate cures a salve for every wound.

PH. FLETCHER. *Piscatoric Eclogues*, V.. St. 9.

Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald
followers—SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors (Dromio of Syracuse)*,
Act II., Sc. II.

Time is eternity begun.—J. MONTGOMERY. *A Mother's Love*.

(For) time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand :
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida (Ulysses)*, Act III., Sc. III.

(Remember that) Time is money—B FRANKLIN *Advice to a Young
Tradesman*.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.—SHAKESPEARE. *Two
Gentlemen of Verona (Proteus)*, Act III., Sc. I.

Time never lies heavy upon him, it is impossible for him to be alone.—
ADDISON. *The Spectator*, No 93.

Time passeth swift away ;
Our life is frail, and we may die to-day.

MARLOWE. *Tamburlaine the Great (Mycetes)*, Act I., Sc. I.

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides :
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (Cordelia)*, Act I., Sc. I.

Time tempers love but not removes,
More hallow'd when its hope is fled :
Oh ! what are thousand living woes
To that which cannot quit the dead ?

BYRON. *Occasional Pieces, One Struggle More*.

Time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has wak'd the weeping eye

MALLETT. *Amyntor and Theodora*, Can. I., line 83.

Time ! thou beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin—comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time ! the corrector when our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher !

BYRON. *Childe Harold*, Can. IV., St 130.

Time to the yielding mind his change imparts,
He varies notions and he alters hearts ;
'Tis right, 'tis just to feel contempt for vice,
But he that shows it may be over nice

CRABBE. *Arabella*.

Time tries a'—OLD SCOTCH PROVERB.

Time tries the truth in everything.—TUSSER. *Five Hundred
Points of Good Husbandry. The Author's Epistle*, Ch. I.

Time wasted is existence ; us'd is life.—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night II*, line 150.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thy hold upon his forehead ;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked

SOUTHWELL *Loss in Delay.*

Vide—'Occasion's bald behind'

Time, who in the twilight comes to mend
All the fantastic day's caprice

R. BROWNING. *Strafford, Act V., Sc. II.*

Time

Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out : and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human soul.

COLERIDGE. *The Death of Wallenstein.*

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*, 135.

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes :
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsually'd with a tear

YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night I*, line 1.

"Tis a mad world, my masters.—JOHN TAYLOR *Taylor's Western Voyage*, line 1.

"Tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost ;
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right

COWPER *The Retired Cat*, line 95.

"Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore

LONGFELLOW. *The Birds of Killingworth.*

"Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way—NATH. LEE *Alexander the Great, Act II, Sc. II.*

"Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,
But God, he knows, thy share thereof is small :
"Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;
The contrary doth make thee wondered at.
"Tis government that makes them seem divine

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI, Pt. III (York)*, Act I., Sc. IV.

300 'TIS BETTER—'TIS HARD FOR KINGS.

"Tis better far to love and be poor, than be rich with an empty heart.
—LEWIS MORRIS. *Songs of Two Worlds. Love in Death.*

"Tis better once to die, than still to fear
And many times to die, than be
Oblig'd past payment to an enemy.

DRYDEN *The Conquest of Granada, Pt. II.*
(*Almahide*), *Act I, Sc. II.*

"Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra*
(*Enobarbus*). *Act I, Sc. II, XIII.*

"Tis better to be brief, than tedious—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III.*
(*First Murderer*), *Act I, Sc. IV.*

"Tis better to be left than never to have been loved.—CONGREVE.
The Way of the World (Mrs Marwood), *Act II, Sc. I.*

"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, XXVII.*

"Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perch'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII. (Anne Bullen)*, *Act II., Sc. III.*

"Tis but half a judge's task to know.—POPE. *Essay on Criticism*,
Pt. III, line 2.

"Tis double death to drown in ken of shore—SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*, 160

"Tis easier far to lose than to resign—LYTTELTON. *Elegy.*

"Tis easier to advise 'bear up,' than bear.—R. BROWNING. *Balaustion's Adventure.*

"Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

POPE *Moral Essays, Ep. I.*, line 149.

"Tis eminence makes envy rise,
As fairest fruits attract the flies.

SWIFT. *To Dr Delany.*

"Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were

SUCKLING. *Against Fruition.*

"Tis foolish to depend on others' mercy!
Keep yourself right, and even cut your cloth, sir,
According to your calling

FLETCHER *The Beggar's Bush*
(*Second Merchant*), *Act IV., Sc. I.*

"Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

POPE. *Moral Essays, Ep. I.*, line 135.

"Tis hard for kings to steer an equal course,
And they who banish one oft gain a worse.

DRYDEN. *Tarquin and Tullia.*

'TIS HARD TO SAY—'TIS NOT HER COLDNESS. 301

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill,
Appear in writing or in judging ill

POPE *Essay on Criticism, Pt. I., line 1.*

'Tis hard to venture where our betters fail,
Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale

BYRON *Hints from Horace.*

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,

'Tis only God may be had for the asking

LOWELL *Vision of Sir Launful, Prelude, Pt. I.*

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night IV*, line 675.

'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance—YOUNG. *Love of Fame, Sat. III.*, line 182

'Tis in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving, wherein men find pleasure to be deceived—LOCKE. *Essay on the Human Understanding, Bk. III., Ch. X*, Sect 34.

'Tis infamy to die and not be missed—C. WILCOX *The Religion of Taste.*

'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god.

SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida*
(*Hector*), *Act II, Sc. II.*

'Tis man's worst deed
To let the ' things that have been ' run to waste,
And in the unmeaning present sink the past

C LAMB *Sonnet VIII.*

'Tis merry in the hall, when beards wag all—OLD PROVERB.

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all—HISTRIONASTIX
Philarchus, Act II, Sc. I, line 343.

'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,
To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
To boast of apathy when out of pain.

CHURCHILL. *Farewell*, line 47

'Tis my vocation, Hall! 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt. I. (Falstaff)*, *Act I, Sc. II.*

'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend—GARTH. *The Dispensary, Can III*, line 222

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all

POPE *Essay on Criticism, line 245.*

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after

SHAKESPEARE *Timon of Athens (Timon)*, *Act I., Sc. I.*

'Tis not her coldness, father,
That chills my labouring breast;
It's that confounded cucumber
I've ate and can't digest.

R. H. BARHAM. *The Confession.*

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius: we'll deserve it.

ADDISON. *Cato. Portius, Act I., Sc. II.*

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die

J. MONTGOMERY. *The Issues of Life and Death*

'Tis not what man Does which exalts him,
But what man Would do'

R. BROWNING. *Saul, XVIII.*

'Tis not where we be, but whence we fell.—
The loss of heaven's the greatest pain in hell.

SIR S TUKE. *The Adventures of Five Hours*
(*Don Octavio*), *Act V.*

(For) 'tis not wise to be severe—DRYDEN. *Epilogue, II*

'Tis now the very witching hour of night:
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III., Sc. II.*

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure (Angelo), Act II., Sc. I.*

'Tis only when they spring to Heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you.

R. BROWNING. *Paracelsus, V.*

'Tis plenty, in small fortune, to be neat.—W. KING. *The Art of Cookery, line 156.*

'Tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.

SHAKESPEARE. *Winter's Tale (Camillo), Act I., Sc. II.*

'Tis strange the Hebrew noun which means 'I am,'
The English always use to govern d——n.

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. I., St. 14.*

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. XI., St. 59.*

'Tis sweet to feel by what fine spun threads our affections are drawn together.—STERNE. *Sentimental Journey.*

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. I., St. 123.*

'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, that they know no
mean, to be entreated either to begin or end—BEN JONSON. *The Poetaster (Julia), Act II., Sc. I.*

'Tis the curse of the service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Iago), Act I., Sc. I.*

"Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Macbeth)*, *Act II., Sc. III.*

"Tis the good reader that makes the good book —EMERSON. *Success.*

"Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men

C KINGSLEY *Ode to the North-East Wind*

"Tis the pest
Of love that fairest joys give most unrest

KEATS. *Endymion, II.*

"Tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Othello)*, *Act II., Sc. III.*

"Tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (King)*, *Act IV., Sc. IV.*

"Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole !

COLERIDGE *Religious Musings.*

"Tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation

DRYDEN. *Prologue to Sophonisba.*

"Tis the taught already that profits by teaching —R. BROWNING.
Christmas Eve, No. IV.

"Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.—SHAKESPEARE. *Pericles (Pericles)*, *Act I., Sc. II.*

"Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all the world, much less in womankind.

POPE *January and May*, line 190.

"Tis vain to quarrel with our destiny —MIDDLETON. *A Trick to catch the Old One, Witgood*, *Act IV. Sc IV.*

"Tis we alone
Can join the patience of the labouring ox
Unto the eagle's foresight

C. KINGSLEY. *The Saint's Tragedy (Conrad)*, *Act I., Sc. II.*

"Tis when the wound is stiffening with the cold,
The warrior first feels pain ; 'tis when the heat
And fiery fever of the soul is past,
The sinner feels remorse

SIR W SCOTT. *The Monastery, Ch. XXIII.*

"Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart,
And live the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

BARRY CORNWALL. *Woman.*

304 TITLE AND ANCESTRY—TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.

Title and ancestry render a good name more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.—ADDISON.

Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward,
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants.

ROWE. *Jane Shore, Act II., Sc. I.*

With their authors, in oblivion sunk,
Vain titles lie; the servile badges oft
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.

THOMSON.

Titles are marks of honest men and wise;
The fool or knave who wears a title, lies.

YOUNG. *The Love of Fame, Bk. I., line 147.*

To a mother, a child is everything; but to a child, a parent is only a link in the chain of her existence.—LORD BEACONSFIELD. *Venetia (Lady Annabel), Bk. IV., Ch. XIV.*

To act well
Brings with itself an ample recompense.

SOUTHEY. *Joan of Arc, Bk. VIII., line 619.*

To alter favour ever is to fear.—SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth), Act I., Sc. V.*

To be a fine gentleman is to be a generous and a brave man.—STEELE. *The Spectator, No. 75.*

To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,
Yet loved by both, and trusted and trustworthy,
Is more than to be king.

COLERIDGE *Zapolya, Sc. I.*

To be beautiful is enough. If a woman can do that well: who shall demand more from her.—THACKERAY. *The Newcomes (Clive Newcome), Ch. XXV.*

To be great, be wise:
Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.

PRIOR. *Solomon, Bk. I., line 41.*

To be great is to be misunderstood.—EMERSON. *Self-Reliance.*

To be happy here is man's chief end,
For to be happy he must needs be good

KIRKE WHITE. *To Contemplation.*

Vide—‘They only are truly great,’ etc.

To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act II., Sc. II.*

To be or not to be,—that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep,—

To sleep ! perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause : there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action —Soft you now !
 The fair Ophelia ! Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III., Sc 1*

To be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. I, line 157.*

To be wealthy, a rich nature is the first requisite, and money but the second —R. L. STEVENSON. *Lay Morals, Ch IV.*

To be wise, and love,
 Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida (Cressida), Act III., Sc. II.*

"Tis hard to be in love and to be wise.—NATH. LEE. *The Princess of Cleve (Nemours), Act I, Sc III.*

To be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain.

COLERIDGE *Christabel, II.*

To bear all naked truths,
 And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
 That is the top of sovereignty

KEATS *Hyperion, II.*

To bear is to conquer our fate —CAMPBELL *On visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.*

To build from matter is sublimely great,
 But gods and poets only can create

PITT. *To the Unknown Author of the Battle of the Sexes.*

To business that we love, we rise betime,
 And go to't with delight.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Antony), Act IV., Sc IV.*

306 TO CHEAPEN TRUTH—TO FLY THE BOAR.

To cheapen truth that every one may buy,
You must so thin the gold as makes it worthless.

P. J. BAILEY. *Festus (Lucifer)*, XI.

To cities and to coursis repair,
Flatt'ry and falsehood flourish there;
There all thy wretched arts employ,
Where riches triumph over joy,
Where passions do with int'rest barter,
And Hymen holds by mammon's charter:
Where truth by point of law is parry'd,
And knaves and prudes are six times marry'd.

PRIOR. *The Turtle and the Sparrow*, line 432.

To contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man,
And they that creep and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.

GRAY. *Ode to the Spring*.

To converse with historians is to keep good company.—LORD BOLINGBROKE. *Of the Study of History, Letter II.*

To do great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Bassanio)*, Act IV., Sc. I.

To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart.

TENNYSON. *Launcelot and Elaine*.

To doubtful masters do not headlong run,
What's well left off were better not begun.

RANDOLPH.

To err is human, to forgive divine.—POPE. *Essay on Criticism*, Pt. II., line 525.

To exult
Ev'n o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap
Affliction on th' afflicted, is the mark
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.

SMOLLETT. *The Regicide (Dunbar)*, Act II., Sc. VII.

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.—ECCLESIASTES. Ch. III., ver. 1.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Carlisle)*, Act III., Sc. II.

To follow foolish precedents and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.

COWPER. *Tirocinium*.

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us;
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III. (Hastings)*, Act III., Sc. II.

TO GET BY GIVING—TO NONE MAN SEEKS. 307

To get by giving, and to lose by keeping,
Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

CHRIS. HARVIE. *The Synagogue, The Church Stile.*

To get goods is the benefit of Fortune, to keepe them the gift of wis-
dome—LYLY. *Letters of Euphues, To Alcius.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess

SHAKESPEARE. *King John (Salisbury), Act IV., Sc. II.*

(But) to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative ;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.

BUTLER. *Hudibras, to his Lady.*

To have the feelings of gentility, it is not necessary to have been
born gentle—C LAMB *Last Essays of Elia Blakesmoor*

To judge wisely I suppose we must know how things appear to the
unwise—GEORGE ELIOT. *Daniel Deronda, Bk. IV., Ch. XXIX.*

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

CAMPBELL. *Hallowed Ground.*

To live long is almost every one's wish, but to live well is the ambition
of a few.—J. HUGHES *The Lay Monastery, No. 18.*

(He ne'er consider'd it as loath),
To look a gift-horse in the mouth.

BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. I, Canto. I., line 490.*

To love her is a liberal education—STEELE. *The Tattler, No. 49.*
To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the givers.

TENNYSON. *Launcelot and Elaine.*

To make, you must be marred,—
To raise your race, must stoop,—to teach them aught, must learn
Ignorance, meet halfway what most you hope to spurn,
I' the equal.

R. BROWNING. *Friar at the Fair, LXXV.*

To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath.—
GEORGE ELIOT. *Romola, Ch. XXXIX.*

To meet, to know, to love—and then to part,
Is the sad tale of many a human heart.

COLERIDGE. *Couplet, written in a volume of poems.*

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Duke), Act I., Sc. II.*

To none man seems ignoble, but to man—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night IV., line 483.*

To nurse a blind ideal like a girl.—TENNYSON. *The Princess, III*

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake.

POPE. *Moral Essays, Ep. I., line 11.*

To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice
(Portia), Act II., Sc. IX.*

To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends,
Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
When *out*, 'twill thrive—but taken *in*, 'twill die!

T. MOORE. *Corruption.*

To read with profit, is of care; but to write aptly, is of practice.—
M. TUPPER. *Proverbial Philosophy, Of Writing, 10.*

To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste.
Well order'd home, man's best delight, to make:
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle rare deluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise.

THOMSON. *The Seasons, Autumn, line 601.*

To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
Doth lessen happier men, and shames at least the bad.

BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. II., St. 68.*

' (I mean not) to run with the Hare and holde with the Hounde.—LYLY
Euphues, Euphues to Philautus.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither.

BURNS. *Bonie Lesley.*

Oh! she was good as she was fair,
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her

ROGERS. *Jacqueline, I.*

Vide also—'Nature's richest,' etc.

To shoot at crows is powder flung away.—GAY. *Ep. IV., last line.*

To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy.

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Malcolm), Act II., Sc. III.*

To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

S. DANIEL. *Ulysses and the Syren, 15*

TO STRICTEST JUSTICE—TO-MORROW TO FRESH. 309

To strictest justice many ills belong,
And honesty is often in the wrong.

ROWE. *Lucan's Pharsalia, Bk. VIII., line 657.*

To suckle fools and chronicle small beer—SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Iago), Act II., Sc. I.*

To tell tales out of schoole, that is her great lust.
Look what shee knoweth, blab it wist and out it must.

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. X.*

To the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Ophelia), Act III., Sc. I.*

To the pure all things are pure—ST. PAUL. *Epistle to Titus, Ch. I., ver. 15.*

To the pure all things are pure—SHELLEY. *The Revolt of Islam, VII., XXX.*

To the untrue man the whole universe is false.—N. HAWTHORNE. *The Scarlet Letter, Ch. XI*

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Polonius), Act I., Sc. III.*

To triumph o'er ourselves is the only conquest where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch the laurel from thee, or chance may place it on thy brow, but in a contest with thyself, be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be the victor.—SHERIDAN. *Pizarro (Rolla), Act IV., Sc. II.*

To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmaster

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Regan), Act II., Sc. IV.*

To work a fell revenge a man's a fool,
If not instruoted in a woman's school

FLETCHER. *The Spanish Curate (Don Jamie), Act V., Sc. I.*

To-day is yesterday return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night II., line 316.*

To-day
Takes in account the work of yesterday.

R. BROWNING. *Sordello, Bk. V.*

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright,
Tow'rds Heav'n's descent had sloped his west'ring wheel.

MILTON. *Lucidas.*

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.—MILTON. *Lucidas.*

310 TOO EAGER CAUTION—TREASON HATH.

Too eager caution shows some danger's near,
The bully's bluster proves the coward's fear.

CRABBE. *The Parish Register, Pt. I.*

Too early seen unknown, and known too late.—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Romeo), Act I., Sc. V.*

Too sweet to last.—SIR W. JONES. *Turkish Ode to Neshishi.*

To joys, too exquisite to last.—J. MONTGOMERY. *The Little Cloud.*

It was a dream of perfect bliss,
Too beautiful to last.

HAYNES BAYLY. *It was a Dream, I.*

She floats, the vision of a dream,
Too beautiful to last.

LONGFELLOW. *The Ballad of Carmelhan.*

Oh! they're too beautiful to live, much too beautiful!—
C. DICKENS. *Nicholas Nickleby (Mrs.kenwigs), Ch. XIV.*

Too bright, too beautiful to last—BRYANT. *The Rivulet.*

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Friar Laurence), Act III., Sc. VI.*

Tortures were framed to dread the baser eye,
And not t' appal a princely majesty.

T. LODGE. *The Wounds of Civil War (Cornelia), Act IV.*

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms—SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Lapidus), Act II., Sc. II.*

(For) toyle doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy,
And ease findes tediousness, as much
As labour yields annoy.

S. DANIEL. *Ulysses and the Syren, 28.*

Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is always young—WHITTIER.
Mary Gartin.

Travel's a miniature life,
Travel is evermore a strife.

CLOUGH. *Mari Magno, The Lawyer's First Tale, IV.*

Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Tempest (Antonio), Act III., Sc. III.*

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

SIR J. HARRINGTON. *Epigrams.*

Treason hath blistered heeles, dishonest things
Have bitter Rivers, though delicious Springs.

G. CHAPMAN. *Byron's Tragedie (Henry), Act I., Sc. I.*

Treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV., Pt I (Worcester)*, *Act V, Sc. II.*

Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ

SHAKESPEARE *Othello (Iago)*, *Act III, Sc III*

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys

SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline (Guiderius)*, *Act IV, Sc II*

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon

BUTLER *Hudibras, Pt III, Can II*, line 175

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun

BARTON BOOTH *Song*

True courage, as well as true wisdom, is not distrustful of itself —W.
HAZLITT —*Political Essays, Illustrations of Vetus*, 10th December 1813

True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
By nature only to advantage drest

SOAME JENYNS *The Art of Dancing, Can II*, line 117.

True fiction hath an higher end, and scope
Wider than fact, it is nature's possible,
Contrasted with life's actual mean

P J BAILEY *Festus, Proem*

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice

BEN JONSON *Cynthia's Revels (Arete)*, *Act III, Sc II*

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meanner creatures kings

SHAKESPEARE *Richard III (Richmond)*, *Act V, Sc II*

True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away

SHELLEY *Epipsychedion*

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven

It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly,
It liveth not in fierce desire,

With dead desire it doth not die,
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind

SIR W. SCOTT *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Can V, XIII.*

True modesty does not consist in an ignorance of our merits, but in a
due estimate of them —J C HARE *Guesses at Truth, Taylor and
Wilton's Ed*, 1851, *Vol I, p 8*

312 TRUE NOBILITY—TRUTH IS TOO RESERVED.

True nobility is exempt from fear.—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI., Pt. II. (Suffolk), Act IV., Sc. I.*

True poets are the guardians of state.—ROSCOMMON. *Essay on Translated Verse.*

True virtue, wheresoe'er it moves, still carries an intrinsic worth about it, and is in every place, and in each sex of equal value.—VANBURGH. *The Provoked Wife (Constant), Act III., Sc. I.*

Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
And live each day as if it were thy last.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN. *Flowers of Sin, Death's Last Will.*

Trust me not at all or all in all.—TENNYSON. *Merlin and Vivien.*

Trust none :
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V. (Pistol), Act II., Sc. III.*

Trust not before you try :
For under cloke of great goodwill,
Doth fained friendship lie.

TURBERVILLE. *To Browne of Light Belief, I.*

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI Pt. III. (Queen Elizabeth), Act IV., Sc. IV.*

(O, noble emperor, do not fight by sea,)
Trust not to rotten planks.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Soldier), Act III., Sc. VII.*

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies 'mong her worshippers.

BRYANT. *The Battlefield.*

Truth hath a quiet breast.—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Norfolk), Act I., Sc. III.*

Truth illuminates and gives joy, and it is by the bond of joy, not of pleasure, that men's spirits are indissolubly held.—MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Essays on Criticism, Joubert.*

Truth is always strange,—
Stranger than fiction.

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. XIV, St. 101.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sun-beam.—MILTON. *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

Truth is the highest thing that man may kepe.—CHAUCER. *The Franklin's Tale, line 11789.*

Truth is the summit of being : justice is the application of it to others.—EMERSON. *Character.*

Truth is too reserved and nice,
To appear in mix'd societies ;
Delights in solit'ry abodes,
And never shows herself in crowds.

BUTLER. *The Elephant in the Moon.*

(For) truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure* (*Isobella*). *Act V.*, *Sc. I*

Truth is within ourselves, it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness

R. BROWNING. *Paracelsus*, *I*.

Truth lies within a little and certain compass, but error is immense.
—LORD BOLINGBROKE *Reflections upon Exile*.

Truth loves open dealing—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VIII.* (*Queen Katharine*). *Act III*, *Sc. I*.

Truth makes true love doubly sweet to know.—LEIGH HUNT. *The Gentle Armour Can.* *I*, line 36.

Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay:
But best is best, if never intermix'd?

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet CI*.

Truth needs not the foil of rhetoric.—MIDDLETON. *The Family of Love* (*Glister*), *Act V*, *Sc III*.

Truth never hurts
The teller.

R. BROWNING. *Fifine at the Fair*, *XXXI*.

Truth never was indebted to a lie—YOUNG *Night Thoughts*, *Night VIII.*, line 587

Truth of any kind breeds ever new and better truth.—CARLYLE *The French Revolution*, *Pt I*, *Bk. VI*, *Ch. I*.

Truth of itself is of sufficient worth,
Nor needs it gloss of art to set it forth.

DRAYTON. *The Owl*.

Truth remains true, the fault's in the prover.—R. BROWNING. *Christmas Eve*, *No IV*.

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men.—MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Sohrab and Rustum*

Truth that peeps
Over the glass's edge when dinner's done

R. BROWNING. *Bishop Blougram's Apology*.

Truth! though the Heavens crush me for following her.—CARLYLE *Sartor Resartus*, *Bk. II*, *Ch. VII*.

Truth's golden o'er us although we refuse it—
Nature through cobwebs we string her.

R. BROWNING.

Turn cat in the pan very prettily.—R. EDWARDS. *Damon and Pythias*, *Carisophus*.

'Twas a thief said the last kind word to Christ,
Christ took the kindness and forgave the theft.

R. BROWNING *The Ring and the Bool*, *VI*, line 869.

'Twas only fear first in the world made gods.—BEN JONSON. *Sejanus* (*Sejanus*), *Act II*, *Sc. II*.

"Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.—COLLINS. *The Passions*,
Line 28.

"Twas the season fair and mild
When April has crept itself to May.

SHELLEY. *Rosalind and Helen*

"Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell.—CATHERINE
FANSHAWE. *Enigma: The Letter H.*

"Twere more than woman to be wise,
"Twere more than man to wish thee so !

T. MOORE. *The Ring.*

Twinn'd as horses ear and eye.—TENNYSON. *The Princess.*

"Twixt kings and their inferiors there's the odds,
These are mere men, we men, yet earthly gods

G. CHAPMAN. *Revenge for Honour (Abraham), Act IV., Sc. I.*

Two are better than one.—ECCLESIASTES. *Ch IV., ver. 9.*

Two Harveys had a mutual wish,
To please in separate stations ;
The one invented ' sauce for fish,'
The other ' Meditations '
Each has his pungent powers applied
To aid the dead and dying ;
That relishes a *sole* when fried,
This saves a soul from frying.

ANON.

Two heads are better than one.—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bl. I., Ch. IX.*

Two heads being better than one.—SOUTHEY. *The Devil's Walk*, 39

Two human loves make one divine—E. B. BROWNING. *Isobel's Child.*

(It is always good
When a man has) two irons in the fire.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Faithful Friends (Black-snout), Act I., Sc. II.*

Two of a thousand things are disallow'd,
A lying rich man, and a poor man proud.

HERRICK. *Hesperides*, 18.

Two of a trade can ne'er agree —GAY. *Fables, XXI.*

Two people who cannot afford to play cards for money sometimes sit down to a game for love—DICKENS. *Nicholas Nickleby, Ch I.*

Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One,—when a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One,—when a prince, he rises with his pearl.

R. BROWNING. *Paracelsus, I.*

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
Nor can one England brook a double reign

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. I. (Prince Henry), Act V., Sc. IV.*

TWO STRINGS—UNLESS SOME SWEETNESS. 315

Two strings to his bow.—BUTLER. *Hudibras, Pt. III., Can. I., line 3.*
"Tis good in every cause, you know,
To have two strings unto our bow.

CHURCHILL. *The Ghost, Bk. IV., line 1296.*

Two women placed together make cold weather.—SHAKESPEARE
Henry VIII. (Chamberlain), Act I., Sc. IV.

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI., Pt. I. (Bedford), Act II., Sc. II.*

Uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed we take
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake ;
The simple lesson which the nursery taught
Fell soft and stainless on the buds of thought,
And the full blossom owes 'ts fairest hue
To those sweet tear-drops of affection's dew.

O. W. HOLMES. *A Rhymed Lesson.*

Under a jealous prince
A great's as prejudicial as an evil fame.

SIR S. TUKE. *The Adventures of Five Hours (Don Antonio), Act II.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown —SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. II. (King Henry), Act III., Sc. I.*

Unhappy White ! when life was in its spring,
And thy young muse first waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science self destroyed her favourite son

BYRON. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Ghost), Act I., Sc. V.*

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprimed —MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. II., line 185.*

Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead —POPE. *Homer's Odyssey, Bk. V., line 401. Quoted by CAMBRIDGE. The Scribleriad, Bk. I., line 83.*

Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.—
BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. IV., St. 179.*

To this vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung

SIR W. SCOTT. *Lay of the Last Minstrel, Can. VI. St. 1*

Unwept, unshrouded, and unsepulchred —SOUTHEY. *A Tale of Paraguay, XI.*

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !

S DANIEL. *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland, St. 12.*

Unless some sweetness at the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pie ?

W. KING. *Art of Cookery, line 136.*

316 UNLESS YOU CAN—USE NOT TO LIE.

Unless you can swear, For life for death !
Oh, fear to call it loving !

Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving.

E. B. BROWNING. *A Woman's Shortcomings*

Unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky.

POPE. *The Rape of the Lock. Can. I.*, line 41

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.—SHAKESPEARE. *The Comedy of Errors (Abbess). Act V., Sc. I*

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers :
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours :
We have no good that we can say is ours.

But ill-annexed opportunity
O'er kills his life, or else his quality.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece*, 125.

Unruly children make their sire stoop.—SHAKESPEARE *Richard 11. (Gardener), Act III.. Sc IV.*

Unstable as water thou shalt not excel.—GENESIS. *Ch. XLIX. ver. 4.*

(For) unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evl ;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear.

SHAKESPEARE *The Rape of Lucrece* 13.

Until the mystery
Of all this world is solved, well may we envy
The worm, that underneath a stone whose weight
Would crush the lion's paw with mortal anguish,
Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep in safety.

WORDSWORTH. *The Borderers (Marmaduke) Act IV*

Unto the end shall charity endure
And candour hide those faults it cannot cure

CHURCHILL. *The Apology* line 310.

Upsprings the lark
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn.

THOMSON. *The Seasons. Springtime*. line 590.

Use and Worth,
That guard the portals of the house

TENNISON. *In Memoriam. XXIX.*

Use can almost change the stamp of Nature.—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III., Sc. IV.*

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping ?
SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act II., Sc. II.*

Use makes a better soldier than the most earnest considerations of duty.—EMERSON. *Courage*.

Use not to lie, for that is dishonest : speak not every truth, for that is unneedful ; yes, in time and place, a harmless lie is a great deal better than a hurtful truth.—ROGER ASCHAM. *Letter to C. Howe.*

Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of fleti and grove,
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love

WORDSWORTH. *Poems of the Fancy XX.*

Vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,
How asps are hid beneath the bowers of bliss!

SIR W JONES. *The Palace of Fortune*. line 241.

Valour's whetstone, anger,
Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it
Cut with a spirit.

RANDOLPH. *The Muses' Looking-Glass (Colax)*,
Act III. Sc. III.

("Tis an old maxim of the schools,
That) vanity's the food of fools

SWIFT *Cadenus and Vanessa*, line 752.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour

COWPER. *The Task*, Bk. II., line 606.

(I have no spur,
To prick the sides of my intent, but only,
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Macbeth)*, Act I. Sc. VII.

Venus smiles not in a house of tears—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Paris)*, Act IV, Sc. I.

Veracity is the heart of morality.—HUXLEY. *Science and Culture Universities Actual and Ideal*.

Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward light;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by't;
The God, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he speaks

PRIOR. *Epistle to Fleetwood Shephard*

Very like a whale—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Polonius)* Act III., Sc. II.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore

B. FRANKLIN. *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit:
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou canst not fathom it

TENNYSON. *The Poet's Mind*

(And) vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of night.—BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. I*, St. 2.

Vice engenders shame, and folly broods o'er grief.—PRIOR. *Solomon*, Bk. II., line 877.

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness—BURKE. *On the French Revolution*.

Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb—BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can I*, St. 2.

Vicious folks aye hate to see
The works of virtue thrive.

BURNS. *The Tree of Liberty.*

Victor from vanquish'd issues at the last,
And overthower from being overthrown.

TENNYSON. *Gareth and Lynette.*

Victuals and ammunition
And money too, the sinews of war.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Fair Maid
(First Magistrate), Act I, Sc. II.*

Moneys are the sinews of war.—FULLER. *Holy and Profane,
States; Holy State The Good Soldier.*

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.—BEATTIE. *The
Minstrel, Bk. II., St. 5.*

(For) villanie maketh villeine,
And by his dedes a chorl is seine.

CHAUCER. *Romaunt of the Rose, line 2181.*

Violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumphs, die: like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss, consume.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Friar Laurence),
Act II, Sc. VI.*

Violent fires soon burn out themselves.—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.*
(Gaunt), *Act II, Sc. I.*

Virtue best loves those children that she beats.—HERRICK. *Hes-
perides, 822.*

Virtue gives herself light through darknesse for to wade.—SPENSER.
The Faerie Queene, Bk. I, Can. I, St. 12.

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;
And, when we move not forward, we go backward.

MASSINGER.

Virtue in distress, and vice in triumph,
Make atheists of mankind.

DRYDEN. *Cleomenes.*

Virtue in youth no stable footing finds,
And constancy is built on manly minds.

ROWE. *Lucan's Pharsalia, Bk. VIII., line 367.*

Virtue is her own reward.—PRIOR. *Ode in Imitation of Horace,
Bk. III., Ode II.*

Virtue's its own reward.—VANBURGH. *The Provoked Wife
(Lady Brute), Act I, Sc. I.*

They know that virtue is its own reward.—GAY. *Epsile
to Methuen*

Amen: and virtue is its own reward!—HOME. *Douglas
(Glenalvon), Act III., Sc. I.*

Virtue is honour, and the noblest titles
Are but the public stamps set on the ore
To ascertain its value to mankind.

WEST. *Institution of the Garder, line 335.*

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed ; for Prosperity doth best discover vice ; but Adversity doth best discover virtue.—BACON. *Essay V., Of Adversity.*

Virtue is never aided by a vice.—BEN JONSON. *The New Inn (Lovel), Act IV., Sc. III.*

Virtue is the fount whence honour springs.—MARLOWE *Tamburlaine the Great, Pt. I. (Tamburlaine), Act V., Sc. II*

Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a Bed of Down.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. *Upon the sudden restraint
of the Earl of Somerset.*

Virtue is the shoeing-horn of justice.—UNKNOWN. *The Return from Parnassus (Kemp), Act IV., Sc. III.*

Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes.—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Laertes), Act I., Sc. III.*

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied :
And vice sometime's by action dignify'd

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Friar Laurence),
Act II., Sc. III.*

Virtue never grows old.—HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentum.*

Virtue only makes our bliss below ;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

POPE *Essay on Man, Ep. IV., line 397.*

Virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility

MARLOWE *Tamburlaine the Great, Pt. I.
(Tamburlaine), Act V., Sc. II.*

Virtue was never built upon ambition,
Nor the soul's beauties bred out of bravery

FLETCHER. *The Loyal Subject (Viola),
Act III., Sc. II.*

Virtue, without talent, is a coat of mail without a sword : it may indeed, defend the wearer, but will not enable him to protect his friend.—COLTON. *Lacon, XXI*

Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine.—YOUNG. *Love of Fame, Sat. V., line 522.*

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree.

POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. II., line 231.*

Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more.—RUSKIN. *Sesame and Lilies, Lect. I., 42.*

Wake not a sleeping wolf.—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV., Pt. II. (Chief Justice), Act I., Sc. II.*

Walls have ears.—WYCHERLEY. *Love in a Wood (Gripe)*, *Act III.*
Sc. III.

For by old proverbs it appears,
 That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

SWIFT.

For echo will repeat, and walls have ears.—PITT. *Epistle to Mr. Spence.*

Walls have ears—BYRON. *Marino Faliero*, *Act V.*, *Sc. I.*
Vide—‘The woods have,’ etc.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble

DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast*

War is a fire struck in the Devil's tinder-box.—HOWELL. *Familiar Letters*, *Bk. II.*, *Letter XLIII.* *To Lord R.*

War is honourable
 In those who do their native rights maintain :
 In those whose swords an iron barrier are
 Between the lawless spoiler and the weak.

JOANNA BAILLIE. *Ethwulf (Hereulf)*, *Act I.*, *Sc. III.*

War, . . . is natural to women, as well as men—at least, with their own sex!—SYDNEY SMITH. *Letter to Lady Holland*, 9th December 1807.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
 The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade.

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab*, *IV.*

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.—BEILBY PORTEUS. *Death*, line 178.

War made in earnest makes war to cease,
 And vigorous prosecution hastens peace.

SIR S. TKE. *The Adventures of Five Hours (Don Antonio)*, *Act II.*

War seldom enters but where wealth allures—DRYDEN. *The Hind and the Panther*, *Pt. II.*, line 706.

War, the needy bankrupt's last resort—ROWE. *Lucan's Pharsalia*, *Bk. I.*, line 343

War's a game which, were their subjects wise,
 Kings would not play at

COWPER. *The Task*, *Bk. V.*, line 189.

War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his sickle
 Before the grain is white.

SIR W. SCOTT. *Halidon Hill (Prior)*, *Act I.*, *Sc. I.*

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining to the night.

MILTON. *Comus*, line 221.

Waste is not grandeur.—MASON. *The English Garden*, *Bk. II.*, line 20.

Waste their music on the savage race—YOUNG. *Love of Fame*, *Sat. V.*, line 228

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.

Nor waste their sweetness on the desert air.—CHURCHILL.
Gotham, Bk II, line 20

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink,
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink

COLERIDGE *The Ancient Mariner, II, ver. 9*

We all love a pretty girl—under the rose—BICKERSTAFF *Love in a Village (Hawthorn sings), Act II, Sc II*

We are all inventors, each sailing out on a voyage of discovery, guided each by a private chart, of which there is no duplicate—EMERSON. *Resources.*

We are all of us more or less the slaves of opinion—W. HAZLITT. *Political Essays, On Court Influence*

(For) we are ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times

TENNYSON *The Day Dream*

We are our own fates Our own deeds
Are our doomsmen Man's life was made
Not for men's creeds,
But men's actions

OWEN MEREDITH *Lucile, Pt II, Can. V, St 8.*

We are ourselves
Our heaven and hell, the joy, the penalty,
The yearning, the fruition

LEWIS MORRIS. *Epic of Hades, Tantalus*

We are praised, only as men in us
Do recognise some image of themselves,
An abject counterpart of what they are,
Or the empty thing that they would wish to be

WORDSWORTH *The Borderers (Oswald), Act IV.*

We are puppets, man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower;
Do we move ourselves, or are we moved by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed?
Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour,
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame;
However we brave it out, we men are a little breed

TENNYSON *Maud, IV, 5*

We are Time's subjects—SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Pt II (Hastings), Act I, Sc III*

We, by our sufferings, learn to prize our bliss—DRYDEN *Astraea Redux.*

We could never have loved the earth so well, if we had had no childhood in it—GEORGE ELIOT *The Mill on the Floss, Bk I, Ch V*

We did sleep day out of countenance—SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra (Enobarbus), Act II, Sc II*

We do that in our zeal
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer

SIR W. SCOTT *Woodstock, Ch XVII.*

We hand folk over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves.—
GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede, Ch. XLII.*

We have a crow to pull.—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. II., Ch. V.*

We'll pluck a crow together.—SHAKESPEARE. *Comedy of Errors (Dromio of Eph.), Act III., Sc. I.*

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love another.—SWIFT. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it—SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act III., Sc. II.*

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Menecrates), Act II., Sc. I.*

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British Public in one of its periodical fits of morality.—MACAULAY. *Essay on Moore's Life of Lord Byron.*

We know what we are, but know not what we may be—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Ophelia), Act IV., Sc. V.*

We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.—POMFRET. *Reason, line 112.*

We live by the gold for which other men die—PRIOR. *The Thief and Cordelier.*

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial ;
We should count time by heart-throbs He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

P. J. BAILEY. *Festus.*

We look before and after, and pine for what is not.—SHELLEY. *Ode to a Skylark.*

We men are a little breed.—TENNYSON. *Maud, IV., 10.*

We met—'twas in a crowd.—HAYNES BAYLY. *We Met, St. 1.*

We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame—MALLETT. *Prologue to The Siege of Damascus.*

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

WORDSWORTH. *Poems to National Independence, Pt I.-XVI.*

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

SHAKESPEARE. *Measure for Measure (Angelo), Act II., Sc. I.*

WE MUST TAKE—WEARING THE WHITE. 323

We must take our poets as we do our meals—as they are served up to us—AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. *Obiter Dicta, Mr. Browning's Poetry.*

We ne'er can be
Made happy by compulsion

COLERIDGE. *The Three Graves.*

We only part to meet again,
Change as ye list, ye winds ! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee

GAY. *William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.*

We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.

HERBERT. *The Temple, The Church, Sin.*

We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills—
EMERSON. *Self-Reliance.*

We should marry to please ourselves, not other people—BICKERSTAFFE.
The Maid of the Mill (Lord Ainsworth), Act III, Sc IV.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so

POPE *Essay on Criticism, Pt II, line 438.*

Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground

CHURCHILL. *Gotham, line 107.*

Weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance

SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida*
(*Troilus*), *Act I, Sc. I.*

Weakness never need be falseness : truth is truth in each degree,
Thunder-pealed by God to Nature, whispered by my soul to me.

BROWNING *La Saisiaz, line 1878.*

Wealth, howsoever got, in England makes
Lords of mechanics, gentlemen of rakes :
Antiquity and birth are needless here ;
"Tis impudence and money makes a peer.

DEFOE *The True-born Englishman, Pt I.*

Wealth may seek us ; but wisdom must be sought—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night VIII., line 621.*

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline (Belarius),*
Act III., Sc VI

Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower
TENNYSON. *In Memoriam, CXXXI.*

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot.

TENNYSON. *Idylls of the King, Dedication.*

Wedding is destiny,
And hanging likewise

J. HEYWOOD *Proverbs, Bk I, Ch III.*

Marriage and hanging go by destiny—MIDDLETON. *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside (Lady Kix), Act III, Sc III*—FLETCHER. *A Wife for a Month (Menallo), Act II., Sc. I.*

If matrimony and hanging go
By dest'ny, why not whipping too?

BUTLER *Hudibras, Bk I, line 839.*

Wedding is the hardest band
That ony man may tak on hand

BARBOUR. *The Bruce, Bk I, line 267.*

Wedlock's a pill

Bitter to swallow

And hard of digestion

BICKERSTAFF. *The Padlock (Don Diego).*

Act I, Sc I

Weeping is the ease of woe—R. CRASHAW. *Sainte Mary Magdalene, XIII.*

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest—POPE *Imitations of Horace, Bk II, line 159*

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest

POPE *Homer's Odyssey, Bk XV., line 83.*

'Well, you may fear too far' (*Albany*)

'Safer than trust too far' (*Goneril*)

SHAKESPEARE *King Lear, Act I, Sc IV.*

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,

Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last

SHAKESPEARE *Venus and Adonis, 96*

We're charmed with distant views of happiness,

But near approaches make the prospect less

YALDEN *Against Enjoyment.*

As distant prospects please us, but when near

We find but desert rocks and fleeting air

GARTH *The Dispensary, Can III, line 27.*

Were man

But constant, he were perfect

SHAKESPEARE *Two Gentlemen of Verona (Proteus), Act V., Sc IV.*

Were't not for gold and women, there would be no damnation—TOURNEUR *The Rerenger's Tragedy (Vendice), Act II, Sc I.*

Were there no women, men might live like gods—DEKKER. *The Honest Whore, Pt II. (Hippolito), Act III., Sc I.*

'Were women never so fair, men would be false' (*Campaspe*)

'Were women never so false, men would be fond' (*Apelles*)

LYLY. *Campaspe, Act III, Sc III.*

What a falling off was there!—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Ghost), Act I, Sc. V.*

What a fool

An injury may make of a staid man!

KEATS *Otho the Great, Act III, Sc I.*

What a hell of witchcraft lies
 In the small orb of one particular tear !
 But with the inundation of the eyes
 What rocky heart to water will not wear ?

SHAKESPEARE. *A Lover's Complaint.*

What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite
 in faculty ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in
 action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty
 of the world ! the paragon of animals !—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*
(Hamlet), Act II., Sc. II.

What an impostor Genius is—
 How with that strong mimetic art,
 Which is its life and soul, it takes
 All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
 Nor feels itself, one throb it makes.

T. MOORE. *Rhymes on the Road, VIII.*

What ardently we wish, we soon believe—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*
Night VII., Pt. II., line 1311.

(For) what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
 But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
 That rise and fall, that swell and are no more,
 Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour ?

YOUNG. *Love of Fame, Sat. II., line 285.*

What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see ?
 Ah ! tasteless all, if not enjoyed with thee

PARNELL. *Eclogues, Health.*

(For) what are the voices of birds—
 Ay, and of beasts—but words, our words,
 Only so much more sweet ?

R. BROWNING. *Pippa Passes.*

What better school for manners than the company of virtuous
 women ?—HUME *Essay XIV., The Rise of Arts and Sciences*

(For) what can earth produce, but love,
 To represent the joys above ?
 Or who, but lovers, can converse,
 Like angels, by the eye discourse ?

BUTLER. *Hudibras, to his Lady.*

What can ennable sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards
 POPE *Essay on Man, Ep. IV., line 215.*

What can we reason, but from what we know ?—POPE. *Essay on*
Man, Ep. I., line 18.

What cannot be cured must be endured—OLD PROVERB.

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.—SHAKESPEARE.
Merry Wives of Windsor (Page), Act V., Sc. V.

No sky is heavy if the heart be light,
 Patience is sorrow's salve : what can't be cur'd,
 So Donald right areads, must be endur'd

CHURCHILL. *The Prophecy of Famine, line 361.*

What custom hath endear'd
We part with sadly, though we prize it not.

JOANNA BAILLIE. *Basil (Rosinberg)*, *Act I., Sc. II.*

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?—BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. III., LXXXIV.*

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things

POPE. *The Rape of the Loch, Bk. I.*, line 1.

What do the damn'd endure, but to despair,
But knowing Heaven, to know it lost for ever?

CONGREVE. *The Mourning Bride (Almeria)*, *Act III., Sc. VI.*

What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?
—GEORGE ELIOT. *Middlemarch*.

What does the world, told a truth, but lie the more?—R. BROWNING.
The Ring and the Book, Bk. X., line 673.

What effect
Hath jealousy, and how befooling men,
It makes false true, abuses eye and ear,
Turns mere mist adamantine, loads with sound
Silence, and into void and vacancy
Crowds a whole phalanx of conspiring foes?

R. BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book*,
Bk. IX., line 385.

What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

GRAY. *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat.*

What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell,

SMOLLETT. *The Tears of Scotland.*

What happiness to reign a lonely king?—TENNYSON. *The Coming of Arthur.*

What hearts have men! they never mount
As high as woman in her selfless mood

TENNYSON. *Merlin and Vivien.*

What ills from beauty spring?—DR. JOHNSON. *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 321.

What is a king? a man condemn'd to bear
The public burthen of a nation's care.

PRIOR. *Solomon*, *Bk. III.*, line 270.

What is a law, if those who make it
Become the farowdest to break it?

BEATTIE. *The Wolf and the Shepherds.*

What is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade.

BYRON. *Don Juan, Can. XI.*, St. 37.

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Hamlet)*, *Act IV., Sc. IV.*

What is aught, but as 'tis valued?—SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida (Troilus), Act II, Sc. II*

What is beauty? a mere quintessence,
Whose life is not in being, but in seeming.

G. CHAPMAN. *All Fooles (Reynaldo), Act I, Sc. I.*

What is done wisely is done well—SHELLEY. *The Cenci (Beatrice), Act IV., Sc. IV.*

(For) what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case?

N. COTTON. *Visions in Verse, Pleasure.*

What is genius, but deep feeling
Waken'd by passion to revealing?
And what is feeling, but to be
Alive to every misery,
While the heart, too fond, too weak,
Lies open for the vulture's beak?

L. E. L. *The Golden Violet.*

What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain:
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful mem'ry of the good

GRAY. *Ode for Music, V.*

What is honour? A word.

What is that word, Honour? Air

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV., Pt. I. (Falstaff), Act V., Sc. I.*

What, is my beaver easier than it was?—SHAKESPEARE *Richard III. (King Richard), Act V., Sc. III.*

What is nearest touches us most. The passions rise higher at domestic than at imperial tragedies—DR. JOHNSON. *Letter to Mrs. Thrale.*

What is opportunity to the man who can't use it? An unfecundated egg, which the waves of time wash away into nonentity.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Scenes of Clerical Life, Amos Barton*

What is prudence in the conduct of every private family, can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom.—ADAM SMITH. *The Wealth of Nations.*

(For) what is Right
But equipoise of Nature, alternating
The Too much and Too little?

LEWIS MORRIS *The Epic of Hades, Tantalus.*

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.—TOM BROWN.
New Maxims

What is strength without a double share
Of wisdom?—vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties—not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes (Samson).*

What is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conviviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather?—DICKENS. *Old Curiosity Shop (Dick Swiveller), Ch. II.*

What is the straw to the wheat?—JEREMIAH. Ch. XXIII., ver. 28.

What is the worth of anything
But for the happiness 'twill bring?

CAMBRIDGE. *Learning, a Dialogue*, line 23

What is there in the vale of life,
Half so delightful as a wife;
When friendship, love, and peace combine,
To stamp the marriage bond divine?

COWPER. *Lore Abused*, line 1.

What is there in this vile earth that more commendeth a woman than constancy?—LILY. *Euphues and his England*.

What is this fame, thus crowded round with slaves?
The breath of fools, the bait of flattering knaves.

GRANVILLE. *Imitation of second Chorus in Act II.*
of Seneca's Thyestes.

What is to be broke will be broke.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede*
(*Mrs. Poyser*), Bk. II., Ch. XX.

(For) what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry VI.*, Pt. I. (*Suffolk*), Act V., Sc. VI.

What is woman? only one of
Nature's agreeable blunders.

MRS COWLEY. *Who's the Dupe?* Act II., Sc. II.

(For) what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring?

BUTLER. *Hudibras*, Pt. II., Can. I., line 465.

What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.

BYRON. *The Corsair*, Can. II., 15

What may long abide above this ground,
In state of bliss and healthful happiness.

SHAKESPEARE (attributed to). *Locrine*, Prologue.

What medicine then can such disease remove,
Where love draws hate, and hate engendereth love?

SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia*, Bk. III.

What merit to be dropp'd on fortune's hill?
The honour is to mount it.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES. *The Hunchback (Walter)*, Act I., Sc.

What mighty magic can assuage
A woman's envy and a bigot's rage?

GRANVILLE. *The Progress of Beauty*, line 161.

(Ah me!) what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a state.

CHURCHILL. *The Duellist*, Bk. III., line 1.

What need a man foretell his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?

MILTON. *Comus (1st Brother)*.

WHAT NEED TO STRIVE—WHAT WE ALL. 329

What need to strive with a life awry?—R. BROWNING. *The Last Ride Together*

(Ah me!) what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

BUTLER *Hudibras, Pt I, Can III*, line 1.

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed

SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra*
(*Cleopatra*), Act V., Sc. II.

What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone—POPE *Essay on Man*
Ep. II., line 42

What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps

LONGFELLOW. *Resignation*.

What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!—BURKE *Speech at Bristol on declining the Poll*, 1780

What should they know of England who only England know?—
RUDYARD KIPLING *The English Flag*

What signifies a few foolish angry words? they don't break bones, nor
give black eyes—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *The Militant Couple (Bellair)*.

What strong mysterious links enchain the heart,
To regions where the morn of life was spent.

JAMES GRAHAME *The Sabbath*, line 404

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted

SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI, Pt II*
(*King*), Act III, Sc. II

What takes our heart must merit our esteem—PRIOR. *Solomon, Bk. II.*, line 101.

What though youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine

MOORE. *Spring and Autumn*.

What time to tardy consummation brings,
Calamity, like to a frosty night
That ripeneth the grain, completes at once

SIR H. TAYLOR. *Philip van Artevelde, Pt I.*
(*Artevelde*), Act IV., Sc. II

What trouble waits upon a casual frown!—BLOOMFIELD *The Farmer's Boy, Summer*, line 388.

What 'twas weak to do,
'Tis weaker to lament once being done.

SHELLEY. *The Cenci (Beatrice)*, Act V., Sc. III.

What we all love is good touched up with evil—
Religion's self must have a spice of devil

A. H. CLOUGH. *Dipsyodus (Spirit)*, Sc. III

What we do determine, oft we break,
Purpose is but the slave to memory.

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (Player King), Act III, Sc. II.*

What weapons has the lion but himself?—KEATS. *King Stephen, Sc. III.*

What will I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece, 31.*

What will not constant woman do for love
That's lov'd with constancy! Set her the task,
Virtue approving, that will baffle her!

SHERIDAN KNOWLES. *The Hunchback (Julia), Act IV., Sc. II.*

What will not woman, when she loves?
Yet lost, alas! who can restore her?

ROGERS. *Jacqueline, I.*

What woman can resist the force of praise?—GAY. *Trivia, Bk. I.*

What would you weigh 'gainst love?
That's true! Tell me with what you'd turn the scale?
Yea, make the index waver! Wealth? a feather!
Rank? tinsel against bullion in the balance!
The love of kindred? That to set 'gainst love!
Friendship comes nearest to 't; but put it in,
Friendship will kick the beam! weigh nothing 'gainst it!
Weigh love against the world!
Yet are they happy that have nought to say to it

SHERIDAN KNOWLES. *The Hunchback (Julia), Act IV., Sc. II.*

What wounds sorer than an evil tongue?—PHILLIPS. *Pastoral, II.*

What youth deemed crystal, age finds out was dew,
Morn set a-sparkle, but which noon quick dried,
While youth bent gazing at its red and blue,
Supposed perennial—never dreamed the sun
Which kindled the display would quench it too.

R. BROWNING. *Jocoseria.*

Whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II. (Richard), Act V, Sc. V.*

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.

POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. II, line 261.*

Whatever is, is right, says Pope,
So said a learned thief;
But when his fate required a rope
He varied his belief.

ANONYMOUS.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well—LORD CHESTERFIELD *Letter to his Godson*, 10th March 1746

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens—
DANIEL WEBSTER. *Speech at Plymouth*, 22nd December 1820

What's a butterfly ? at best
He's but a caterpillar drest

GAY. *Fables, Pt I, XXIV.*

What's all the noisy jargon of the schools,
But idle nonsense of laborious fools,
Who fetter reason with perplexing rules ?

POMFRET. *Reason.*

What's beauty but a corse ?
What but fair sand-dust aro earth's purest forms ?
Queens' bodies are but trunks to put in worms

MIDDLETON AND DEKKER *The Honest Whore*,
Pt I (Duke), Act I, Sc. I.

What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay—WALSH *To his Book.*

What's done cannot be undone—SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth)*, *Act V, Sc I.*

What's female beauty, but an air divine
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine ?

YOUNG *Satire VI, line 15*

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief

SHAKESPEARE *A Winter's Tale (Paulina)*, *Act III, Sc. II.*

What's in a name ? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title Romeo, doff thy name ,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet (Juliet)*, *Act II., Sc II.*

What's there in a name ?—CHURCHILL. *The Farewell.*

What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink

FLETCHER. *Love's Cure (Piorato)*, *Act III, Sc II.*

What's the best news with you ?—TH HOLCROFT. *Duplicity (Sir Hornet Armstrong)*, *Act III, Sc II*

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap—ST PAUL.
Epistle to the Galatians, Ch VI, ver 7.

(So) when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men

LONGFELLOW. *Charles Sumner.*

When a man is his own enemy, he is very unreasonable if he expect
other men to be his benefactors—BULWER LYTTON. *What will he do
with it ? (Waife)*, *Bk. V, Ch. IV.*

When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,
His best friends hear no more of him.

SHELLEY. *Letter to Maria Gisborne.*

When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman ?

JOHN BALL. (*A priest who took part in the Wat Tyler riots.*)—UNKNOWN. *Jack Straw (Parson Ball), Act I., circa 1604.*

When affection only speaks,
Truth is not always there.

MIDDLETON. *The Old Law (Leonides), Act IV., Sc. II.*

When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost.

BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can. II., XXXV.*

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on

DR. G SEWELL. *The Suicide, Bk. XI., Ep. LV.*

When bad men combine, the good must associate : else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle—BURKE. *On the Present Discontents.*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen :

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Calpurnia), Act II., Sc. II.*

When better choices are not to be had,
We needs must take the seeming best of bad.

S DANIEL. *Civil War, Bk. II., XXIV.*

When Caesar says, *Do this* it is performed.—SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Caesar (Antony), Act I., Sc. II*

When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true

SEDLEY. *Reasons for Constancy.*

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard III. (3rd Citizen), Act III., Sc. III.*

When debtors once have borrowed all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow shy of their creditors' company.—VANBURGH. *The Provoked Wife (Lady Brute), Act III., Sc. I.*

When devils will the blackest sin put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Iago), Act II., Sc. III.*

When did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?

SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Antonio), Act I., Sc. III*

When did women ever yet invent ?—TENNYSON. *The Princess.*

When Dido found *Æneas* would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was di do dum

PORSON. *Faciliae Cantab.*

(It is a rule in friendship,) when Distrust enters in at the fore-gate,
Love goes out at the postern.—J. HOWELL *Familiar Letters, Bk. I.*
Sect V., Letter XX. To Dr. H. W.

When fails our dearest friend,
There may be refuge with our drest foe

SHERIDAN KNOWLES. *The Wife (Marianna), Act V., Sc. II*

When fair occasion calls, 'tis fatal to delay—ROWE *Lucan's Phar-
salia, Bk. I, line 513*

When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot

SHAKESPEARE *Timon of Athens (Poet), Act I., Sc. I.*

When Fortune favours, none but fools will dally.—DRYDEN *Epilogue
VIII., To the Duke of Guise.*

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye

SHAKESPEARE. *King John (Pandulph), Act III., Sc. IV.*

When found make a note of—C. DICKENS. *Dombey and Son (Capt.
Cuttle), Ch. XV.*

When goodwill is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Cleopatra), Act II., Sc. V.*

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war,
The labour'd Battel sweat, and conquest bled.

NAT LEE *Alexander the Great (Clytus), Act IV., Sc. II.*

When headstrong passion gets the reins of reason,
The force of nature, like too strong a gale,
For want of ballast, oversets the vessel

B. HIGGONS. *The Generous Conqueror.*

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.

GARTH *The Dispensary, Can. V., line 321*

When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double
danger in it.—SHERIDAN *The School for Scandal (Jos. Surface),
Act IV., Sc. III.*

When is a man strong, until he feels alone?—R. BROWNING. *Colombæ's
Birthday, Act III.*

When kings the sword of justice first lay down,
They are no kings, though they possess the crown:
Titles are shadows, crowns are empty things:
The good of subjects is the end of kings!

DEFOE. *The True-born Englishman, Pt. II.*

When law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.

SHAKESPEARE *King John (Constance)*, *Act III.*, *Sc. I.*

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

SHAKESPEARE. *Julius Cæsar (Brutus)*, *Act IV.*, *Sc. II.*

When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast),
The woman that deliberates is lost

ADDISON. *Cato (Marcia)*, *Act IV.*, *Sc. I.*

When Love owes to Nature his charms,
How vain are the lessons of art!

HORACE SMITH. *Horace in London, Bk. I*, *Ode XIX.*

When love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

SHAKESPEARE *Lore's Labour's Lost (Biron)*, *Act IV.*, *Sc. III.*

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy ?
What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom is—to die

GOLDSMITH. *The Vicar of Wakefield, Ch. XXIV.*

When maidens sue,
Men give like gods.

SHAKESPEARE *Measure for Measure (Lucio)*, *Act I.*, *Sc. IV.*

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone

SIR W. SCOTT. *Marmion, Ch. II*, *Introduction*

When Nature's happiest touch could add no more,
Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face

MICKLE *Mary, Queen of Scots.*

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Lady Macduff)*, *Act IV.*, *Sc. II*

When pain ends, gain ends too—R. BROWNING *A Death in the Desert.*

When people's feelings have got a deadly wound, they can't be cured with favours—GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede (Adam Bede)*, *Bk. V.*, *Ch. XLVIII.*

When Popes damn Popes, and councils damn them all,
And Popes damn councils, what must Christians do ?

R. BAXTER. *Hypocrisy.*

When pride cometh, then cometh shame—PROVERBS Ch. XL., ver. 2.

When princes meet, astrologers may mark it
An ominous conjunction, full of boding,
Like that of Mars with Saturn

SIR W SCOTT *Quentin Durward, Ch. XXXI.*

When remembrance racks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair

BURNS *Frae the Friends and Land I Love.*

When rich villains have need of poor ones,
Poor ones may make what price they will

SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado about Nothing*
(*Borachio*), *Act III, Sc. III.*

When scandal has new minted an old lie,
Or tax'd invention for a fresh supply,
'Tis called a satire, and the world appears
Gathering around it with erected ears

COWPER *Charity.*

When shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams across the sea?

TENNYSON. *The Golden Year.*

'When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?' (1st Witch)
'When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won' (2nd Witch)

SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth, Act I, Sc. I.*

(And she may still exist in undiminished vigour) when some traveller
from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand
on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's—
MACAULAY. *Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes.*

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (King), Act IV, Sc. V.*

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff

SHAKESPEARE *Julius Caesar (Antony), Act III, Sc. II.*

When the age is in, the wit is out—SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado about Nothing* (*Dogberry*), *Act III, Sc. V.*

When the cat's away, the mice will play—OLD PROVERB.

Playing the mouse in absence of the cat—SHAKESPEARE.
Henry V. (Westmoreland), Act I, Sc. II.

When the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something.

R. BROWNING. *Bishop Blougram's Apology.*

When the judgment's weak,
The prejudice is strong

KANE O'HARA *Midas, Act I, Sc. II.*

When the liquor's out, why clink the cannikin?—R. BROWNING. *The Flight of the Duchess, XVI.*

When the man wants weight, the woman takes it up,
And topples down the scales.

TENNYSON. *The Princess.*

When the people have no other tyrant, their own public opinion becomes one.—BULWER LYTTON. *Ernest Maltravers, Bk. VI, Ch. V.*
(For) when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven

SHELLEY. *Queen Mab, II.*

When the stool's rotten enough, no matter who sits on it.—GEORGE ELIOT. *Scenes of Clerical Life, Amos Barton (Mr. Hackit).*

When the stormy winds do blow.—MARTYN PARKER *Song.*

When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

CAMPBELL. *Ye Mariners of England.*

When the sunne shuneth, make hay—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. III.*

When th' iron is hot, strike—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. I., Ch. III.*

Strike whilst the iron is hot.—WEBSTER. *Westward Hoe.*

When thieves fall out, true men come to their good.—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. II., Ch. IX.*

When Rogues fall out, honest men get their own.—SIR M. HALE.

MR. HAIN FRISWELL, in 'Familiar Words,' p. 277, says: 'In a case before Sir Matthew Hale, the two litigants unwillingly let out that at a former period they had in conjunction leased a ferry to the injury of the proprietor, on which Sir M. Hale made the above remark.'

When things are helpless, patience must be used.—W. HOUGHTON. *Englishmen for my Money (Moore), Act V, Sc. III.*

When, though the innate Hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.
No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and still live on;
Like things, within the cold rock found
Alive, when all's congeal'd around.

T. MOORE. *Lalla Rookh, VIII.*

When to sin our biass'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means.

DAYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. I, line 79.*

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

ADDISON. *Cato (Cato), Act IV., Sc. IV.*

(For) when was public virtue to be found
When private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend
Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there.

COWPER. *The Task, Bk. V.*

When we are born, wo cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.

SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (Lear)*,
Act IV., Sc. VI.

When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet (Capulet)*,
Act I, Sc II

When yellow waves the heavy grain —BURNS. *The Vision*

When you sleep in your cloak there's no lodging to pay.—WHYTHE
MELVILLE. *Boots and Saddles*

When youth is fallen, there's hope the young may rise,
But fallen age for ever hopeless lies

CRABBE *The Borough, Letter XXI.*

Whenever the faculties of men are at their fulness, they must express
themselves by art —RUSKIN *The Crown of Wild Olive, War*, 93

(But) where a Passion, yet unborn perhaps,
Lay hidden as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.

TENNYSON. *Aylmer's Field.*

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins —YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*,
Night VIII, line 509.

Where demonstrations come in the van, remonstrations come in the
rear —LANDOR. *Imaginary Conversations, Don Victor Saez and El Rey
Netto.*

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II. (York), Act II., Sc. I.*

Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

SIR W. RALEIGH. *The Silent Lover.*

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom

MILTON. *Il Penseroso, line 79*

Where God hath a temple, the Devil hath a chapel —BURTON.
Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt III. Sect IV, Subsect I

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a
chapel hard by —HERBERT *Jacula Prudentum.*

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there :
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation

DEFOE. *The True-born Englishman, Pt I., line 1.*

Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,
And lies like truth, and still most truly lies

BYRON. *Lara, Can. I, XI.*

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise

GRAY. *Ode on the distant prospect of Eton College.*

338 WHERE IMPERFECTION—WHERE THE GREAT.

Where imperfection ceaseth, heaven begins.

Where sin ends, bliss

P. J. BAILEY. *Festus (Festus), II.*

Where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?

SHAKESPEARE. *Love's Labour's Lost (Biron), Act IV., Sc. III.*

Where is the man who has the power and skill

To stem the torrent of a woman's will ?

For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

ANONYMOUS.

Where is the heart that has not bow'd

A slave, eternal Love, to thee ?

Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,

And is there one among them free ?

L. E. L. *The Troubadour.*

Where is Truth, if there be no self-trust ?—SHAKESPEARE. *The Rape of Lucrece, 23.*

Where justice reigns, 'tis freedom to obey.—J. MONTGOMERY *Greenland, Can. IV.*

Where law ends, tyranny begins—EARL OF CHATHAM. *Speech on Wilkes Case, 9th January 1770*

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts the head and lies.

POPE. *Ep. III, Of the Use of Riches, line 339.*

Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.

YOUNG. *Love of Fame, Sat. II, line 207.*

(For) where no hope is left, is left no fear—MILTON. *Paradise Regained, Bk. III., line 206*

Where no oxen are, the crib is clean.—PROVERBS. *Ch. XIV., ver. 4.*

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel ;

Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle :

Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown ;

Both are most valued where they most are known

LYTTELTON. *Soliloquy.*

Where one danger's near,

The more remote, tho' greater, disappear.

So, from the hawk, birds to man's succour flee,

So from fir'd ships man leaps into the sea

COWLEY. *Davides, Bk. III, line 31.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;

In a cowslip's bell I lie :

There I couch when owls do cry.

SHAKESPEARE *The Tempest (Ariel), Act V., Sc. I.*

Where the broad ocean leans against the land.—GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller, line 288.*

Where the great offence is, let the great axe fall.—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (King), Act IV., Sc. V.*

Where the fault springs, there let the judgment fall.—HERRICK. *Hesperides, 608.*

Where the heart is prepared for evil, opportunity is seldom long wanting—SIR W. SCOTT *The Heart of Midlothian, Ch. II.*

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour—DR. JOHNSON. *The Rambler, No. 110.*

Where there is strife betwixt a man and wife, 'tis hell,
And mutual love may be compar'd to heaven

JOSHUA COOKE (attributed to) *How a Man may choose a good Wife from a bad (Old Arthur), Act I., Sc. I.*

Where, through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise

GRAY *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Where we love is home—
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts.

O W. HOLMES. *Homesick in Heaven.*

Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?

GAY. *Fable III, line 33.*

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee

GOLDSMITH *The Traveller, line 7.*

Where'er
One meek heart prays, God's love is there!

PRAED. *The Legend of the Drachenfels.*

Wherever woman has a tongue, there Mrs. Grundy has a home.—
BULWER LYTTON. *Kenelm Chillingley, Bk. II, Ch. XV.*

Whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there.

WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude, Bk. VI.*

Which of your philosophical Systems is other than a dream—theorem;
a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are
both unknown?—CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus, Bk. I, Ch. VIII.*

While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!

MOORE *Aspasia*

While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.

SMOLLETT. *Advice (Poet), line 31.*

While there is life there's hope—GAY. *Fables, Pt. I, XXVII.*

Whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary.

SHAKESPEARE. *King John (Bastard), Act I, Sc. I.*

Whimsey, not reason, is the female guide—GRANVILLE. *The Vision, line 81.*

(And) whispering, 'I will ne'er consent,' consented—BYRON. *Don Juan, Canto I, St. 117.*

(But) whispering tongues can poison truth—COLERIDGE. *Christabel, II.*

White lies are but the gentlemen ushers to black ones—MARRYAT. *Peter Simple (O'Brien), Ch. XXXIV.*

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind ;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Edgar), Act III., Sc. VI.*

Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin—SHAKESPEARE. *Timon of Athens (Sempronius), Act III., Sc. III.*

Who bathes in worldly joyes, swimmes in a world of fears—PH. FLETCHER. *The Purple Island, Can. VIII., St. 7.*

Who best
Can suffer, best can do ; best reign, who first
Well hath obeyed.

MILTON. *Paradise Regained, Bk. III., line 194.*

Who blurs fair paper with foul bastard rhymes,
Shall live full many an age in latter times :
Who makes a ballad for an alehouse door,
Shall live in future times for evermore

UNKNOWN. *The Return from Parnassus (Judicio), Act I., Sc. II.*

Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall.—SMOLLETT. *Advice (Friend), line 208.*

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn,
And he alone is blessed who ne'er was born.

PRIOR. *Solomon, Bk. III., line 240.*

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name

POPE. *Moral Essays, Ep. III., Of the Use of Riches, line 285.*

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At the head of others, hit their own

HERBERT. *The Temple, The Church, Charms and Knots.*

Who can answer where any road leads to ?—OWEN MEREDITH. *Lucile, Pt. I., Can. IV., St. 21.*

Who can apply the futile argument
Of finite beings to infinity ?
He might as well compress the universe
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
Scoop'd out by human art ; or bid the whale
Drink up the sea it swims in

KIRKE WHITE. *Time, line 298.*

Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean ?—JOB. *Ch. XIV., ver. 4.*

Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?—GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller, line 64.*

(O), who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow

By thinking on fantastio summer's heat ?
Oh, no ! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rattle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II. (Bolingbroke), Act I., Sc. III.*

Oh ! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or wallow naked in December's snow
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat ?

COLLEY CIBBER. *Richard III., altered by (King Henry), Act I., Sc. I.*

Who can paint
Like Nature ? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?

THOMSON *The Seasons, Spring, line 465.*

Who can refute a sneer ?—PALEY *Moral Philosophy, Bl. V, Ch. IX.*
Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the prize,
But 'tis a godlike work to civilise.

TICKELL. *On the Prospect of Peace.*

Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face

RHODES *Bombastes Furoso, Act I., Sc. IV.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more

YOUNG *Night Thoughts, Night II, line 90.*

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.—PIOZZI. *Life of Dr. Johnson.*

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ?—MARLOWE. *Hero and Leander, Sestad, I.*—SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It (Phoebe), Act III., Sc. V.*

Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length ?

QUARLES *Emblems, Bk. II, Em. XIV.*

Who falls for love of God shall rise a star.—BEN JONSON. *Underwoods, XXXII, To a Friend*

Who falls in honourable strife,
Surrenders nothing but his life,
Who basely triumphs casts away
The glory of the well-won day.

J. MONTGOMERY *Thoughts on Wheels, No. I., The Combat.*

Who fears t' offend takes the first step to please—COLLEY CIBBER.
Love in a Riddle, Act I.

Who for preferments at a court would wait,
Where every gudgeon's nibbling at the bait ?
What fish of sense would on the shallow lie,
Amongst the little starving wriggling fry,
That throng and crowd each other for a taste
Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste ;
When the wide river he behind him sees,
Where he may launch to liberty and ease ?

OTWAY. *Epistle to Mr. Duke.*

Who for sympathy may seek that cannot tell of pain?—SIR W. SCOTT. *Harold the Dauntless, Introduction*

Who friendship with a knave hath made
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.

GAY. *Fables, Pt I., XXIII.*

Who games, is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health

N. COTTON. *Visions in Verse, Pleasure.*

Who goes gleaning
Hedgeside chance-blades, while full-sheaved
Stand corn-fields by him?

R. BROWNING. *Waring*

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

HERBERT. *The Temple, The Church, Charms and Knots.*

Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself or his own virtue.

THOMSON. *Alfred, Act I., Sc I.*

Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?

CAMPBELL. *The Pleasures of Hope, II.*

The tribute of a sigh.—SIR W. SCOTT. *The Lord of the Isles, Can. IV., VIII.*

Who hears music, feels his solitude
Peopled at once.

R. BROWNING. *Balaustion's Adventure.*

Who is worse shod than the shoemaker's wife?—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bl. I., Ch. XI.*

Who keeps one end in view, makes all things serve.—R. BROWNING. *In a Balcony.*

Who knows most, doubts most; entertaining hope
Means recognising fear.

R. BROWNING. *The Two Poets of Crotacic, CLVIII.*

Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find.—COWLEY. *Pyramus and Thisbe, XV.*

Who lives to Nature rarely can be poor;
Who lives to Fancy never can be rich

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night VI, line 530.*

Who never doubted, never half believ'd;
Where doubt, there truth is—'tis her shadow

P. J. BAILEY. *Festus, Bk. VI.*

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with eternal God for power

TENNYSON. *Ode to the Duke of Wellington.*

Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks he feels—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night VI.*

Who nourisheth a lion must obey him.—BEN JONSON. *Sejanus (Tiberius), Act III., Sc. III*

Who observes strict policy's true laws,
Shifts his proceedings to the varying cause.

M. DRAYTON. *The Barons' Wars, Bk. I, LVII.*

Who often reads, will sometimes wish to write—CRABBE *Edward Shore*

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe

MILTON *Paradise Lost, Bk. I., line 648.*

Who pants for glory finds but short repose—POPE *Imitations of Horace, Bk. II, Ep. I.*

Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart

HERBERT *The Temple, The Church Porch.*

Who quick be to borrow, and slow be to pay,
Their credit is nought, go they never so gay.

TUSSER. *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry,
Good Husbandry Lessons, 33*

Who reverenced his conscience as his king ;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong ;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it ;
Who loved one only and who clave to her

TENNYSON. *Idylls of the King, Dedication*

Who sayth little he is wise,
For lytle money is soon spende,
And few wordes are soone amende

The Parlement of Byrdes

Who seeth not the filthiness of eul, wasteth a great foile to perceiue
the beauty of vertue.—SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia, Bk. II.*

Who shall contend with time—unvanquish'd time,
The conqueror of conquerors, and lord of desolation ?

KIRKE WHITE *Time, line 561.*

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt like you and me ?

POPE *Moral Essays, Ep. III, line 1*

Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure he shall never
hit the mark yet as sure he is, he shall shoot higher than he who aims
but at a bush—SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia, Bk. II*

Who aimeth at the skie

Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

HERBERT *The Temple, The Church Porch*

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold,
Who opens it hath it twice told.

HERBERT *The Temple, The Church, Charms and Knots*

Who sleeps the longest is the happiest ,
Death is the longest sleep

SOUTHERN *The Fatal Marriage (Isabella), Act V, Sc. II.*

Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that floches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed

SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Iago), Act III, Sc. III.*

344 WHO THAT MEDLETH—WHOEVER WOULD BE.

Who that medleth least, shall save himself from smart;
Who starres an oar in every boate, shall play a foolish part.

UNKNOWN. *Description of an Ungodly Worlde*, last lines.

Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
Trusted a frail bark with a tempestuous wind.

GRANVILLE. *The British Enchantress (Amadio)*, Act II., Sc. I.

Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from others' work a copy take.

COWLEY. *To the Royal Society*.

Who will in tyme present pleasure refrayne,
Shall in tyme to come the more pleasure obtayne

J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs*, Bk. I., Ch. XI.

Who will not change a raven for a dove?—SHAKESPEARE. *Mid-summer Night's Dream (Lysander)*, Act III., Sc. III.

Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?

SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene*, Bk. VI., Can. I., St. 42.

Who with a little cannot be content,
Endures an everlasting punishment

HERRICK. *Hesperides*, 608.

Who would be a father!—SHAKESPEARE. *Othello (Brabantio)*, Act I., Sc. I.

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow.—BYRON. *Childe Harold*, Can. II., XXXV.

Who would not give a trifle to prevent
What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*, Night VII., line 1131.

Who would run, that's moderately wise,
A certain danger for a doubtful prize?

POMFRET. *Love Triumphant over Reason*, line 85.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,

Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found

The warmest welcome at an Inn.

SHENSTONE. *Written at an Inn at Henley*.

Whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together—SWIFT. *Gulliver's Travels, Brobdingnag*, Ch. VII.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

POPE. *Essay on Criticism*, line 253.

Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy, walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud.—WALT WHITMAN. *Song of Myself*.

Whoever would be pleas'd and please,
Must do what others do with ease.

NUGENT. *Epistle to a Lady*.

Whom the heart of man shuts out,
Sometimes the heart of God takes in

LOWELL. *The Forlorn.*

Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him poor.—SPENSER.
The Faerie Queene. Bk. I., Can IV., St 29

And plenty makes us poor—DRYDEN. *The Medal, line 126.*

Whose work is done: who triumphs in the past;
Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night II., line 333.*

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein—PROVERBS. *Ch. XXXI., ver 27*

Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing—PROVERBS. *Ch. XVIII., ver. 22*

Whoso reapes above the rest,
With heapes of hate shall surely be opprest

SIR W. RALEIGH. *In Commendation of the Steele Glas.*

If on the sudden he begins to rise,
No man that lives can count his enemies

MIDDLETON. *A Trick to Catch the Old One.*

Whosoe'er would reach the rose,
Treads the crocus under foot.

E. B BROWNING. *Bertha in the Lane.*

Whosoever can
And will not cherish virtue is no man.

BEN JONSON *The Poetaster (Caesar), Act V., Sc. I.*

Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye.—ST. MATTHEW, *Ch. VII., ver 3*

He can well, in mine eye, seen a stalk;
But in his owen he cannot seen a balk.

CHAUCER. *The Reve's Prologue, line 3917.*

Why comes temptation but for man to meet,
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?

R. BROWNING *The Ring and the Book. Bk. X., line 1185.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide,
To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now,
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O, Majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day.
That scalds with safety

SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV., Pt. II. (Prince Henry), Act IV., Sc. IV.*

Why is a garden's wildered maze

Like a young widow, fresh and fair?

Because it wants some hand to raze

The weeds which have no business there!

T. MOORE. *To Lady H.*

346 WHY LET THE STRICKEN—WINE, THAT.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play ;
For some must watch, while some must sleep :
So runs the world away.

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet (Hamlet), Act III., Sc. II.*

Why waste a word or let a tear escape
While other sorrows wait you in the world ?

R. BROWNING *Balaustion's Adventure.*

Why, what is Love but Fortune's tennis-ball ?—UNKNOWN. *Soliman and Perseda (Fortune), Act I. circa A.D. 1600.*

Why, were the need of Temple, when the walls o' the world are that ?—R. BROWNING. *Epilogue.*

Why with old truth needs new truth to disagree ?—R. BROWNING. *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, II.*

Wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleased with honest things.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, (generally ascribed to).
The Knight of the Burning Pestle, Prologue.

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV, Pt II. (King Henry), Act IV., Sc IV.*

Will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?—SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth (Macbeth), Act IV., Sc. I.*

Will toys amuse when med'cines cannot cure ?—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts, Night II., line 67.*

Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.—SPENSER. *The Faerie Queene, Bk. I., Can. I., St. 12.*

‘Will you walk into my parlour ?’ said a spider to a fly.—MARY HOWITT. *The Spider and the Fly.*

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike —POPE. *Prologue to Satires line 203.*

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words :
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

SHAKESPEARE. *Two Gentlemen of Verona (Valentine), Act III., Sc. I.*

Wine and women into apostasie
Cause wise men to fall.

LYDGATE. *The Remede of Lore.*

Wine is the milk of old men, and praise of old women.—BULWER LYTTON. *The Parisians (Signora Venosta), Bl. II., Ch. VIII.*

Wine makes love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

PARNELL. *Anacreontic, II., St. 2.*

Wine, that makes cowards brave, the dying strong,
Is a poor cordial 'gainst a woman's tongue.

SOMERVILLE. *The Wife, line 27.*

Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse

POMFRET. *The Choice*, line 55.

Wines that, heaven knows when,
Had sucked the fire of some forgotten sun,
And kept it thro' a hundred years of gloom.

TENNYSON. *The Golden Supper*.

Wines work when vines are in the flower—BUTLER. *Hudibras*, Pt. II., Can. I., line 286.

Winter comes, to rule the varied year.—THOMSON. *The Seasons*, *Winter*.

O winter, ruler of the inverted year—COWPER. *The Task*, Bk. IV.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile—SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (Albany), Act IV., Sc II.

Wisdom crieth aloud in the street.—PROVERBS. *Ch I*, ver. 20.

Wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water and beneath clear skies.

COWPER. *The Task*, Bl. III

Wise books
For half the truths they hold are honoured tombs.

GEORGE ELIOT. *The Spanish Gipsy (Sephardo)*

Wise bearing or ignorant courage is caught, as men take diseases,
one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company—
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV*, Pt II. (*Falstaff*), Act V., Sc I

Wise men and Gods are on the strongest side—SIR C. SEDLEY *Death of Marc Antony (Archytes)*, Act IV. Sc II.

Wise men know that their business is to examine what is, and not to settle what is not—CHAS. KINGSLEY *The Water Babies*, Ch II.

Wise men propose, but fools assist them—PRIOR *Alma*, Can III., line 185.

Wise nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land;
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for some peculiar arts

SOAMES JENYNS. *The Art of Dancing*, Can. II, line 55.

Wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd,
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes* (Chorus)

Wishers were ever fools—SHAKESPEARE *Antony and Cleopatra* (*Cleopatra*), Act IV., Sc XV.

Wishing of all employments is the worst—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*, Night IV., line 71.

Wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

POPE *Essay on Criticism*, line 82

Wit and the world were born without a mother—J. BERKENHEAD.
On the Happy Collection of Mr. Fletcher's Works

Wit is but truth made amusing.—BULWER LYTTON. *The Parisians (Enguerrand)*, Bl. VI., Ch. I.

Wit is the Muse's horse, and bears on high
The daring rider to the Muse's sky.

PARNELL. *On Different Styles of Poetry*, line 15.

Wit's whetstone, Want.—J. TAYLOR. *Penniless Pilgrimage*.

With age comes caution ;
And stinging pleasures please less and sting more.

R. BROWNING. *The Return of the Druses*.

With all the lumber of six thousand years—BLAIR. *The Grave*, line 540.

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.—SHAKESPEARE.
Richard II. (Gaunt), Act II., Sc. I.

With faint praises one another damn—WYCHERLEY. *The Plain Dealer, Prologue*.

Damn with faint praise.—POPE. *Prologue to the Satires*.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows ;
The man that makes a character makes foes.

YOUNG. *To Mr. Pope*, Ep. I., line 28.

With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe.—CAMPBELL.
Lochiel's Warning.

With news the time's with labour, and throws forth
Each minute some.

SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Camidius)*, Act III., Sc. VII.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears ;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres

DRYDEN. *Alexander's Feast*, II.

Withhold not correction from the child.—PROVERBS. Ch. XXIII.
ver. 13.

Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court ; and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable ; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell, king !

SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II (Richard)*, Act III , Sc. II.

Without a notion of a law-maker, it is impossible to have a notion of
a law, and an obligation to observe it.—LOCKE *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Bk I., Ch. IV., Sect 8

Without black velvet breeches what is man?—BRAMSTON. *The Man of Taste*.

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor.—DR. JOHNSON. *The Rambler*, No. 57.

Without his roe, like a dried herring—SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet* (*Mercutio*) *Act II, Sc IV*.

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man? a world without a sun

CAMPBELL *The Pleasures of Hope, II.*

Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar.—EMERSON *Manners*

Without virtue wealth avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts less pow'r,
And less diffuses good

PRIOR. *First Hymn of Callimachus, To Jupiter.*

Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age,
and old men's nurses—BACON. *Essay VIII, Of Marriage and Single Life.*

Woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men

SIR W SCOTT *Marmion, Can V, XVI.*

Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne

SHAKESPEARE *Richard II. (Gaunt), Act I, Sc. III.*

Woe to the crown that doth the cowl obey!—WORDSWORTH. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets, Pt I, XXIX*

Woman,—

Charming woman, can true converts make;
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We hear with transport, and with pride obey.

FARQUHAR. *The Constant Couple*
(*Sir Harry Wildair*), *Act V, Sc III.*

Woman, I tell you, is a microcosm, and rightly to rule her, requires
as great talents, as to govern a state—FOOTE. *The Devil upon Two Sticks (Margaret), Act I, Sc. I.*

Woman is a creature without reason, who pokes the fire from the top
—ARCHEBISHOP WHATELY.

Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse.

TENNYSON. *The Princess.*

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

TENNYSON *Locksley Hall.*

Woman ! the pride and happiness of man,
 Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan
 Had been a blank, and life not worth a thought ;
 Woman ! by all the Loves and Graces taught,
 With softest arts, and sure the' hidden skill,
 To humanize and mould us to her will ;
 Woman ! with more than common grace form'd here
 With the persuasive language of a tear
 To melt the rugged temper of our isle,
 Or win us to her purpose with a smile :
 Woman ! by fate the quickest spur decreed,
 The fairest, best reward of every deed,
 Which bears the stamp of honour.

CHURCHILL. *The Times*, line 301.

Woman, wakeful woman's never weary,
 Above all, when she waits to thump her deary.

R. H. BARHAM *Ingoldsby Legends, The Ghost*.

Woman wronged, can cherish hate
 More deep and dark than manhood may.

WHITTIER *Mogg Megone, Pt. I.*

Womankind more joy discovers
 Making fools than keeping lovers

ROCHESTER. *Daphne and Strephon, a Dialogue.*

Womanliness means only motherhood :
 All love begins and ends there,—roams enough,
 But, having run the circle, rests at home

R. BROWNING. *The Inn Album, VII.*

Woman's at best a contradiction still —POPE *Ep. II, To a Lady.*

Woman's love is but a blast,
 And turneth like the wind

SIR T. WYATT. *The Careful Love Complaineth.*

He waters, plows, and soweth in the sand,
 And hopes the flick'ring wind with net to hold,
 Who hath his hopes laid upon woman's hand.

SIR P. SIDNEY. *Arcadia, Bl. II, Eclogues.
Geron and Philisides*

And love ties a woman's mind
 Looser than with ropes of hay.

MARVELL. *Ametas and Thestylis making Hay-ropes.*

But, ah ! the setting sun proclaim'd
 That women's vows are—wind.

J. CUNNINGHAM. *The Hawthorn Bower. I*

Woman, thy vows are traced in sand —BYRON. *Hours of Idleness, To Woman.*

Woman's faith, and woman's trust—
 Write the characters in dust.

SIR W. SCOTT. *The Betrothed, Song, Ch. XX.*

Woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain.
TENNYSON. *Locksley Hall*

Woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs It is
not done well: but you are surprised to find it done at all—BOSWELL.
Life of Johnson (Dr. Johnson), Fitzgerald's Ed., Vol. I, p. 285

Women and men of wit are dangerous tools,
And ever fatal to admiring fools

ROCHESTER. *A Satire against Mankind.*

Women and music should never be dated—GOLDSMITH. *She Stoops to Conquer (Miss Hardcastle), Act III., Sc. I.*

Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done: joy's soul lies in the doing
SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida (Cressida), Act I, Sc. II.*

Women are in churches, saints; abroad, angels; and at home,
devils—G. WILKINS. *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage (Ilford), Act I.*

Women are most fools when they think they're wisest.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Scornful Lady (Lady), Act IV., Sc. I.*

Women be weak, and subject most to change,
Nor long to any can they stedfast be,
And as their eyes, their minds do ever range,
With every object varying that they see
DRAYTON. *Eclogue, VIII (Gorbo).*

Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true
LYTTELTON. *Advice to a Lady.*

Women love most, by whom they are most tried.—ANONYMOUS
A Warning for Fair Women, Act I, line 267, circa 1599

Women love out of fancy,
Men from advice
SHAKERLEY MARMION. *The Antiquary (Moccinigo), Act II*

Women want but way
To praise their deeds, but men want deeds to praise
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Coxcomb (Ricardo), Act V, Sc III.*

Women were created for the comfort of men—J. HOWELL. *Familiar Letters, Bk II, Letter LI, To Master Sergeant D*

Women were made to give our eyes delight.
A female sloven is an odious sight
YOUNG. *Love of Fame, Sat. VI, line 225.*

352 WOMEN WHO—WORTH MAKES THE MAN.

Women who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second—ADDISON. *The Drummer (Lady Truman), Act II., Sc. I.*

Women's jars breed men's wars—FULLER. *Holy and Profane States; Holy State; The Wise Statesman.*

Women's weapons, water-drops—SHAKESPEARE. *King Lear (Lear), Act II., Sc. IV.*

And thou wilt turn away
From woman's tears: yet are they woman's wealth.
P. J. BAILEY. *Festus (Elissa), Bk. XXXI.*

Woodman, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough.

GEO. T. MORRIS. *Woodman, Spare that Tree.*

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found

POPE. *Essay on Criticism, Pt. II., line 309.*

Words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them: but they are the money of fools.—T. HOBBES. *The Leviathan, Pt. I., Ch. IV*

Words are women, deeds are men.—HERBERT. *Jacula Prudentium.*

That words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.—DR. JOHNSON. *Preface to his Dictionary*

Vide—‘Deeds are, etc.’

Words may be false and full of art,

Sighs are the nat'ral language of the heart!

SHADWELL. *Psyche (Cupid), Act III.*

Words pay no debts.—SHAKESPEARE. *Troilus and Cressida (Pandarus), Act III., Sc. II.*

Words without thoughts never to heaven go—SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (King), Act III., Sc. III.*

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live

COLERIDGE. *Work Without Hope, last lines.*

Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart.—SHELLEY. *The Cenci (Beatrice), Act V., Sc. II.*

Worth a king's ransom—SHAKERLEY MARSHALL. *The Antiquary (Antiquary), Act II.*

Worth is by worth in ev'ry rank admir'd.—SAVAGE. *Epistle to Aaron Hill.*

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather and prunello

POPE. *Essay on Man, Ep. IV., line 203.*

Worthless things receive a value, when they are made the offerings of respect, esteem, and gratitude.—LOCKE. *Essay on the Human Understanding, Dedicatory Epistle.*

Would yee both eat your cake and have your cake!—J. HEYWOOD. *Proverbs, Bk. II, Ch. IX.*

Would'st thou both eat thy cake and have it!—HERBERT. *The Temple, The Church, The Sizer.*

One cannot eat one's cake and have it too.—BICKERSTAFF. *Thomas and Sally*

Would you have your songs endure?
Build them on the human heart!

R. BROWNING *Sordello, Bk. II.*

Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar,' go no further—SHAKESPEARE. *Antony and Cleopatra (Enobarbus), Act III, Sc. II.*

Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost, Bk. IX, line 367.*

Wouldst thou behold his monument? look around!—ROGERS *Italy, Florence.*

This is apparently an imitation of Sir C. Wren's Epitaph in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice

Wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice!—SHAKESPEARE. *The Merchant of Venice (Shylock), Act IV, Sc. I.*

Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteemest the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?

SHAKESPEARE *Macbeth (Lady Macbeth), Act I, Sc. VI*

Wouldst thou ken Nature in her better part?
Go, search the cots and lodges of the hind

CHATTERTON (*Rowley Poems*), *Eclogue III, 1.*

Wounds are ill cured with a good intent—BUTLER. *Cat and Puss, line 108.*

Write me down an ass!—SHAKESPEARE. *Much Ado about Nothing (Dogberry), Act IV., Sc. II.*

Writing will remain
When words but spoken may be soon forgot.

ANON. *The Play of Stuckley (Lady), line 1722.*

Wronged me! in the nicest point,
The honour of my house

OTWAY. *Venice Preserved (Priuli), Act I., Sc. I.*

Ye are better than all the ballads,
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead

LONGFELLOW. *Children.*

354 YE BLIND GUIDES—YOU CAN AND YOU CAN'T.

Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.—
ST MATTHEW. *Ch. XXIII*, ver 24

Ye sacred nurseries of blooming youth !
In whose collegiate shelter England's flowers
Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours
The air of liberty, the light of truth ;
Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth.

WORDSWORTH. *Sonnet II, Pt III, Oxford.*

Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg,
The murmur of the world.

TENNYSON. *Idylls of the King, Enid.*

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb
BYRON. *Childe Harold, Can III, St. 8.*

Yes ! we may judge the measure of the grief
Which finds in misery's eloquence relief ;
But who shall pierce those depths of silent woe
Whence breathes no language, whence no tears may flow,
The pangs that many a noble breast hath proved,
Scorning itself that thus it could be moved

F. HEMANS. *The Abencerrage, Can II, St 3.*

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,
A little folding of the hands to sleep.

PROVERBS. *Ch VI, ver. 10.*

IBID. *Ch. XXIV., ver. 33.*

Yet, in our ashen cold, is fire yreken.—CHAUCER *Canterbury Tales, Reete's Prologue, line 3880*

E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

GRAY. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Yet know that kings are gods on earth ;
And those that pull them down,
Shall find it is no less than death,
To tamper with a crown

MARCHMONT NEDHAM. *A Short History of the English Rebellion, 1661*

Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, the foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

BURNS. *Epistle to Davie.*

You are old, Father William, the young man cried —SOUTHEY. *The Old Man's Comforts*

You bid your treasurer on a time
To give me reason for my rhyme ;
But from that time and that season
I have had nor rhyme or reason

CHARLES CHURCHYARD, attributed to.

You can and you can't,
You will and you won't ;
You'll be damn'd if you do,
You'll be damn'd if you don't

DOW. *Definition of Calvinism.*

You cannot get blood out of a stone —OLD PROVERB.

You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear —OLD PROVERB

Who can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear? —FOOTE.
The Mayor of Garrott (Brunn), *Act I*, *Sc I*

You cannot make gross sin look clear;

To revenge is not valour, but to bear

SHAKESPEARE *Timon of Athens* (*First Senator*),
Act III, *Sc V*.

You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body

SHAKESPEARE *The Winter's Tale* (*Camillo*),
Act I, *Sc II*

Vide—'I pray you think,' etc

You may know him by his company —WYCHERLEY. *Love in a Wood*
(*Sir Simon*), *Act I*, *Sc I*

You must be pretty deep to catch weasels asleep,
Says the proverb — that is 'take the Fair unawares'

R H BARHAM *A Lay of St Gengulphus*

You must cut your coat according to your cloth —OLD PROVERB
According to her cloth she cut her coat —DRYDEN. *The Cock
and the Fox*

You must practise
The manners of the time, if you intend
To have favour from it

MASSINGER. *The Unnatural Combat* (*Montreville*),
Act I, *Sc I*

You never know what life means till you die:
Even throughout life, 'tis death that makes life live,
Gives it whatever the significance

R BROWNING *The Ring and the Book*,
XI, line 2375

You shall find us in our salt-water girdle —SHAKESPEARE *Cymbeline*
(*Cloten*), *Act III*, *Sc I*

You shall never take a woman without her answer, unless you take
her without her tongue —SHAKESPEARE *As You Like It* (*Rosalind*),
Act IV, *Sc I*.

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house, you take my life
When you do take the means by which I live.

SHAKESPEARE. *Merchant of Venice* (*Shylock*),
Act IV, *Sc I*

You that chuse not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and chuse as true !
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content and seek no new.
 If you be well pleased with this,
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you where your lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kiss

SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (Bassanio),
*Act III., Sc. II. Inscription on the
 leaden casket.*

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts ;
 Old age is slow in both

ADDISON. *Cato (Syphax), Act II, Sc. V.*

Young men think old men are fools ; but old men know young men
 are fools.—CHAPMAN *All Fools, Act V., Sc. I.*

Young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet
 (Friar Laurence), Act II, Sc. III.*

Young twigges are sooner bent than old trees.—LYLY. *Euphues
 and his England.*

Your bait of falsehood takes the carp of truth.—SHAKESPEARE.
Hamlet (Polonius), Act II, Sc. I.

Your 'if' is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in 'if.'—SHAKESPEARE.
As You Like It (Touchstone), Act V, Sc. IV.

Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
 Keeps real sorrow far away.

TENNYSON *Margaret.*

Your worm is your only emperor for diet ; we eat all creatures else, to
 eat us ; and we eat ourselves for maggots.—SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet
 (Hamlet), Act IV., Sc. III.*

Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail ;
 But common interest always will prevail :
 And pity never ceases to be shown
 To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.

DRYDEN *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt I, line 723.*

Youth calls for Pleasure, Pleasure calls for Love.—AKENSIDE. *Love,
 An Elegy.*

Youth can reach
 Where age gropes dimly.

R. BROWNING. *A Death in the Desert.*

Youth fades ; love droops ; the leaves of friendship fall ;
 A mother's secret hope outlives them all

O. W. HOLMES. *A Mother's Secret, last lines*

Youth is a blunder ; manhood a struggle ; old age a regret.—
 BEACONSFIELD. *Coningsby, Bk. III., Ch. I.*

Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
 Youth is fiery, age is frosty.

LONGFELLOW. *Hawatha, IV.*

Youth is the proper time for love,
And age is virtue's season

GRANVILLE *Corinna.*

Youth looks on life as purest gold ;
Age reckons the alloy

J. E. CARPENTER. *Romance of the Dreamer*

Youth means love,
Vows can't change nature, priests are only men

R. BROWNING *The Ring and the Book, I*, 1056.

(For) youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet (King), Act IV, Sc. VII.*

(In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,)
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm

GRAY *The Bard.*

Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—
Not in flasks and casks and cellars

LONGFELLOW *Drinking Song.*

Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show ;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.

DENHAM. *On Prudence, line 225.*

Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride

POPE *Essay on Man, Ep III, line 261*

Zed! thou unnecessary letter!—SHAKESPEARE *King Lear (Kent)*
Act II., Sc. II.

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